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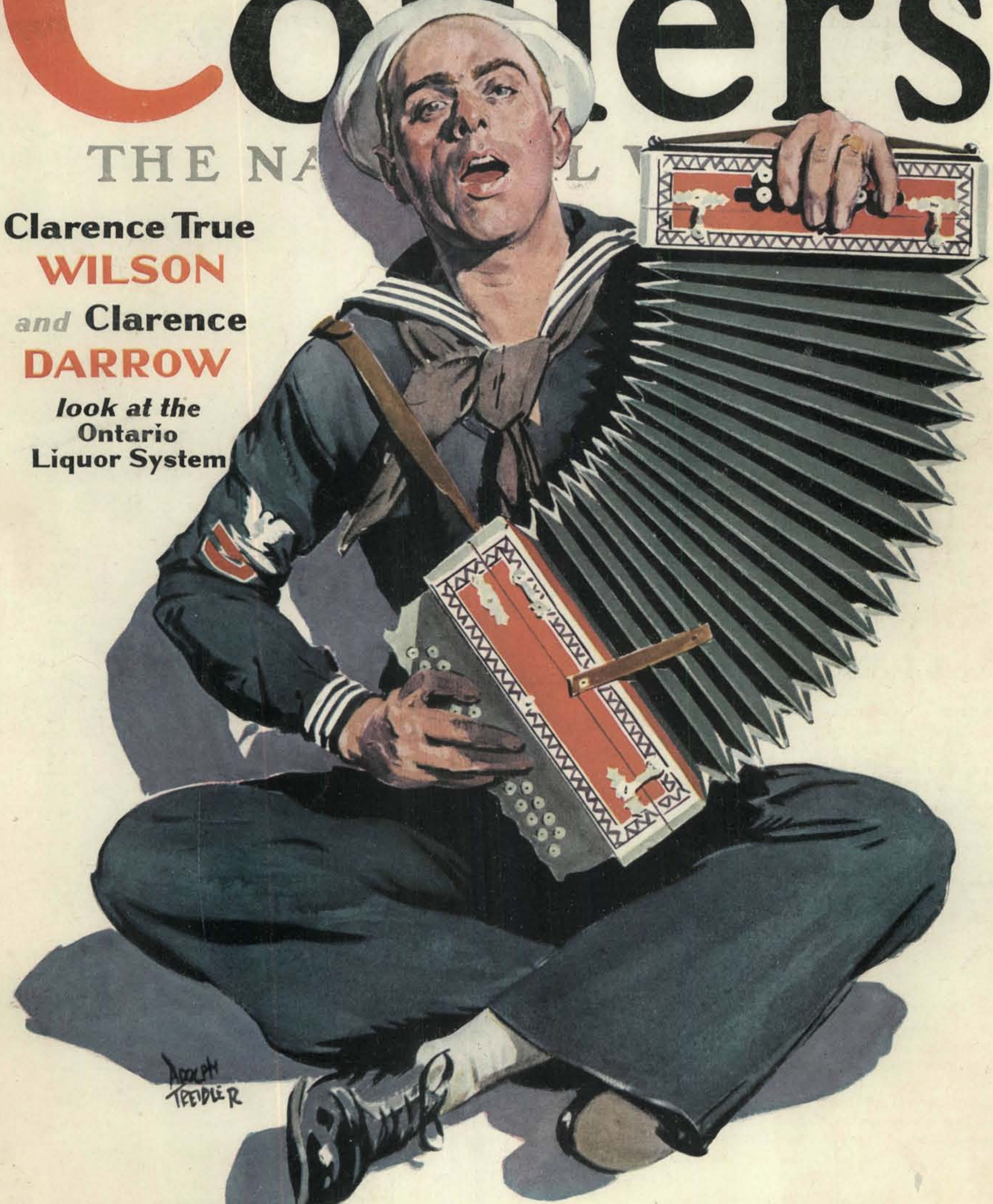
September 27, 1930

Collier's

THE NA L

Clarence True
WILSON
and **Clarence**
DARROW
look at the
Ontario
Liquor System



Jerome Beatty George Creel Dana Burnet P.G. Wodehouse

EPT. 27, 1930

The GIRL *Who Never Knew*

By Eleanor Andrews

OLD MAN RANDALL wanted a boy, but a girl was born—and the stubborn old fire-eater actually christened her John. From that day on she was Johnnie.

I don't know what our town, or the "Banner," would have done without Johnnie. She supplied one with interest, the other with news.

I remember, at fifteen, she used to come whizzing down Main Street—a sort of red-haired meteor in a shiny blue Packard. Bill Willett, the Sheriff, wouldn't arrest her, but he swore he'd gladly turn in his badge for the privilege of spanking her.

When she was seventeen, the golf bug hit her, and a year later she won the County Championship. She probably would have won the State, too, but along came a chance to get into a stock company that played near town. Off she went, while her father stormed. As the "Banner's" sob-sister, society editor and dramatic critic, I went to see the performance. She played her part beautifully.

Finding argument didn't work, her father brought some of his influence to bear and had the theatre temporarily condemned as a fire trap. That got rid of the whole business, including the young juvenile who was falling in love with Johnnie.

You got another slant at her character when, a year or two later, fire swept through the south end of town, putting twenty Lithuanian families homeless on the street and maiming many. Johnnie turned the house into a hospital, moved twenty of the victims and sufferers into it and mothered and nursed them until they could get on their feet. Doc Harvey said that she was a born nurse—just another of her talents.

After that there were several phases of Johnnie. Johnnie as near opera star. Johnnie as a dancer extraordinary. Johnnie as a budding literary genius (we published eight of her poems in the "Banner").

Naturally, such a girl attracted boys. Before she was fourteen, alone and single-handed, she had switched the entire men's Bible Class from the Methodist Church to the Baptist. The Reverend Doctor Nelles never quite forgave her. After that, there were droves of boys. But her heart didn't give an inch.

Later, when our town got to be quite a summer resort for St. Louis and Chicago people, these striplings were superseded by young men—business men. And they, too, adored Johnnie. They, too, had their little hour and were gone. Though Johnnie was around twenty-five now she was as fancy-free as ever.

And then on the scene hove Leslie. He bought the old Douglas property and began building himself a very magnificent house overlooking the golf course. He was the kind of man any woman would admire. He was tall, about thirty-five, handsome and successful. One had the feeling that he would stand for no foolishness. He had an air of force, decision and finality.

Well, Johnnie fell simply head over heels in love with him. It was by all odds the most dramatic thing that happened in her whole dramatic life. And believe it or not—Leslie was as indifferent to her as a man could be. He declined invitation after invitation to swim or dance or play golf or dine at her house.

"Just watch Johnnie now," said my father. "She isn't accustomed to being balked."

If ever a charming young woman set to work to fascinate a man, it was Johnnie. She pursued him subtly, interested herself in his work, his house, his hobbies, his weaknesses. And finally, Leslie, being only human, fell.

They were seen together everywhere. It seemed an ideal companionship; their tastes were so similar. Everybody in town agreed that it would be a wonderful match. And everybody expected to hear the engagement announced within a few weeks. I did myself. In fact, I wrote three columns about it for the "Banner," ready to release the minute the news was out.

Then something happened. For the first time in months, Leslie, instead of spending the week-end in her company, took the 4:30 to Chicago. His calls became less frequent. He seemed tremendously interested in other things. Finally, the calls ceased almost altogether. While still very pleasant, very nice to her, it was obvious that he had lost interest.

As for Johnnie, she went about as usual trying to hide her humiliation and her grief. She simply couldn't understand it. She looked a little drawn and white. Never afterward was she the same happy, carefree girl. She packed suddenly and went abroad.

What had happened the town never knew. I wouldn't have known either if Dad hadn't sent me to interview her on her return from abroad. Sitting close to her, it came to me with sudden clearness why Leslie had politely dropped out of the picture. I could see, too, why he would have hesitated to tell her his reason. And as I sat there, conscious of her charm, and the thing that was bringing it to naught, I had to admit that I myself didn't have the courage to tell her.

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—Ray Lyman Wilbur, Secretary of the Interior

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Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

THE joint article in this issue by Clarence Darrow and Clarence True Wilson is, as we have intimated before, the product of great labor and much soul-searching. They agree, you will see, on a few facts, but those few are very significant. There is profound truth in the last paragraph. Prohibitionists and anti-prohibitionists *are* as far apart as the poles and Dr. Wilson's article next week and Mr. Darrow's the week following will demonstrate it.

As the investigation drew to a close Dr. Wilson wrote us: "We had every help and access to every record. We know the facts about the system and the theory, but what struck me with sorrow has pleased Mr. Darrow."

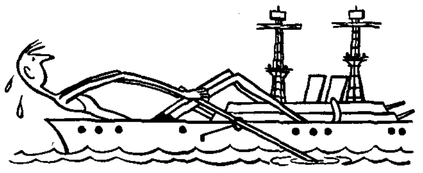
—

THE belief held by many deep thinkers that all the world loves a lover, seems to us to be inaccurate. What the world feels, we believe, is a deep compassion mixed with a lively curiosity about what the poor boob is going to do next.

This view is borne out, it happens, by Frederick Hazlitt Brennan's new short story, "Eye of the Beholder." It's about a very gallant young man who falls in love with a lively young lady of the ultra-modern brand. The story is told by the hero's pal, to whom the young lady is merely a pain in the neck, so she doesn't get a very good break. She leads him a pretty race (we've always wondered what that meant), but bearing in mind the narrator's bias it probably wasn't as bad as it sounds.

—

AS a young person in high school we were captivated by James B. Connolly's sea stories. He's been writing them, off and on, for at least twenty-five years and the latest, "Bustin' Through," is worthy to stand with his best. It's a Navy story and you can be Big Navy or Little Navy, as you please, and still get a thrill when you read it.



HOWARD McLELLAN has been for many years a police reporter. It is his interesting duty to spend the night, every night, at headquarters, view the catch, sometimes to accompany the police on a foray and write about it all for the papers. Naturally, his acquaintance with gentlemen headed for or coming back from the penitentiary is large. That accounts for the realism of his short story, "The Sardine's Teeth"—a tale of underworld vengeance.

—

ONE of the most stirring stories the world has ever heard was lived by La Salle, the great French explorer. George Creel has written in "Lord of the Mississippi"—read it with wonder that purpose and courage could thrive on cruel hardship and continued disappointment.

—

DANA BURNET, John B. Kennedy, Octavus Roy Cohen, Grantland Rice, P. G. Wodehouse, Kathleen Norris, Sol Metzger and others will be with you. Save them an evening or two.

THIS WEEK

September 27, 1930

Cover—Adolph Treidler

Page 7—Clarence True Wilson and Clarence Darrow

LAWFUL LIQUOR: The way they do it in Ontario.

Page 10—Alan LeMay

TO SAVE A GIRL: or Lost Dutchman O'Riley's gold.

Page 12—Jerome Beatty

LADIES CAN'T SWIM IN KANSAS! But they can wear bathing suits.

Page 14—The Short Short Story

THE LIFT: By Frederick Skerry.

Page 15—Grantland Rice

ACE OF CLUBS: None other than R. Tyre Jones.

Page 16—P. G. Wodehouse

BIG MONEY, PART II: A very jolly story—catch up with it.

Page 18—Kathleen Norris

LOVERS' LANE, PART VIII: Romance double-distilled.

Page 20—Betty Thornley

A PUP FOR YOU: Man's best friend, in other words.

Page 21—Charles Brackett

THE UNTHINKABLE THING: A short story.

Page 22—Dana Burnet

A LITTLE APPRECIATION: Playing baseball for fun. Imagine!

Page 25—Wallace Irwin

THE WHITE HOUSE GOAT: Write your own music.

Page 26—George Creel

WHEN SULLIVAN FOUGHT KILRAIN: Ban Johnson saw it.

Page 29—Rube Goldberg

THE INVENTIONS OF PROFESSOR LUCIFER G. BUTTS, A. K.

Page 32—Sol Metzger

PENNSYLVANIA'S LATERAL PASS: With a diagram.

Page 55—The Gentleman at the Keyhole

SIMEON PURE: A few words about Dr. Fess.

Page 61—Milton C. Work

HOW WOULD YOU PLAY IT?

Page 65—Word Hunt

Page 66—Editorial

LET THE PUBLIC DECIDE

Any Week

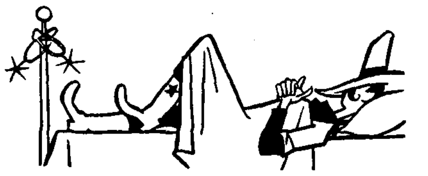
ONE of our outstanding errors lately, according to Mr. O. L. Steensland of Lake Andes, South Dakota, is to be found on page 11 in the issue for August 9th. Thereon Mr. Herb Roth, the illustrator, gives the world a cowboy without his spurs on.

What, demands Mr. Steensland, do we want to do: have the cowboy thus denuded catch his death? Mr. Roth explains neatly: The cowboy was merely undressed for bed.

—

TOO bad everything can't be dismissed as smartly as that. Mr. R. B. MacIntosh's protest, for example. Mr. MacIntosh disagrees cynically with our editorial of August 9th, demanding "just how one can have an honest government anyway." How, cries he, is the voter to know which of the candidates is best fitted for office? He mistrusts political editorials because he has seen professedly honest newspapers approve of men generally known to be either corrupt or incompetent or, alas, both. He thinks the direct primary law responsible for the presence of the inept in office; but he would hesitate to return to the old convention system which produced better nominees but chose them to represent special interests instead of the people. Seems to us we've heard protests of this sort before.

Our interest, like Mr. MacIntosh's, is to be summed up simply: "What, if anything, are we going to do about it?



SOME time ago Clement Wood, the writer, purchased a farm and wrote invitations thereto in verse, sending copies to a number of editors. Mr. Wood's purpose was hospitality, not finance. Three editors promptly returned the verses with regrets that they were not desired for publication.

Several paid no attention. But one editor accepted the verses, sending Mr. Wood a check. We understand that the last-mentioned editor later sent his regrets.

—

NEXT to reading Mr. William G. Shepherd's "Sin in the Desert"—the sprightly story of Butte, Montana—we've enjoyed most reading the letters that it evoked.

You'd enjoy them too but we have to limit ourselves to such letters as Mr. M. G. O'Mally's and Mr. Joseph P. Monaghan's, who live in Butte and love her. In the names of Butte's great—Messrs. W. A. Clark, Marcus Daly, James J. Hill, Cornelius F. Kelley (incidentally Mr. Monaghan spelled it Kelly) and so on and on—they protest advertising the lighter side of life in their vigorous town and demand why we omitted mention of the richness of her copper, the splendor of her sunsets, the grandeur of her neighboring Rockies, the happiness of her citizenry.

They mention everything but Butte's hospitality and we don't understand how they overlooked that. We do it for them. We've been in Butte and we've never quite got over the generous, frank welcome we received—a hospitality as unaffected as we've ever known.

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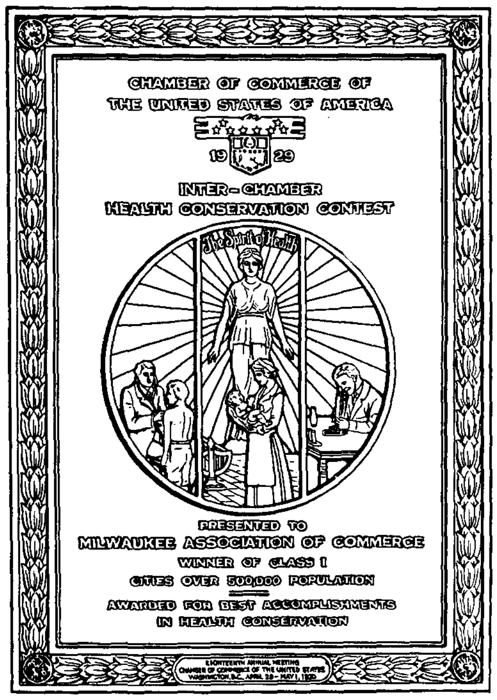
"Business ◆ is ◆ Business ◆"

SOME years ago it was thought that Big Business had to be hard-hearted in order to be successful. Today, people know better and employers have learned that they get more faithful service and are more successful if their employees are contented and healthy.


CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF
THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA
19 29
INTER-CHAMBER
HEALTH CONSERVATION CONTEST
The Spirit of Health
PRESENTED TO
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WINNER OF CLASS I
CITIES OVER 500,000 POPULATION
AWARDED FOR BEST ACCOMPLISHMENTS
IN HEALTH CONSERVATION
EIGHTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING
CHAMBER OF COMMERCE OF THE UNITED STATES
WASHINGTON, D.C., APRIL 28 - MAY 1, 1930

Sketched from Bronze Plaque Awarded to
FIRST PRIZE WINNERS
in the Inter-Chamber Health Conservation Contest held under the auspices of
THE CHAMBER OF COMMERCE
OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN Cities more than 500,000	CLASS 1
SYRACUSE, NEW YORK Cities 100,000 to 500,000	CLASS 2
EAST ORANGE NEW JERSEY Cities 50,000 to 100 000	CLASS 3
WHITE PLAINS, NEW YORK Cities 20,000 to 50,000	CLASS 4
SIDNEY, OHIO Cities under 20,000	CLASS 5

Today we take comfort in the assurance that medical and health scientists, philanthropists and humanitarians have the solid backing and support of the biggest business men in the country. And, modestly, Big Business gives as its reason for lending its powerful, invaluable support—"business is business".

Cities which have promoted and are promoting far-sighted health programs are reaping rich rewards. Their citizens are happier and their cities offer attractions to new industries and to people of wealth and leisure.

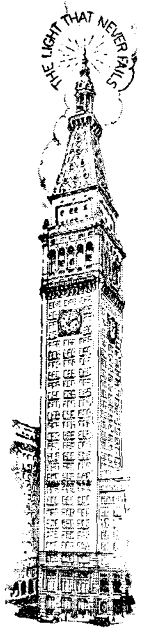
When the Chamber of Commerce of the United States offered prizes last year to cities which would do most to improve health and sanitary conditions, 140 cities entered the National Health Conservation Contest. This year it is expected that a larger number will compete for the Bronze Awards.

Statisticians estimate that there is an annual loss in the United States of billions of dollars due to the needless loss of lives. When these lives of valuable workers are sacrificed, their families suffer and the cities in which they live are made poorer.

If you live in a city which wants to reduce its death-rate, your city's business organization (Chamber of Commerce or Board of Trade) may obtain the active cooperation of America's greatest business organization, the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

Last year health experts visited 80 of the cities which entered the National Health Conservation Contest. Your community may obtain the advice of such expert health counsel as may be needed, free of charge. A trained health expert will visit your city and search for danger spots. He will make recommendations for a constructive health improvement program which you can help to carry out.

For full information regarding health programs and the National Health Conservation Contest, the Secretary of your Chamber of Commerce or other similar body should address the Secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of the United States at Washington, D. C.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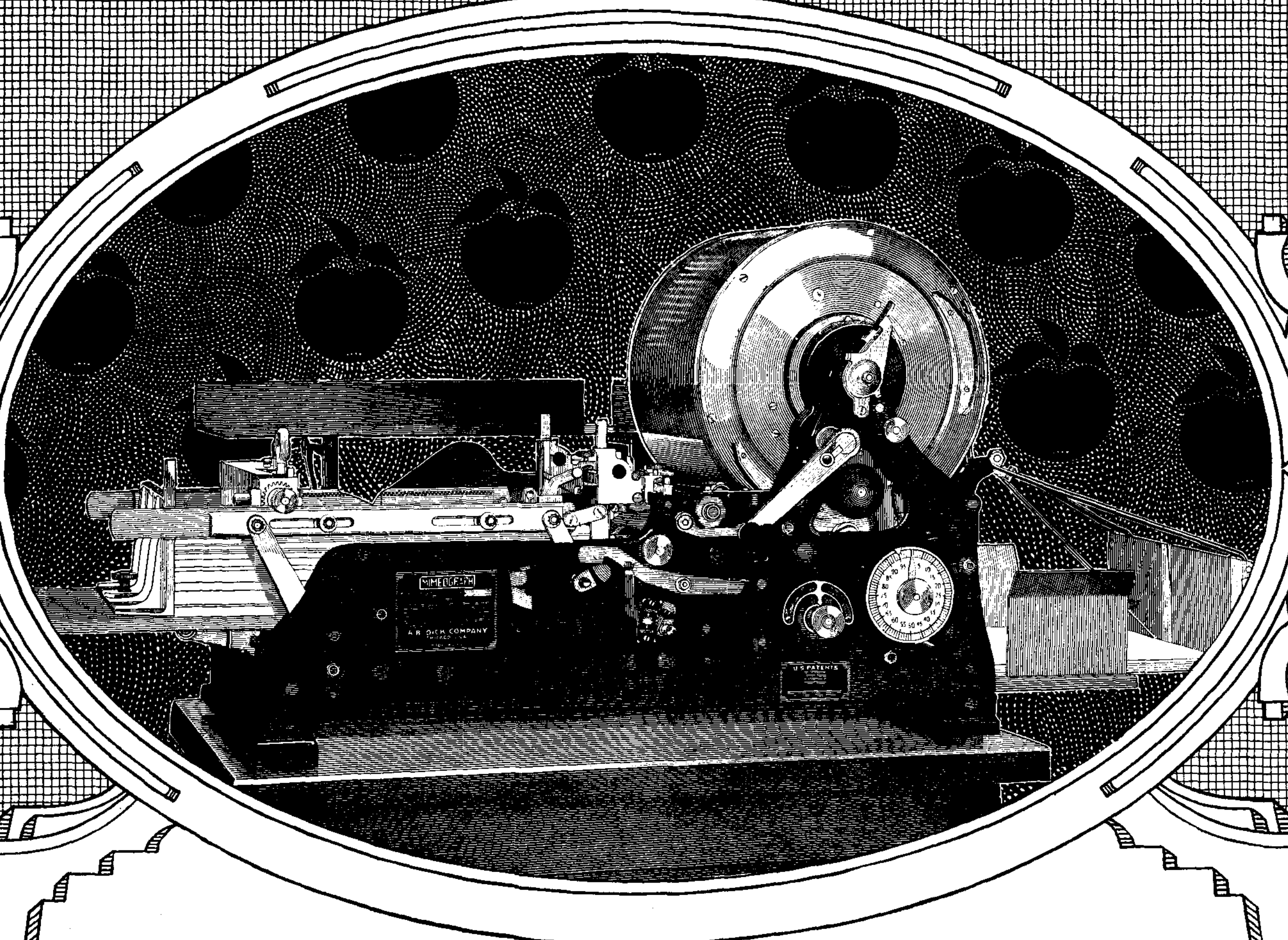

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Collier's The National Weekly for September 27, 1930

IOLA FREE PU... IOLA, KANSAS

By Clarence True Wilson and Clarence Darrow

Lawful Liquor

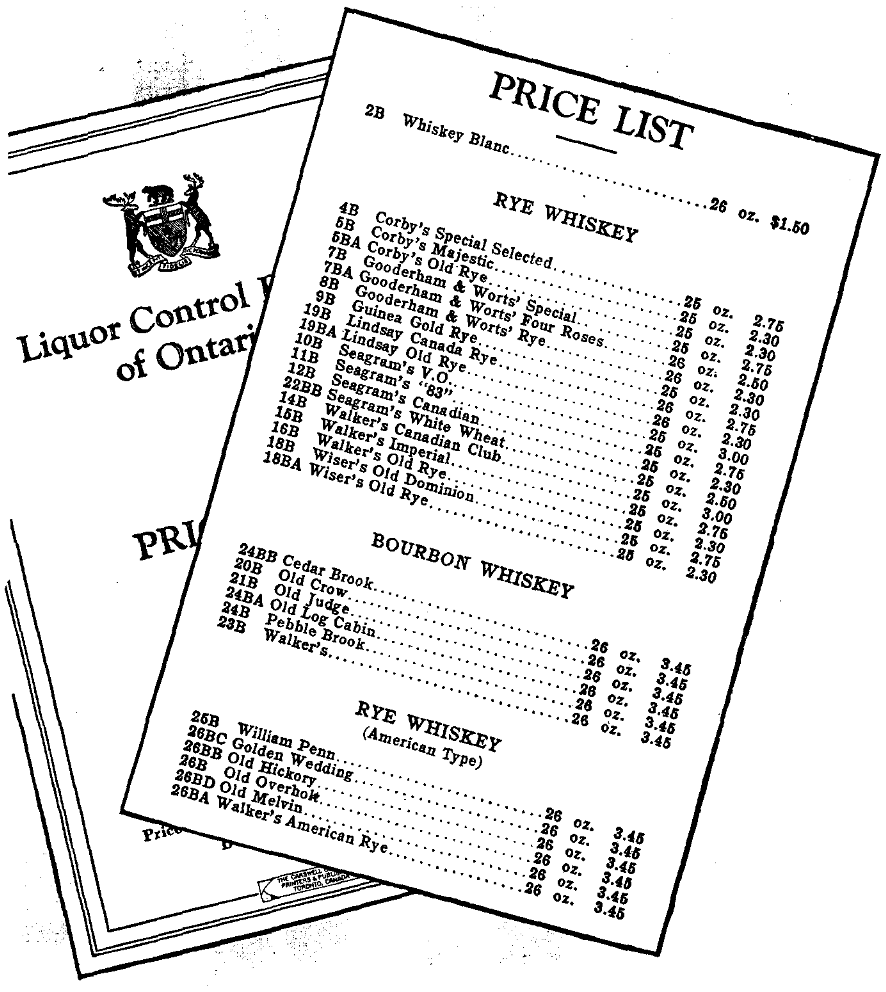
What you hear about the workings of the Ontario system of liquor control is colored by the wet or dry leanings of your informant. Seeking an unprejudiced account of conditions under the system, Collier's asked Dr. Clarence True Wilson, one of America's most ardent prohibitionists, and Clarence Darrow, famous liberal, to go to Ontario together, look at the same things at the same time, talk to the same people and write the facts about which they could agree.

These gentlemen were acquainted before undertaking the Canadian project, but after traveling together for two weeks it became increasingly clear that Mr. Darrow does not wear horns and smell of brimstone and that Dr. Wilson is an affable, good-humored, open-minded gentleman. They had a good time.

This article is the result of their joint labors. The facts about which they agree are more numerous than we expected. In subsequent issues Dr. Wilson and Mr. Darrow will write separately their own interpretations of the findings.

These three articles compose one of the most interesting and fruitful contributions Collier's has made to the discussion of prohibition in America.

The co-authors, about to begin their tour of Ontario



Liquor Control

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PRICE LIST

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RYE WHISKEY

4B	Corby's Special Selected	25 oz.	2.75
5B	Corby's Majestic	25 oz.	2.30
6BA	Corby's Old Rye	25 oz.	2.30
7B	Gooderham & Worts' Special	26 oz.	2.75
7BA	Gooderham & Worts' Four Roses	26 oz.	2.50
8B	Gooderham & Worts' Rye	25 oz.	2.30
9B	Guinea Gold Rye	26 oz.	2.30
19B	Lindsay Canada Rye	26 oz.	2.75
19BA	Lindsay Old Rye	25 oz.	2.30
10B	Seagram's V.O.	25 oz.	3.00
11B	Seagram's "83"	25 oz.	2.75
12B	Seagram's Canadian	25 oz.	2.30
22BB	Seagram's White Wheat	25 oz.	2.50
14B	Walker's Canadian Club	25 oz.	3.00
15B	Walker's Imperial	25 oz.	2.75
16B	Walker's Old Rye	25 oz.	2.30
18B	Wiser's Old Dominion	25 oz.	2.75
18BA	Wiser's Old Rye	25 oz.	2.30

BOURBON WHISKEY

24BB	Cedar Brook	26 oz.	3.45
20B	Old Crow	26 oz.	3.45
21B	Old Judge	26 oz.	3.45
24BA	Old Log Cabin	26 oz.	3.45
24B	Pebble Brook	26 oz.	3.45
23B	Walker's	26 oz.	3.45

RYE WHISKEY
(American Type)

25B	William Penn	26 oz.	3.45
26BC	Golden Wedding	26 oz.	3.45
26BB	Old Hickory	26 oz.	3.45
26B	Old Overholt	26 oz.	3.45
26BD	Old Melvin	26 oz.	3.45
26BA	Walker's American Rye	26 oz.	3.45

One of twenty-two pages in the official price list of the Ontario Liquor Control Board, showing goods sold at the government stores

THE Dominion of Canada is made up of nine provinces—Ontario, Quebec, Manitoba, New Brunswick, British Columbia, Nova Scotia, Prince Edward Island, Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Except for the period of the Great War these provinces have always been virtually separate political units.

The prohibition law of Ontario went into effect in 1917. Before that time the only limitation on the manufacture, sale and traffic of intoxicating beverages was the necessity of obtaining a license for the business. Under this system all intoxicating beverages could be purchased for use either in "shops" or at hotel bars. But before the adoption of prohibition the Dominion had passed an act which permitted the provinces to provide for local option. This law authorized the separate provinces to prohibit the retail sale of intoxicating liquors within any county or municipal council inside their borders, provided a majority of electors so decided.

In the two decades before the World War many counties and urban municipalities adopted local option under provincial laws.

During 1918 and 1919, as a war policy, strict liquor legislation was passed. Under this law the sale of alcoholic liquors, except for medicinal and scientific purposes, was prohibited. In the province of Quebec like legislation was delayed until May of 1919. In that year Quebec prohibited the sale of spirits, but permitted beer and wine to be dispensed as before.

In 1916 the Dominion Government forbade the sending of intoxicating liquors into any province to be sold contrary to the law of that territory. This provision is still the law of the Dominion. Even in Ontario, which has been chosen as a typical province in discussing the question of Canadian Government control, three fourths of the province in area is still dry. In this territory no stores are located. However, under the law of Canada, the residents of this dry territory are permitted to order intoxicating liquors from Government stores and the liquor is shipped by parcel post into these dry provinces to the individual consumer.

It is thought that the province of Ontario is in so many ways more similar to the United States than any other part of Canada that it has been chosen for this study.

The government of Ontario established the system of liquor control after the election in 1926, where the liquor question was a subject of general discussion. The law went into effect June 1, 1927. All provinces but one, Prince Edward Island, have subsequently adopted similar laws in relation to the sale of liquor.

To summarize the handling of liquor in Ontario: Up to 1916 liquor was dispensed under the license system, with the right to provide by vote for dry territory under such conditions as the province might elect. From 1917 to 1926 Ontario lived under prohibition laws, where the sales of intoxicants for consumption were forbidden, except for industrial or medicinal purposes. During prohibition the purchase of native wines was permitted in quantities of not less than twelve bottles and the brewing of beer in the home was allowed. Later the amount of wine permitted to be purchased was three bottles.

Since June 1, 1927, Ontario has been operating under laws which permit only Government stores to sell liquor as a beverage.

Since the establishing of these stores the sale of liquor as a beverage has regularly increased in Ontario until in the fiscal year ending October 31, 1929, the gross receipts from sales of intoxicating liquor were $55,360,569.81 and the total profit of these sales, which goes to the Government, was $9,661,448.60. The amount received for permits increases this sum by about $1,000,000.

The method of dispensing liquor requires the buyer to have a permit book, in which purchases are entered and for which he pays $2. The Liquor Control Board may fix the conditions under which such permit shall or shall not be granted. Even though the permit be granted it may be canceled by the Board.

Permits are revoked for such reasons as intoxication; buying more than the financial and family condition of the purchaser seems to warrant; the lack of the parents' consent where one is under twenty-five years of age, dependent and living at home; and where the purchaser has obtained liquor for resale.

The law also requires that on purchase the liquor must be at once carried to the home of the buyer, and that it cannot be drunk in transit or at any other place except in the home.

Scotch whisky is sold for $3.50 a bottle and rye whisky at $2.50. Wines and beers, containing approximately ten per cent of alcohol, are sold at a very reasonable price, largely to encourage their use in place of stronger drink. "Light" beer, which contains 2.5 per cent alcohol, is dispensed without restrictions. This is regarded as a temperance beverage.

The manufacture of home brew is allowed under Dominion legislation.

There is no maximum amount fixed for the purchaser. The Board feels that where a maximum amount is provided it is generally construed to be the minimum amount, and the effort of the Board is to confine all purchases to reasonable wants and the financial ability of the buyer. Men of small wages are not permitted to spend so much as to interfere with the needs of their families.

Encouraging Temperance

All advertising of liquors is forbidden in Ontario as is any attempt to increase the sales. The main purpose of the act is to discourage the use of strong drink by the sale of light wines and beer, and in any other way that the Board deems reasonable.

There are 120 Government stores scattered in various parts of the province, nineteen of them being located in Toronto. When a permit to buy is canceled by any store, all the other places are at once notified of the cancellation.

For the residents of Ontario a permit to buy liquor is issued good for a period of twelve months. For temporary residents of the province, which includes tourists and those who visit it for the purpose of getting something to drink, a temporary permit is issued good for the period of one month. Every purchase of liquor is entered in the buyer's permit book.

A great many conventions representing various business, industrial and fraternal organizations are held in the large cities of the province.

In the year 1929 the Government issued 106,987 permits good for one month. This indicates more or less correctly the number of tourists, etc., who buy liquor while visiting in Ontario.

In the same year the Government issued 419,797 annual permits. Those whose permanent homes are not in the province can give their residence as any hotel, boarding house or other place where they temporarily reside.

It is the universal opinion among all classes of people that liquor control is honestly administered by the Board with the view of promoting temperance. Board members are all men of high standing. Sir Henry Drayton is the chairman. He is universally regarded as a man of unusual intelligence and honor, and he has held many important positions in Canada. He is a lawyer who has been several times elected as member of Parliament and was formerly the minister of finance of the province. He thoroughly believes in the law and is untiring in his efforts to see that it is enforced according to its purpose.

Every member of the Board is highly regarded, and men of all ranks of society have full confidence in them and their high purpose.

It's Up to the Board

Under the statute in regard to intoxicating liquors the Control Board is given large latitude in making rules for the conduct of the business. Some of these rules are as follows:

(a) Liquor must not be sold to those who abuse it, and sales should not be made so as to render possible a continuance of drunkenness.

(b) Liquor must not be sold to those who from the amount of their purchases and from their standing and circumstances are likely to be supplying bootleggers.

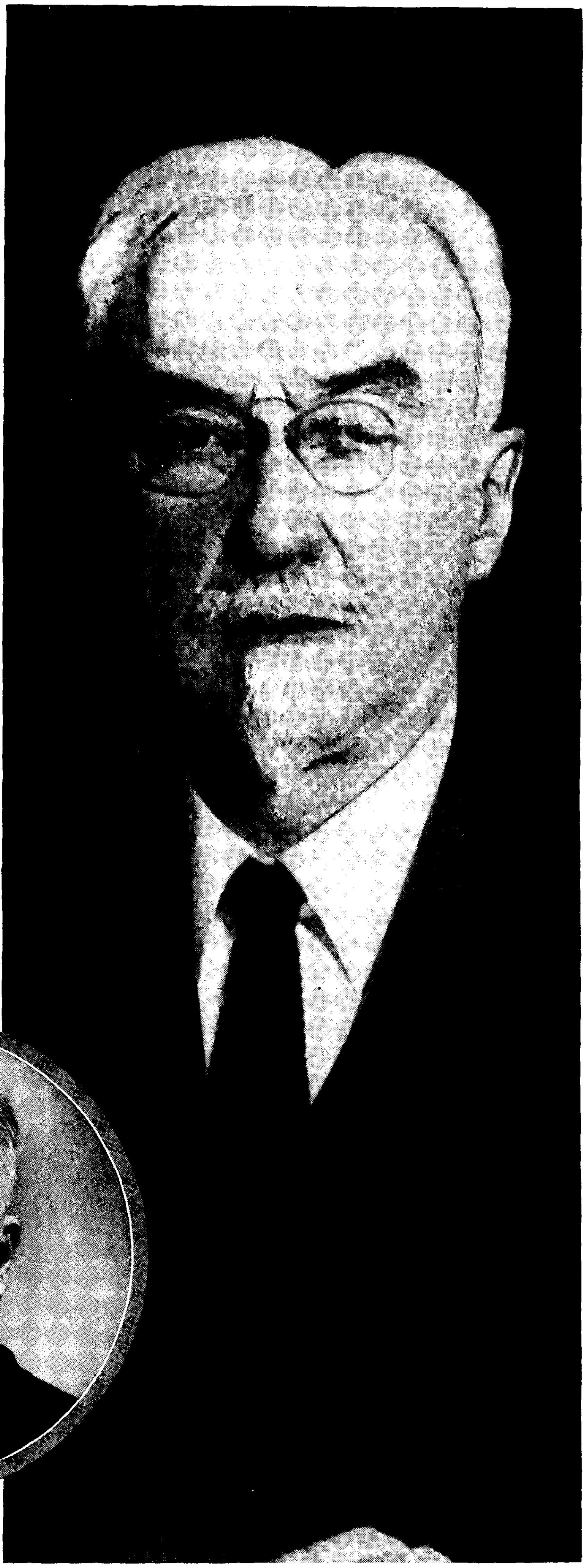
(c) Liquor must not be sold when the financial standing of the purchaser is such that the sales must be followed by a diminution of the comforts of life in the family.

It is evident that these rules permit a wide discretion and a close inquiry regarding the personal habits, financial conditions and family connections of those who apply for permits.

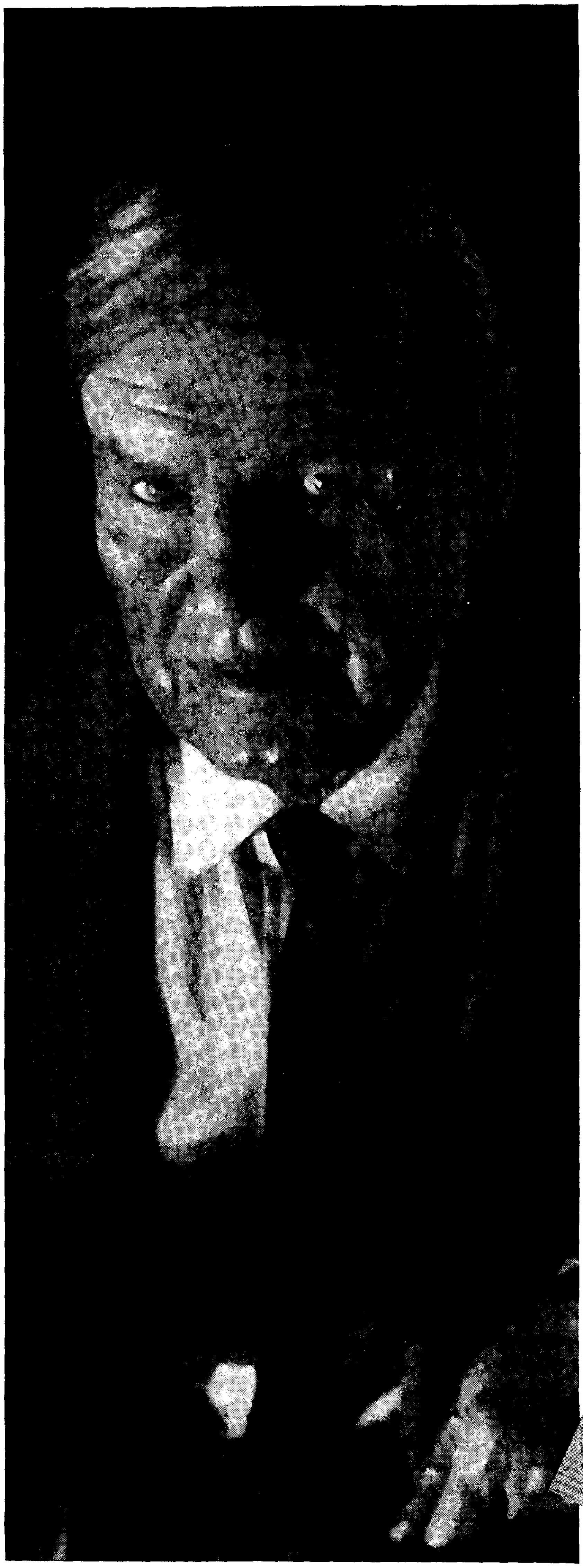
The applicant for the purchase of liquor goes to a Government store and obtains his permit on the same floor of the same building where he makes his purchase. A little book is given to the applicant which shows the kinds of intoxicating liquors that are for sale with the prices charged for them. The

Times—Wide World

Sir Henry Drayton, chairman of the Ontario Liquor Control Board


Herbert Photo

Dr. Clarence True Wilson



© Culver Service

Clarence Darrow

buyer has his permit examined at one window and pays for the goods at another, while at a third window his order is promptly filled. When the order calls for beer in any considerable quantity, the customer is sent to the brewery.

Bootlegging on any extensive scale has been wiped out in Ontario. There are still bootleggers, but their business consists in small operations carried on under the cover of duplicated and illegal permits. In order to continue in business they are in constant peril as every effort is made by exchange of information between the various stores to detect and prosecute offenders. The bootlegging consists, in the main, in selling small amounts after the closing time of the regular places or selling to those who have been denied permits, and perhaps to some who do not wish to take the trouble to go to the Government stores.

The stores are open from ten o'clock in the morning to six on week days, closing at one o'clock on Saturdays and for the entire day on Sundays, holidays and election days.

Control at the Source

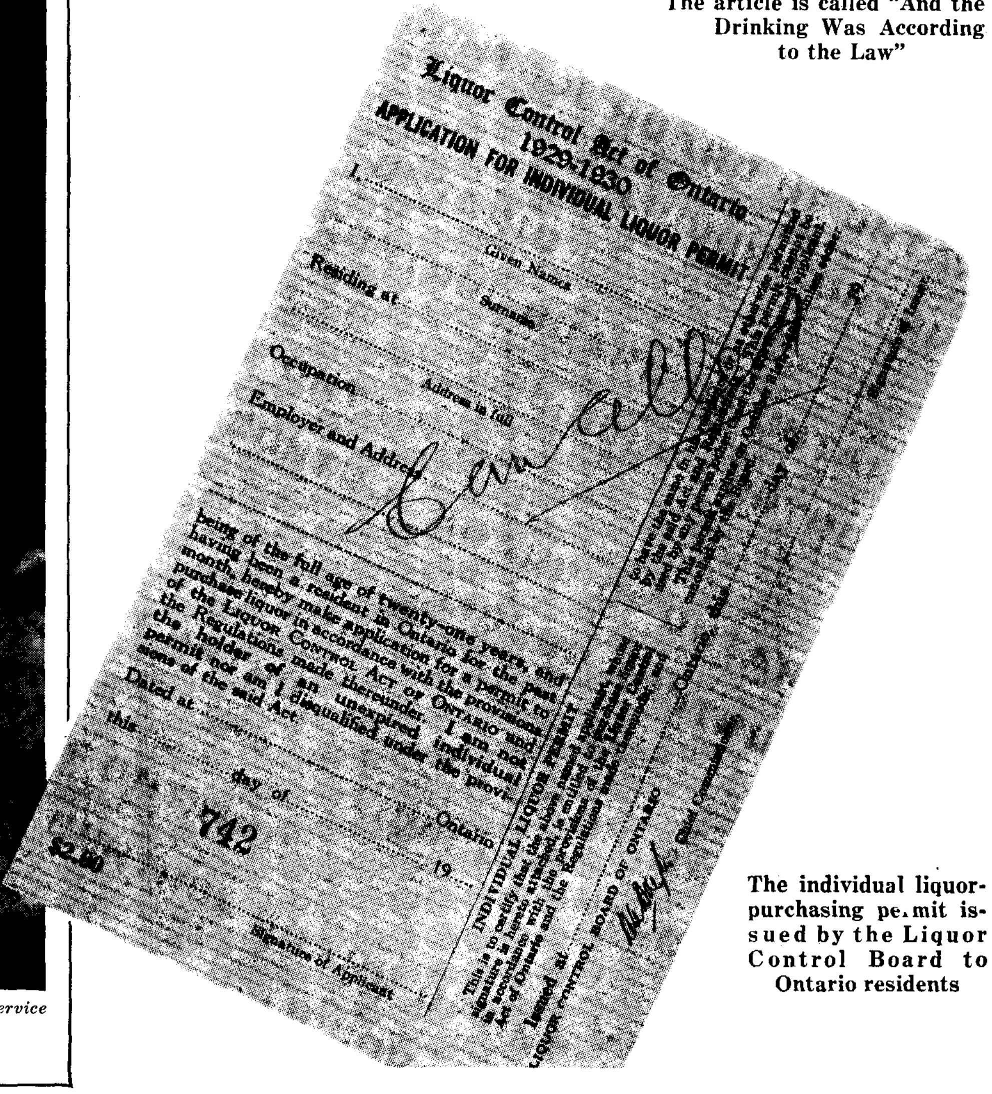
Laws similar to the Ontario law are in force and operation in eight provinces. The Dominion has control of the manufacture of intoxicating liquor and the provinces, under the control law, purchase from the distillers, brewers, etc., which are designated by the Dominion Government and are under its supervision and control. The local sale of liquor to the consumer is left entirely in the hands of the provinces, all of which operate under the same law, except the province of Prince Edward Island, which still has the prohibition law.

The liquor is all pure, and on the whole is sold at very low prices, especially wines. The average price of spirits is $3.55 a quart, which is expensive and leaves a wide margin for the province.

It is only right to say that everywhere in Toronto we have been afforded the fairest possible opportunity to investigate the present system and determine whether it is a wise or an unwise policy. The representatives of the Liquor Control Board have talked with us freely and with evident candor, and afforded us every service possible by way of documents and personal information and opinion. The courts have been open to us. The Police Department has taken great pains to give us all possible information. The hotel keepers, business men and private citizens in general have been willing to tell us what they know and give us their candid opinions upon the working of this law. The practical difficulty that we have in discussing this question is that we have received too much information in too short a time to fully digest it, if indeed there is any chance to digest it.

We are aware that in spite of the quantity of information that has been freely offered we can only agree upon a few facts. This shows how hopeless it is for wets and drys to try to come to any substantial agreement. Each of us feels certain that there are many facts that are not contained in this statement, but when two men approach a problem from such widely different views, with the traditions of a lifetime behind them, with different ideas of government and the rights of the citizen, it is easy to understand how meager is the number of opinions, facts and causes that can be admitted by both. The truth is, the prohibitionists and the anti-prohibitionists are as far apart as the poles in their conceptions of government, individual rights, life, its purposes, its perplexities and its aims. The great difference between the prohibitionist and the anti-prohibitionist is the approach from which different people view the problems of society and the nature of man.

Dr. Clarence True Wilson's views upon the Ontario system of liquor control will appear in next week's Collier's. The article is called "And the Drinking Was According to the Law"



Liquor Control Act of Ontario
1929-1930
APPLICATION FOR INDIVIDUAL LIQUOR PERMIT

I, ...
Given Names .... Surname
Residing at ....
Address in full
Occupation ....
Employer and Address ....

being of the full age of twenty-one years, and having been a resident in Ontario for the past month, hereby make application for a permit to purchase liquor in accordance with the provisions of the Liquor Control Act of Ontario and the Regulations made thereunder. I am not the holder of an unexpired individual permit nor am I disqualified under the provisions of the said Act.

Dated at .... Ontario
this .... day of .... 19....

....
Signature of Applicant

742

$2.00

INDIVIDUAL LIQUOR PERMIT

This is to certify that the above named applicant whose signature is hereto attached is entitled [illegible] in accordance with the provisions of the Liquor Control Act of Ontario and the Regulations made thereunder.

Issued at .... Ontario

LIQUOR CONTROL BOARD OF ONTARIO

Chief Commissioner

The individual liquor-purchasing permit issued by the Liquor Control Board to Ontario residents

Every old prospector will tell you that this story might be true; and anyone will tell you that mighty few men would have done what Steve Hunter did—

To Save a Girl

By Alan LeMay

JUST as a man is getting things going so that the future looks pretty good, Steve Hunter reflected, something always happens to take him down a peg. He had thought some pretty harsh things about himself from time to time; but he had never expected to be picked out as a come-on for one of the most frazzled, worn-out skin-games known to the West. Yet there sat the man who called himself O'Riley, costumed as an old-time prospector down to the last whisker—down to the last ore sample, Hunter had no doubt, in the pocket of O'Riley's pants.

"You must have heard your pa speak of Dennis O'Riley," the old reprobate was pleading.

"Never heard of him," Steve Hunter professed, making his face look blank.

It was true that the name of Dennis O'Riley had sometimes entered the thousand tall stories that had featured the declining years of Wild Bill Hunter, Steve's father. But finding the name of someone once known to Wild Bill—someone long since disappeared—would have been easy to any impostor; about as easy as looking up Wild Bill himself, as easy as finding a white granite mountain there in the high Sierras, where Steve Hunter was now running his pack outfit.

"I can't understand it," said the old man. "Wild Bill never mentioned Dennis O'Riley? Why, me and him—me and him—well, at least," the old man tried again, "you know about Lost Dutchman's gold?"

"Never heard of it," Steve declared.

The man who called himself Dennis O'Riley sat back, flabbergasted. "Never heard of—well, I'll be—"

He pulled himself together. "Back in the eighties," he proceeded sententiously, "a feller wandered into Buck Springs with his pockets full of the richest ore samples these here mountains ever seen. He had mountain fever—pretty near died. But when he pulled through he knew that he was rich."

O'Riley leaned forward. "He started back to his discovery. But Buck Springs picked up as one man and followed along, burro, pick and pan, hundreds of 'em; and he took to twisting and turning in the hills, to shake 'em off. And in the end he did lose 'em, too. And then—" O'Riley hitched forward to tap Steve's collar bone with a gnarled forefinger—"and then, what do you suppose?"

"He got mountain fever again."

"Eh?" said O'Riley. "No, sir! He found that *he* was lost, too!"

"You don't mean to tell me," said Steve, who had heard the story ninety times.

"Wait till you hear the next," said the old man. He drew himself up for his great effect. "I, Dennis O'Riley, am the Lost Dutchman himself!"

A shocked silence fell between them. Steve turned to his shaving mirror, a broken triangle tacked to the log wall. The face that looked back at him was cleanly shaved, lean and brown; from above high cheek bones comprehending blue eyes stared soberly. "So this," he said, "is what a born come-on is supposed to look like. . . ."

"Are you," he asked his visitor, "of the Dublin Dutch, or one of the Amsterdam O'Rileys?"

"I admit," said the infamous wowser testily, "it's a little peculiar that the original Lost Dutchman turns out to be of honest County Kerry blood. But what does a bunch of Westerners know about different nationalities, anyway? The sun had prob'ly bleached out my hair the color of winter hay, I expect is the root of the matter."

"That explains it," Hunter accepted. "And now where is your sample of most astounding rich ore?"

"RIGHT here," said O'Riley, bringing it out with a flourish. "It was considerable larger in size but it wore down by time."

"And where," Steve pursued, "is your picture of your penniless niece?"

"Granddaughter," O'Riley corrected him. "How did you know I got her picture here?"

"Isn't that the usual play in a case like this?"

"If you keep on having these damn' fool fits of giggling," said O'Riley with annoyance, "opportunity is going to pass you by!"

"Heaven forbid," said Steve. "Get on with the description of your penniless granddaughter."

"Well," the old man said grumpily, "she has a sort of kind face, so she has."

"This part of your spiel isn't nearly as well worked up as the other," Hunter criticized him. "You ought to get hold of a more overpowering description. Well—trot the chromo out."

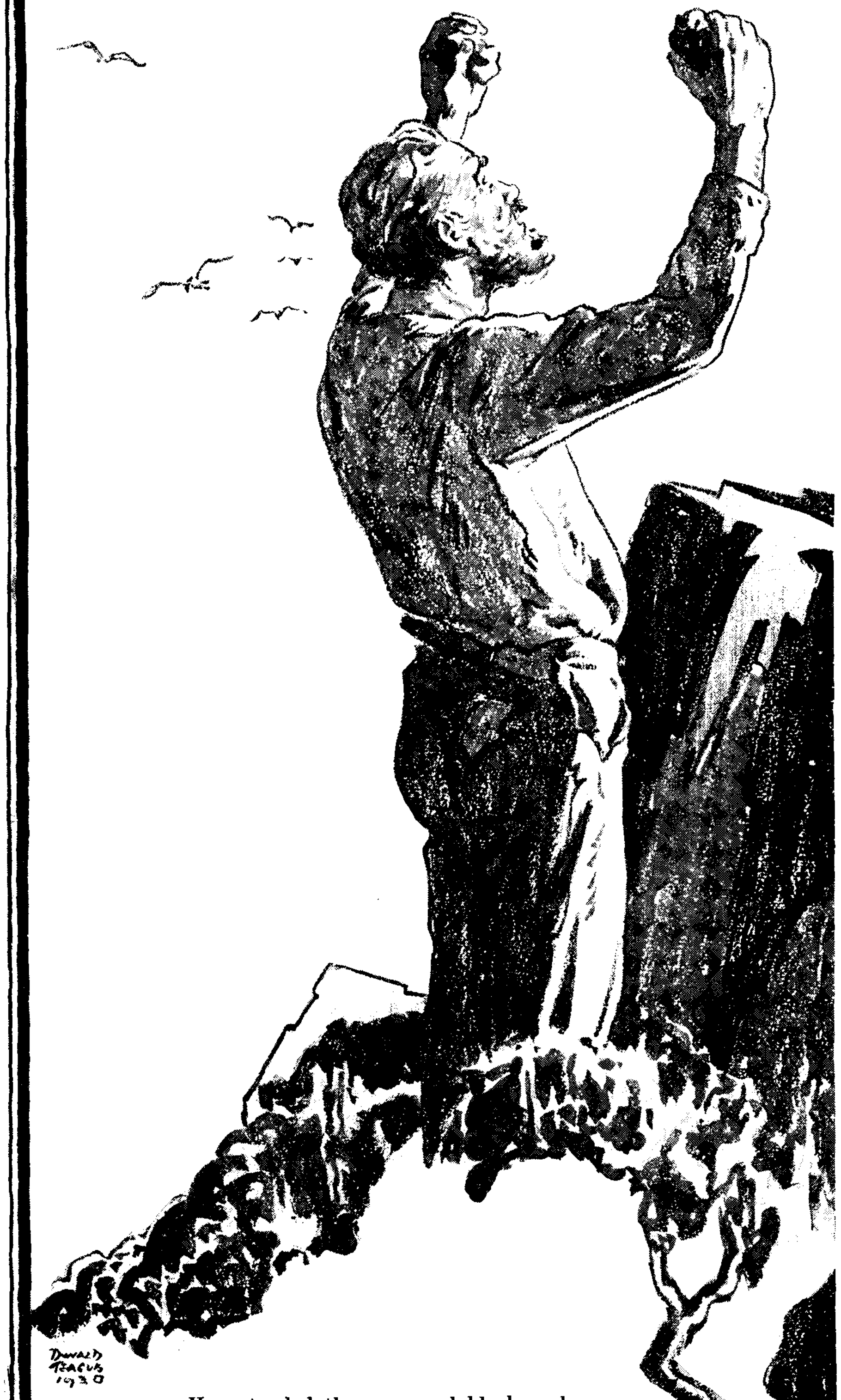
From a pocket of his brush jacket O'Riley dug a snapshot print, showing a girl on a horse. "She's staying down here at the Two Pine boarding house," O'Riley explained.

At first Hunter thought the girl was one he had known before, for a swift, odd sense of recognition touched him as he perceived the clean, alert lift of her head, and the slim, relaxed grace with which she sat in the stock saddle. Her face, in the shadow of a big hat, was less clearly shown; but he could see that, from the camera's angle at least, this girl was lovely, too lovely to be connected in any way with the crooked old wowser who was trying to sell a mythical mine. A gust of anger stirred him.

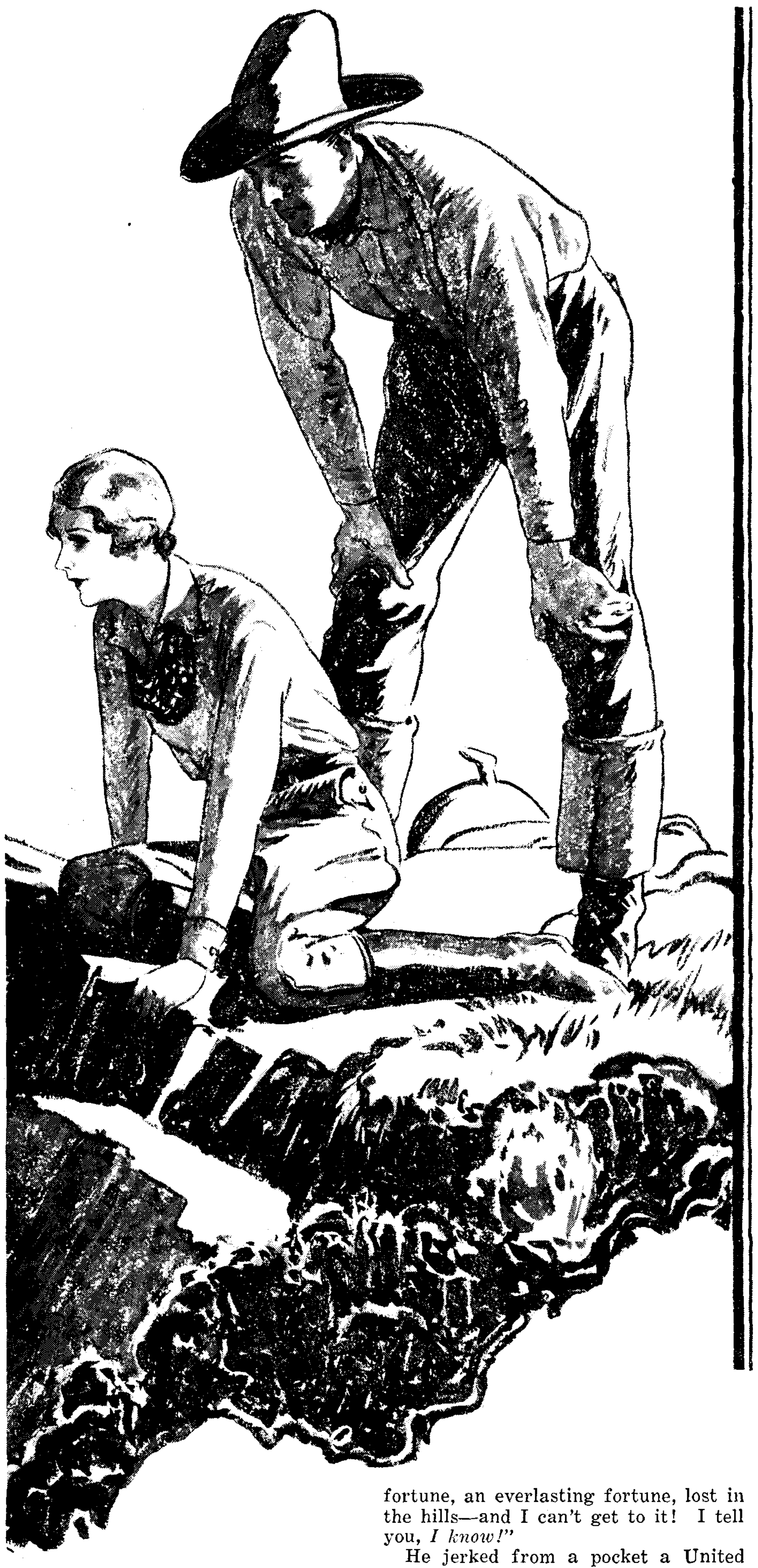
"I don't know where you got this picture, nor who it's of," he growled at the old man, "but this I'll tell you flat: this girl hasn't any connection with any blue-sky mine, nor with any Dutchman named O'Riley, either; and I've a mind to see you jailed!"

"Gimme that back!" shouted O'Riley.

"All right. But I'm going to drive down to Two Pine. I'm going to find out if this girl is there. And if your



He extended the gray and black rock fragments to Steve in hands that shook with excitement. "That's *graphite delirium!* Graphite delirium, man!"



story doesn't tally, this country isn't going to hold you, you hear?"

"I won't ride with you," snorted O'Riley. "I'll go back by hand, the way I come!"

"Suit yourself."

O'Riley wilted. "My story's too good," he almost whimpered. "It's so good nobody will believe it. I've got to have help, and I've got to have it soon! But if old Wild Bill's boy won't believe me, who will? I've tried a hundred fellers and they're as bad or worse than you. God knows," he told Steve, "I'd like to haul off and bust you one. But you come very close to being the last shot in my gun." Suddenly his voice turned shrill, intense, and he shook his clawed hands before Steve Hunter's eyes.

"It's there," he shouted. "I know it's there! I know right where it is. A fortune, an everlasting fortune, lost in the hills—and I can't get to it! I tell you, *I know!*"

He jerked from a pocket a United States survey quadrangle, folded in innumerable accordion pleats. "It's these new maps showed me the light," he declared, shaking it out. "I can stand here and put my finger on millions—millions, boy, you hear me?—right here on this map. But if I don't set my finger down, your chance is gone, and maybe mine, and maybe hers too, and the fault is yours!"

STEVE HUNTER blew smoke through his nose and studied the old man. It was incredible to him that anybody could lie so well. "Well, I still figure to drive to Two Pine," he said.

"That's more like Wild Bill's boy!" said O'Riley with emotion. He led the way to Steve's battered mountain car at a shambling run.

Down in front of the Two Pine boarding house a long blue roadster stood, its chromium fittings a bright dazzle in the sun.

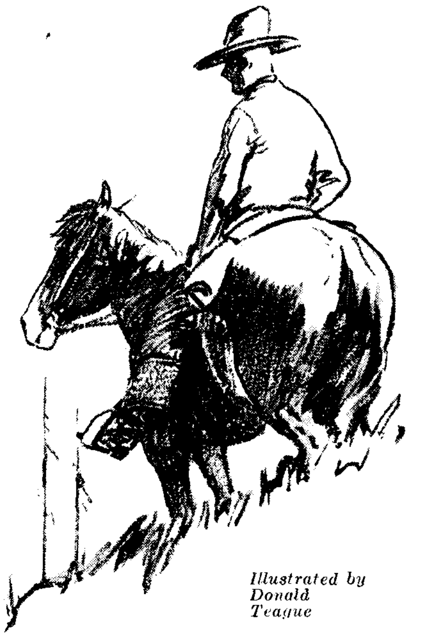
"That rig," said O'Riley, standing up to point, "belongs to the swivel-eared jackass that wants to stake me, and horn in on my mine. Only I won't let him. Trying to trim me! That's him at the wheel, and the other one is my granddaughter. Hey, June!"

Steve Hunter angled in beside the blue roadster—and found himself looking directly into the eyes of the girl whom he had pronounced a myth.

It was the girl of the snapshot all right. Only this time there was no intervening shadow and no hat to hide her face. It was a thin face, tanned and lively. The soft, fine hair that framed it was the color of sunlight through autumn leaves, and her eyes—Steve could not have said whether they were green or brown or blue, or sometimes all three, in changing lights; but they were gentle, humorous and awake.

"You're Steve Hunter, aren't you?" said the myth. "This is Wally Parker."

Steve shook hands with the smooth-haired young man at the wheel without noticing him much. He was absorbed with the baffling contrast between the old wowser, with his weather-reddened nose and historic whiskers, and the slender, smiling girl in the other car. If this was truly O'Riley's granddaughter, all that preposterous story about Lost Dutchman's gold needed a different explanation than that which he had so readily supplied.



Illustrated by
Donald
Teague

Wally Parker broke in. "Aren't you the Hunter who runs the Three Bar pack outfit? Can I speak to you a minute?"

"Sure." Hunter, stepping to the board walk, found himself drawn along the walk by the stranger, out of earshot of the girl.

"I suppose," Parker began, "you've heard O'Riley's story by this time. I'm the boy that drove him up to your place this morning. You didn't see me. I let him out a little way down the road."

"Where do you come in?" Steve asked.

"I," said Wally Parker, "am the boy who takes a special and particular interest in June O'Riley."

"Oh, you do?" said Steve.

"O'Riley," said Parker, "is obviously the victim of self-hypnosis. He's told the story of Lost Dutchman's gold so often that he believes it himself—so much so that he has even convinced his granddaughter to some extent. I'm telling you this," he explained, "so that you will not think I'm an idiot."

"Thanks. I'm glad to have it cleared up."

"The O'Rileys," Parker went on, "are—bankrupt. They can't seem to understand that when June and I are married there will be no cause to worry about that. Meanwhile, this gold scare is a persistent nuisance. I can't chase the O'Rileys all over the West forever, you know."

"No?" said Steve.

"No," said Parker, "and I'm not at all sure that I like your tone of voice. However, you happen to fit my plans, so we'll overlook that. The trouble is, the old lunatic won't let me finance the final search; and, since nobody else is idiot enough, there the matter rests."

"Not a bad place for it."

"I don't agree with you. Didn't I mention that my plans are held up until the O'Rileys abandon this outlandish notion? Now, I want you to pack O'Riley to wherever the old fool thinks he has lost his mine. I'll pay all expenses; with a substantial bonus if June is convinced that Lost Dutchman's gold is nonexistent."

"That is to say," said Steve Hunter, "you want me to pretend to take up his proposition myself?"

"Exactly."

STEVE HUNTER looked Parker over slowly. He couldn't make out exactly why the man in front of him roused him to instant resentment with his every word. Wally Parker was tall, slim, blond and clean-looking. He had too small an eye, perhaps; too long a nose, and too smooth a way; but none of these things accounted for the pleasure with which Steve considered eliminating Parker with one long wallop of his right hand. He rolled a cigarette.

"Not at any price," he said at last. "I wouldn't touch it with a ten-foot pole."

Parker shrugged. "Oh, very well. I'll get somebody else."

"You think you will?" said Hunter.

He did not understand, then, what made him do what he did next. Certainly he had no belief in Lost Dutchman's gold. He could only tell himself, afterward, that it had seemed a good idea at the time.

He walked to the blue car, where June was talking eagerly to old Dennis O'Riley.

"Don't you fret, Miss O'Riley," he heard himself saying. "I'll help you find your darned old mine!"

"Oh, good boy!" said June O'Riley.

Long Thunder Mountain turned out to be old Dennis O'Riley's objective—a sufficiently inaccessible place in which to lose his gold. Not until the eleventh day did it loom over them, gaunt, black and austere.

"This is it," Dennis O'Riley exulted, "this is it! It all comes back to me plain. I'd know that hill from the floor of hell!"

FOR an hour they pressed upward across the deep-carved face of Long Thunder.

And there, incredibly, half an hour before dusk, they came upon O'Riley's ancient stope.

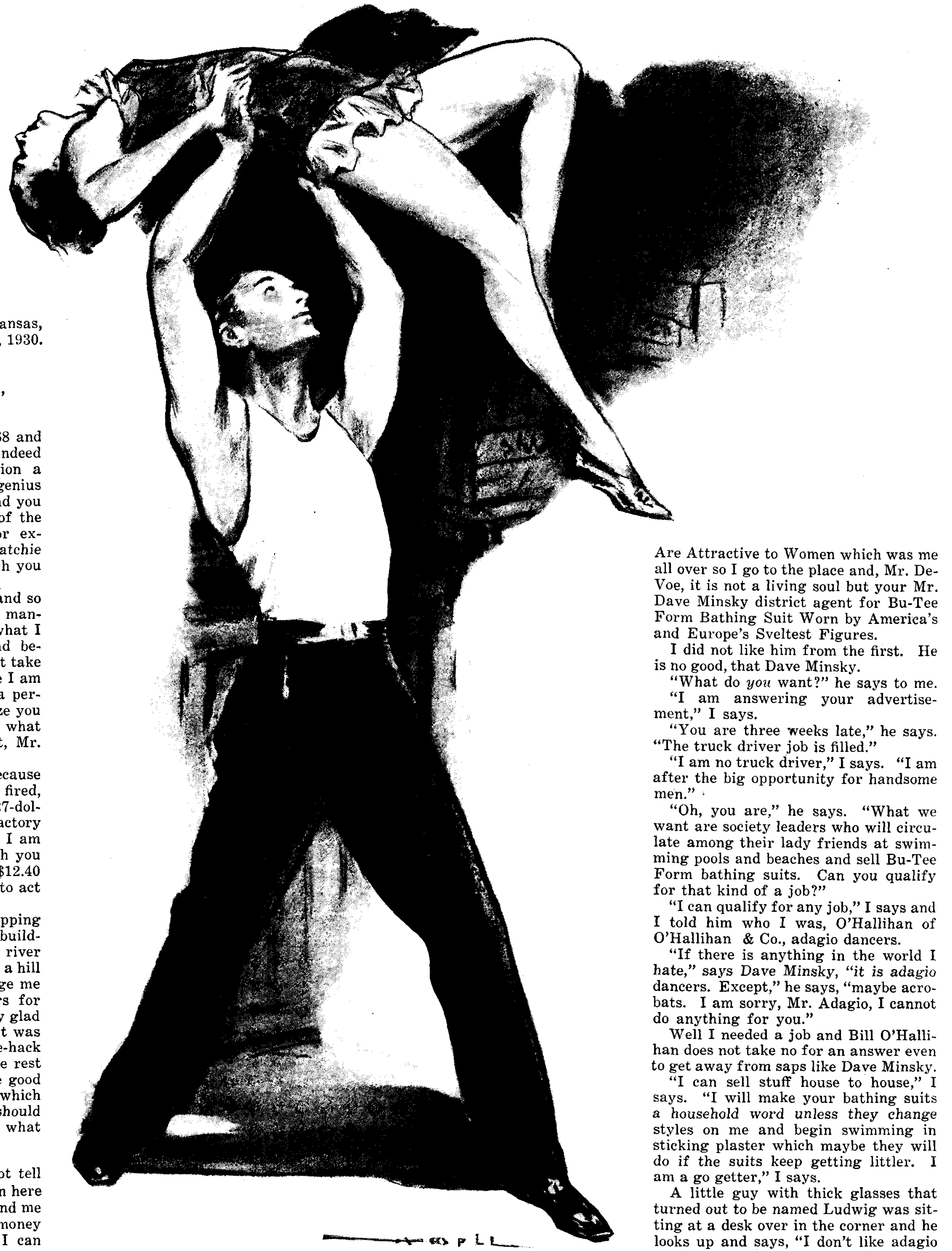
One thing, at least, was decided for Steve Hunter in that moment. If he had had any further doubt as to the sincerity of either the girl or the old man in their quest for Lost Dutchman's gold, it vanished here. No one could doubt the reality of the tears which the old man tried to hide as they trickled into his beard, nor the overwhelming emotion of June O'Riley as she hugged her grandfather close in her arms.

The old man snatched a pick-pointed hammer from a pack and rushed into the dark mouth of the stope. For ten minutes, while Hunter unsaddled his pack animals and made camp, he could hear the ring of steel on stone. Then

(*Continued on page 62*)

Ladies Can't Swim

A simple but powerful chronicle of courage, love, beauty in distress, felonious assault and various other charming things too numerous to mention—told by the modest hero



Okwatchie, Kansas,
July 28, 1930.

Mr. R. Delwyn DeVoe,
President,
Bu-Tee Form Bathing Suit Corp.,
New York City.
Dear Sir:

I got your check today for $3.68 and your letter saying you are proud indeed to have had in your organization a young man of such aggressive genius who succeeds where others fail and you are enclosing check in payment of the $1,000 prize with deductions for expenses incurred by me in Okwatchie which totaled $996.32, list of which you attach.

Mr. DeVoe, you are a big stiff and so is Dave Minsky your Kansas City manager which he already knows is what I think. I come to Okwatchie and because I am a go getter and will not take no for an answer and also because I am big and handsome and have got a personality with ladies I win the prize you offered but instead of one grand what do I get? You know what I get, Mr. DeVoe—$3.68.

That all is very painful to me because I already have resigned and was fired, both at the same time, from my 27-dollar-a-week job with the mop factory and I have been telling everybody I am a rich man. With the $3.68 which you sent me, my bank roll is now $12.40 which makes it very hard for me to act like I am rich.

I notice besides the cost of shipping a steam shovel from Wichita and building the dam across the Okwatchie river—and if that is a river, Mr. DeVoe, a hill of beans is Pikes Peek—you charge me for a hospital bill of 124 dollars for Dave Minsky the crook. I am very glad to pay the 124 dollars and wisht it was more and maybe included a twelve-hack funeral and a tombstone. But the rest of the expenses was spent for the good of Bu-Tee Form bathing suits of which you are the president and you should pay me because it is not my fault what happened.

PROBABLY this Minsky did not tell you about it so I will put it down here and you will see that you should send me a check for the rest of the prize money except Minsky's hospital bill so I can begin to act like a rich and prosperous business man and buy banana splits for Bessie Bickerdacker and take her to the Palace movie shows every night.

Of course, Mr. DeVoe, you have heard about me even before I begun working for you because I was always in the public eye, being the famous and noted Wm. O'Hallihan of O'Hallihan & Co., that could hold three men on his shoulders and play Way Down Upon the Swanee River on a fiddle.

The acrobat business got bad but Bill O'Hallihan uses his brains and is one jump ahead of the general trend so I get a girl and turn the act into adagio dancing and make pretty good until the girl eat too much and we could not throw her around any more and anyway people got tired of adagio dancing just like they got tired of acrobats.

Undaunted as they say in books I strove ahead and took a position playing the fiddle in an orchestra in a movie theater. This was pretty good until the talking movies jumped up and put the fiddlers outa work.

WELL, I was in Kansas City about broke when I see in the paper Big Opportunity for Handsome Men of Wide Social and Business Standing That Are Attractive to Women which was me all over so I go to the place and, Mr. DeVoe, it is not a living soul but your Mr. Dave Minsky district agent for Bu-Tee Form Bathing Suit Worn by America's and Europe's Sveltest Figures.

I did not like him from the first. He is no good, that Dave Minsky.

"What do *you* want?" he says to me.

"I am answering your advertisement," I says.

"You are three weeks late," he says. "The truck driver job is filled."

"I am no truck driver," I says. "I am after the big opportunity for handsome men."

"Oh, you are," he says. "What we want are society leaders who will circulate among their lady friends at swimming pools and beaches and sell Bu-Tee Form bathing suits. Can you qualify for that kind of a job?"

"I can qualify for any job," I says and I told him who I was, O'Hallihan of O'Hallihan & Co., adagio dancers.

"If there is anything in the world I hate," says Dave Minsky, "it is adagio dancers. Except," he says, "maybe acrobats. I am sorry, Mr. Adagio, I cannot do anything for you."

Well I needed a job and Bill O'Hallihan does not take no for an answer even to get away from saps like Dave Minsky.

"I can sell stuff house to house," I says. "I will make your bathing suits a household word unless they change styles on me and begin swimming in sticking plaster which maybe they will do if the suits keep getting littler. I am a go getter," I says.

A little guy with thick glasses that turned out to be named Ludwig was sitting at a desk over in the corner and he looks up and says, "I don't like adagio dancers either, boss. Why not send him to Okwatchie?"

"Just the thing!" says Dave Minsky smiling and now I know that in that smile lurked a vicious heart. "Look, Adagio," he says and reaches in his desk and pulls out a copy of Cinema Confessions. He opens it up and there are pages of pictures of bathing beauties, Miss Wisconsin, Miss Texas and all that won a contest run by the magazine. It was swell stuff and I crowded up to see it all.

"Gee whiz," I says, "do all them

in Kansas!

By Jerome Beatty

dames wear Bu-Tee Form bathing suits?"

"We have photographs and testimonials from all but one—Miss Kansas," he said. "She won't sign on the dotted line. There she is."

HE POINTED to the prettiest girl you ever did see, with curly hair and a neat little smile just about as big as the bathing suit she was wearing. And her figure! Oh, boy! She woulda been worth $200 a week to Ziegfeld. I pushed closer and read the line underneath. It says: "Bessie Bickerdacker, whose charming pulchritude and dainty form are the toast of the Sunflower State."

"You go see her," said Dave Minsky. "That's the job."

"Well maybe you think that will be work," I says, "but it looks more like a vacation. Do I get paid to go to see her?"

"One thousand dollars," he said. "If you deliver the goods."

I looked at him kinda queer. "Do I kidnap her or what?" I says.

"All you do is get her to pose for a photograph in a Bu-Tee Form bathing suit and sign a testimonial to be used in our advertising. Doubtless, Mr. O'Hallihan," he says, "you know how to handle women."

"Women is my dish," I says. "I do not know what it is about me."

"Your inborn modesty, doubtless," he says.

"Maybe that's it," I answers. I begun not to hate this guy so much. He seemed to understand me and to realize the sort of work I ought to be doing. "Don't I sell any bathing suits?"

"If you wish," he says. "We pay a commission of one dollar each. You deposit ten dollars for a sample kit."

Ten dollars was about all I had but I put it up and they give me the sample kit and I says, "Gentlemen, you see before you one of the greatest bathing suit salesmen that ever lived. I will knock them cold in Okwatchie."

"Here's the testimonial you are to get Miss Bickerdacker to sign," says Minsky and he hands me a sheet of paper. It read:

> "WHO IS THAT RAVING BEAUTY?" THEY CRIED
>
> "I was just one of the hundreds at the Okwatchie Bathing Beach. No boys ever wanted me to swim out to the float with them. Other girls sat under beach umbrellas surrounded by Okwatchie's handsomest men-about-town while I sat alone and bought my own peanuts and ice cream.
>
> "Then on the day of days I made a great decision. The next time I appeared on the beach, hundreds cried 'Who is that raving beauty?' Men came running, deserting the other girls, who exclaimed in envy.
>
> "When they saw it was me, they all asked breathlessly, 'What *have* you done? You are a different girl!'
>
> "I said: 'I merely bought a Bu-Tee Form bathing suit, sold by the best dealers everywhere. It fits the figure and never shrinks. The wide assortment of colors gives one the opportunity to select a suit that matches the skin, the hair and the eyes. Every girl should own one and she no longer will be lonesome.'
>
> "So at once I became the most popular girl on the beach. Any girl can do as much. Buy a Bu-Tee Form bathing suit!"

That sure sounded like they was good bathing suits. "Have you got one that will fit me?" I says. If a Bu-Tee Form suit would do that for a girl, I figure maybe they would not do me no harm neither.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Adagio," says Minsky, "but we make only ladies' bathing suits. I am sure, though, that no matter what kind of a bathing suit you wear, your charming personality will stick out"—he taps me on the chest—"when you join the ladies on the beach and begin to sell Bu-Tee Form suits."

"I'll say," I says, picking up the sample kit and the testimonial. "Get a lot of stuff made up. And have that thousand bucks ready. Bill O'Hallihan never fails."

"Good-by, Adagio," says Minsky.

"Farewell," says Ludwig. And as I was going out I heard him say something that sounded like, "What a target! What a target!"

I did not know what he meant until later.

I REGISTER at the Okwatchie House, "Wm. O'Hallihan, Bu-Tee Form Bathing Suits, Kansas City," and the clerk looks at me over his glasses and says "Another, hey?"

"What do you mean, 'Another, hey?'" I asks.

"I suppose you are after a testimonial and a picture of Bessie Bickerdacker?"

"That is me," I says, "and, Mister, I am a go getter. How did you guess?"

"There have been eight other goofs here on the same job," he says, "and Old Man Bickerdacker chased them all out of town with a shot gun bangety-bang-bang."

"How come that?" I asks. "I am a big business man presenting a legitimate business proposition that will bring fame to your fair city and to Miss Bickerdacker the toast of the Sunflower State. He can't shoot people for that."

"He shot eight," he says, and picked up my bag and took me upstairs to my room.

I found out that this Old Man Bickerdacker was the boss of Okwatchie. Almost everybody in town worked for the Dainty Duchess Mop Factory which he owned. He was mayor of the town and owned the Weekly Gazette and the Palace movie show, and the horse car line that run down to the depot. There was not nothing to do in Okwatchie but make mops for Old Man Bickerdacker or read his paper or ride on his horse car or go to his movie show.

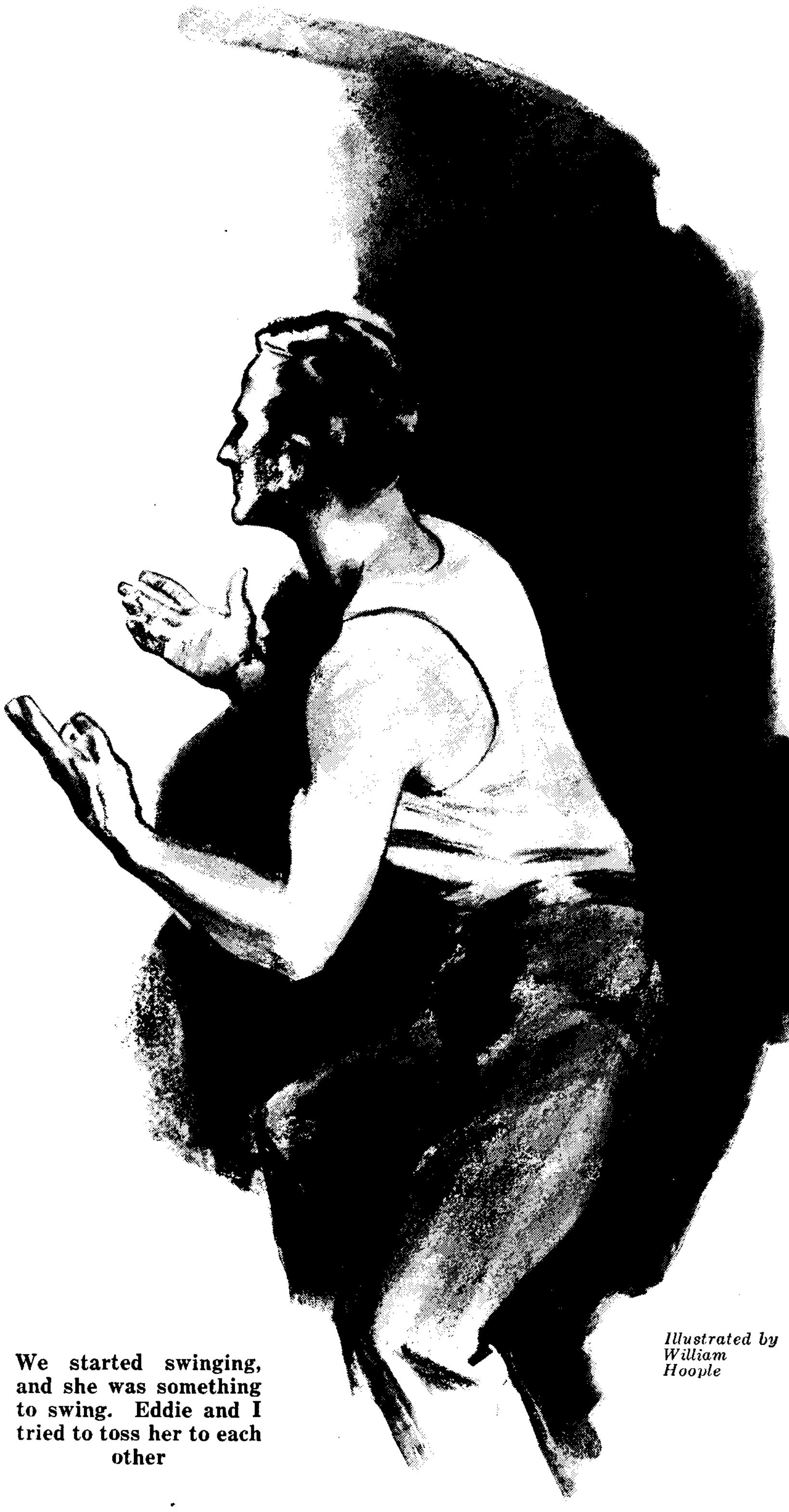
A FELLOW pointed him out to me as the Old Man was driving a rattle-bang car down Main Street. He was a tall lean guy in a black suit and a derby hat and he had stringy gray whiskers that made him look like the first mop he ever turned out thirty years ago. I mean like it looks now, Mr. DeVoe.

He was worth six or eight million dollars they said and spent money like a drunken sailor—I mean like one that has not seen a dime for eight years. He made his daughter work for a living and she was a telegraph operator down to the depot.

Well, I decide I might as well go see Bessie Bickerdacker, although, Mr. DeVoe, my heart is not in my work so I take the horse car to the depot.

There was a plump-faced roly-poly little blond girl at the ticket window. She had blue eyes that sparkled and a cute smile and a way of lifting her eyebrows that kinda showed she maybe would not believe everything you said.

"Good afternoon," she says.



We started swinging, and she was something to swing. Eddie and I tried to toss her to each other

Illustrated by William Hoople

"Howdy, Miss," I says. "Is Miss Bickerdacker here?"

"I am Miss Bickerdacker," she says.

Well she did not look like the girl in the picture that was the toast of the Sunflower State, she being too fat, so I says, "I guess it is your sister I want, Miss Bessie Bickerdacker."

"I am Bessie Bickerdacker," she says.

"Gee whiz!" I says. Things had happened to what the magazine said was her dainty form since she had that picture taken.

"You want a ticket?" she asks.

"Yeah," I answers, all out of breath.

"To what station?"

I pull myself together and decide to bring out my personality while I am thinking what to do.

"What stations have you?" I asks.

She laughed heartily. Anybody would have to laugh when I start making wise cracks because my jokes are always new and are the kind that never offend.

"You are a traveling drummer, aren't you?" she asks.

"How did you guess, bright eyes?"

"They always tell that joke about what stations have you."

"Oh," I answer.

"What do you sell?"

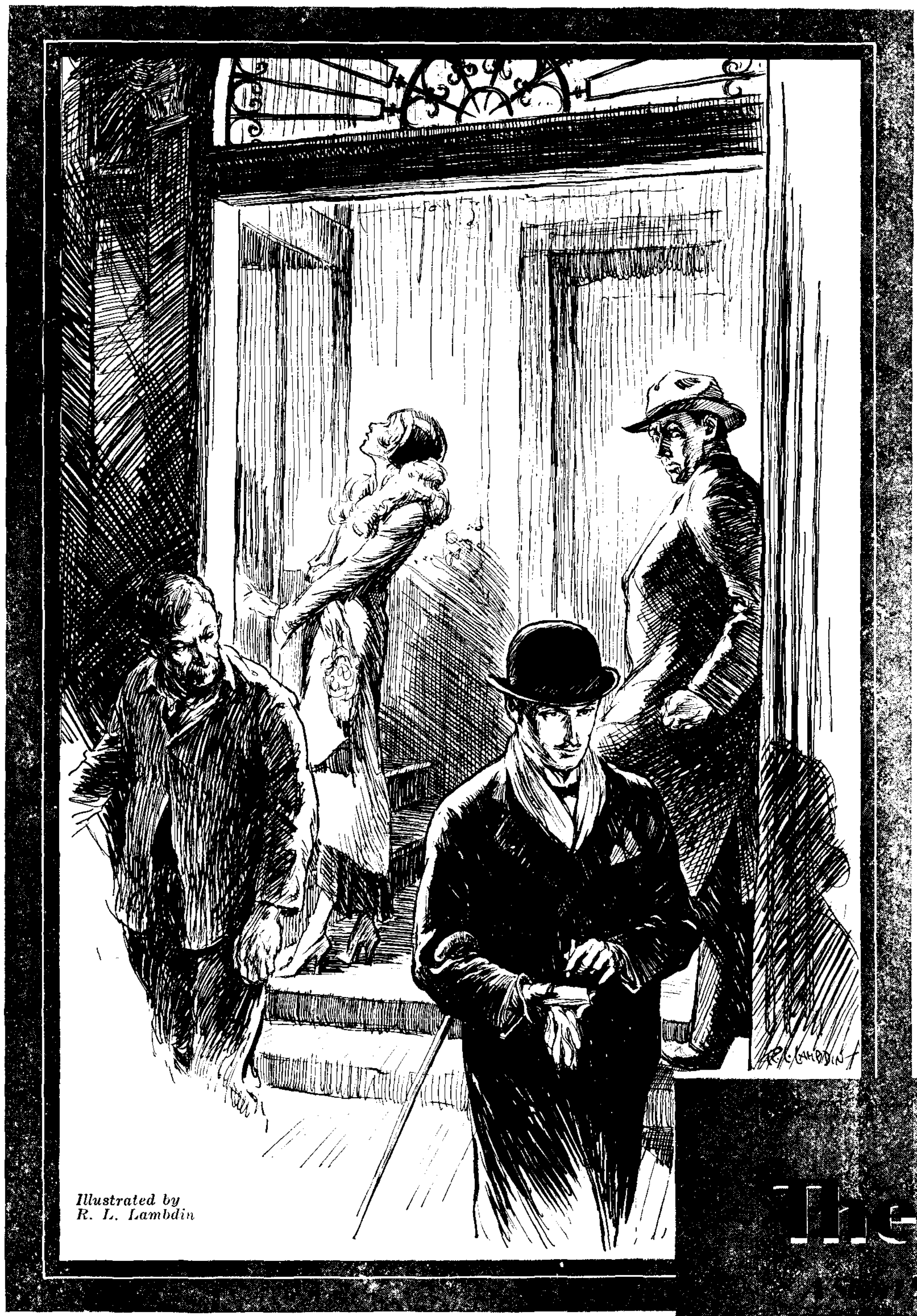
Before I thought what I was saying I answer, "Bu-Tee Form bathing suits."

"Eddie!" she calls, not excited, just like she was telling somebody that dinner was ready so come and eat it.

A door in the waiting room opened and in come a guy in overalls about as big as me. He had a big black mustache and carried a broom and on his head was a blue cap which had letters on it saying "Baggage."

"Here's another," she says to Eddie and that was all. Mr. DeVoe, you never see a ticket office quit business so quick. The wooden ticket window come down with a bang that hit my fingers and I yelled ow.

(Continued on page 29)



Illustrated by R. L. Lambdin

The Lift

By Frederick Skerry

"Well, Wilkes happens to come home right on her heels and he meets this guy in front of the door. He thinks they just separated in the vestibule"

THE janitor of Stafford Hall lived with his wife in the front basement, the windows of which afforded a sort of worm's-eye view of the world without, a world made up, for the most part, of lower extremities and as much above as might be, according to pedestrians' distance from the building or the variable length of skirts.

Living at such a level, they may be permitted a lively interest in the affairs of those in the house above, whose nether members were so familiar. They were like stage hands in a theater, seeing the actors and scenery coming and going, helping with minor props, but seldom understanding the comedies or tragedies that were enacted out of their hearing.

Of the thirty tenants in the building Mr. and Mrs. Wilkes—number fifty-two, fifth floor—were regarded most favorably by the janitor and his wife. Though they agreed upon the general desirability of the Wilkeses, each had special and personal reasons for liking either of the young couple. The janitor respected a certain ability in Mr. Wilkes that was manifested by the odors from empty bottles and appreciated the liberal tips which proper disposal of the bottles produced; his wife liked Mrs. Wilkes because she was a "genteel little body" and most generous about her discarded finery. Their idea of an acceptable heaven was a house full of couples like the Wilkeses, quiet, happy, giving no trouble.

Stafford Hall boasted an automatic elevator, an early type and shaky, that slid up and down on greasy guides in the stair well and was screened around with gilded wire mesh, which—through no intent of its builder—entertained passengers with a leisurely scrutiny of each hallway at the expense of seeming a moving menagerie themselves.

ONCE in a while, but not often enough to give tenants the impression that they were living in walk-up apartments, something would go wrong in the complicated mass of drums and cables and gears which filled a special space at the foot of the stairs in the basement, a ponderous machine which made more wonderful the slender power cable and switch that could set it in motion. When such an accident occurred the car would stop wherever it happened to be, and most of the tenants, at some time or other, had learned how it feels to be a canary bird, imprisoned, suspended, in a cage.

Because of the janitor's familiarity with the vagaries of the machinery these infrequent lapses were rarely of long duration, though, while they caused no great inconvenience to those on the lower floors, they did force into the home-comings of dwellers on the fourth, fifth and sixth a little extra and unwonted exercise. At any rate, walking up was preferable to being stuck between floors.

One day in August the janitor, carrying a couple of the morning papers that he had salvaged from waste boxes, came into his kitchen for luncheon. "Pretty easy now," he observed, soaping his hands at the sink. "So many gone away for the month." Then, through the muffling web of the roller towel, "The Wilkeses had one sweet row this morning."

"No! The *Wilkeses!*" His wife turned her hot face from the gas range. "How d' you know?"

"How d' I know? I heard them. I was in fifty-three, cleaning out that kitchen trap, and I couldn't help hearing them."

"Money, I suppose," she grunted, a watchful eye on the stew. "It generally is."

"No, it wasn't that. He's jealous—as much as told her she was a cheater."

"Who? *Her?* He's crazy. Now if it was some women around here— But her! He's just crazy."

"Sure! He's dead wrong. I know all about it. Y' see, last night when I'm putting out the vestibule light she comes in, and just then out comes that guy—the fellow with the cane—that's here every night to see that De Courcy dame in twenty-four. Well, Wilkes happens to come home right on her heels, y' might say, and meets the guy in front of the door. And he thinks they just separated in the vestibule. See?

"Well, they have it hot and heavy this morning—a hang-over from last night, I wouldn't wonder. She says, 'You're insulting! I won't stand it! You'll have to apologize for this.' And he says, 'I wish to God I could, but it looks damn' suspicious to me. But I'll tell you what I *will* do: I'll give that bird a good paste in the snoot if I see him around here again. I got a good look at him.'

"It was a wonderful broadcast, and me, with my head under the sink next door, taking it all in. If he didn't split that door, the way he slammed it—"

"You'd better tell him how it was."

"Who? Me? Well, I guess not. Mixing into people's affairs is something I don't get paid for. Though if he asked me—he saw me right there in the hall last night."

"He'd never ask you. So, if you won't tell him, I will."

"What! And let out that I listened—make a spy out of me?"

"WELL, all right, then. It's too bad, though. A nice person like her. I'd tell him where he got off at, if he was mine."

Her husband grinned, "I'll say you would." But he was reflective as he began his meal.

That evening when he returned to his quarters his wife announced, with evident satisfaction, "I saw the Wilkeses go by. She had on those pretty alligator-skin shoes. You never see *her* stockings wrinkled or twisted. I guess they've made it up between them—walking close together, they were."

"Yeh. Everything is rosy, I wouldn't wonder."

She regarded him slyly. "You been at that trap again?"

"No. Got through with that this morning. The fifth floor is easy now, with everyone away but the Wilkeses."

"Then— Say, you didn't tell him!"

"What do you take me for? I didn't have to."

"Of course"—with enticing sarcasm—"he up and told you the whole business."

"Well—no." The janitor was enjoying her impatience. "But I happened to be in the cellar when the elevator starts and the indicator arrow goes to five—I thought it must be the Wilkeses because they're the only ones on the fifth. When I go upstairs a couple of minutes later the car is stopped between the first and second, and, sure enough, the Wilkeses are in it.

"HE'S sore. Barks at me that they've got an engagement, and can't I fix the thing so's they can get out. She's quiet; not a word out of her. So I have to go downstairs. But I don't see anything wrong with the machine. In about ten minutes I'm up again and tell Wilkes I'll have to try all the doors, in case a connection's got loose when the car was coming down. You'd think he was in there for life, he's so sore.

"It's about quarter of eight when I get down to the second, and while I'm tinkering with the door up comes that guy to see Miss De Courcy—he never bothers with the elevator. I see the Wilkeses looking him over while he's knocking at twenty-four. De Courcy opens it and says, 'Hello, darling!'—oh, very loving-like. Well, I go down cellar once more, and in a minute I get the car moving. By the time I get back upstairs they're going out the door, with Wilkes talking his head off."

"What a break for her! I'm real glad."

"Yeh. So'm I." The janitor grinned, complacent, as he filled his pipe.

"What ailed the elevator this time?"

"Not a thing. After Wilkes gets a good look at that guy I only go down and throw on the switch again."

P. & A. Photo

Ace of Clubs

Fourteen years ago, at the Merion Cricket Club, a fourteen-year-old boy ate a light breakfast and nervously started out to match his golfing skill against an ex-national champion. That boy was Bobby Jones, who now returns to Merion, to try for his fourth major golf title of the season

By Grantland Rice

BOBBY JONES stopped off at St. Andrews, Scotland, last May, and won the British amateur golf championship after a desperate two-battles-a-day struggle against the picked amateurs of the world. Late in June he halted at Hoylake, England, long enough to win the British open championship from another all-star field.

Early in July the same Bobby Jones dropped his golf bag at Interlachen, Minneapolis, five thousand miles away from his first two victories, and won the open golf championship of the United States from a still stronger collection of golfing talent. And each time he was winning in a competition where the odds were usually ten to one against the champion—fifteen to one against most of the stars.

Now Bobby Jones is ready for his fourth major stop along the medal-paved road, at Merion, near Philadelphia. Here in late September he will have a chance to win the American amateur title and set a new record in annual trophy-hunts. For if he wins at Merion he will have captured the four great strongholds of golf, held to be impregnable against any one-man assault in any one campaign. But the first three have already fallen and now the entire interest of the golfing world, including millions who are not golfers, from Melbourne to London, from London to San Francisco, is banked around the course of the Merion Cricket Club.

There is one page of golfing history which makes Bobby Jones' next stop at Merion something out of the ordinary. I can still recall a morning fourteen years ago when I had breakfast with a young boy fourteen years old, the son of an old Atlanta friend of mine. It was the year the late George Adair brought his two Georgia prodigies north to try their skill. One was his son, Perry, and the other was Bobby Jones.

That morning young Bobby ate a light breakfast. He was restless and nervous and anxious to get out early to the battlefield, where he was to meet E. M. Byers, a fine golfer and an ex-national champion.

Even at that tender age Bobby was strongly and sturdily built, a fourteen-year-old kid with big, powerful hands, thick, strong wrists, a fine pair of shoulders and a pair of legs that could have carried double the burden without weakening. Here was, first of all, the physical power from head to foot required to face the long all-day grind, the same all-around physical power that has helped him win many records in golf.

A Seven-year Struggle

That was the Bobby Jones who came to Merion in 1916. At that time he had the competitive temperament which belongs to football, polo, tennis or some fast-moving game where aggressiveness is a big factor. He had none of the stoical qualities of Travers or Travis or Hagen.

Under high pressure he was more than likely to take a tighter grip on the club and increase the pace of his backswing twenty or thirty per cent. Apparently he lacked at that time the philosophy of golf—which is repression and mental and nervous control.

For the next seven years I watched Bobby Jones battle against himself. He lost championships he should have won, because of over-eagerness, over-keenness, through lack of restraint. But he kept up the fight—the fight to get a firm grip upon himself for this particular game which demanded calmness, coolness and self-control.

In 1923, at the age of twenty-one, he had won his fight. From that point on one might watch him after playing a bad hole or after a poor stroke and see a smooth, even, unhurried swing that carried no hint of the trouble that had gone before.

He won his first championship that same year—the United States open title at Inwood. It had taken him seven years to get what he needed—self-control—before he could win that crown. And in the next seven years he won twelve of the major championships, a record unapproached in golf.

The point is this—it was not any great improvement in swinging a club that brought about this big change. He was almost as fine a golfer at Merion in 1916 as he will be at Merion in 1930—except for his putting. It was his persistent and finally successful battle for mastery of self that made the vast difference.

And now more millions of golf fans are asking: "How will Bobby Jones come out at Merion this month? Can he make it four titles in a row? Will the mental strain be too great?"

The answer must wait until those two eighteen-hole matches are played on Wednesday, following the qualifying tests. If he can slip by these "sudden death marches," he probably will be safe.

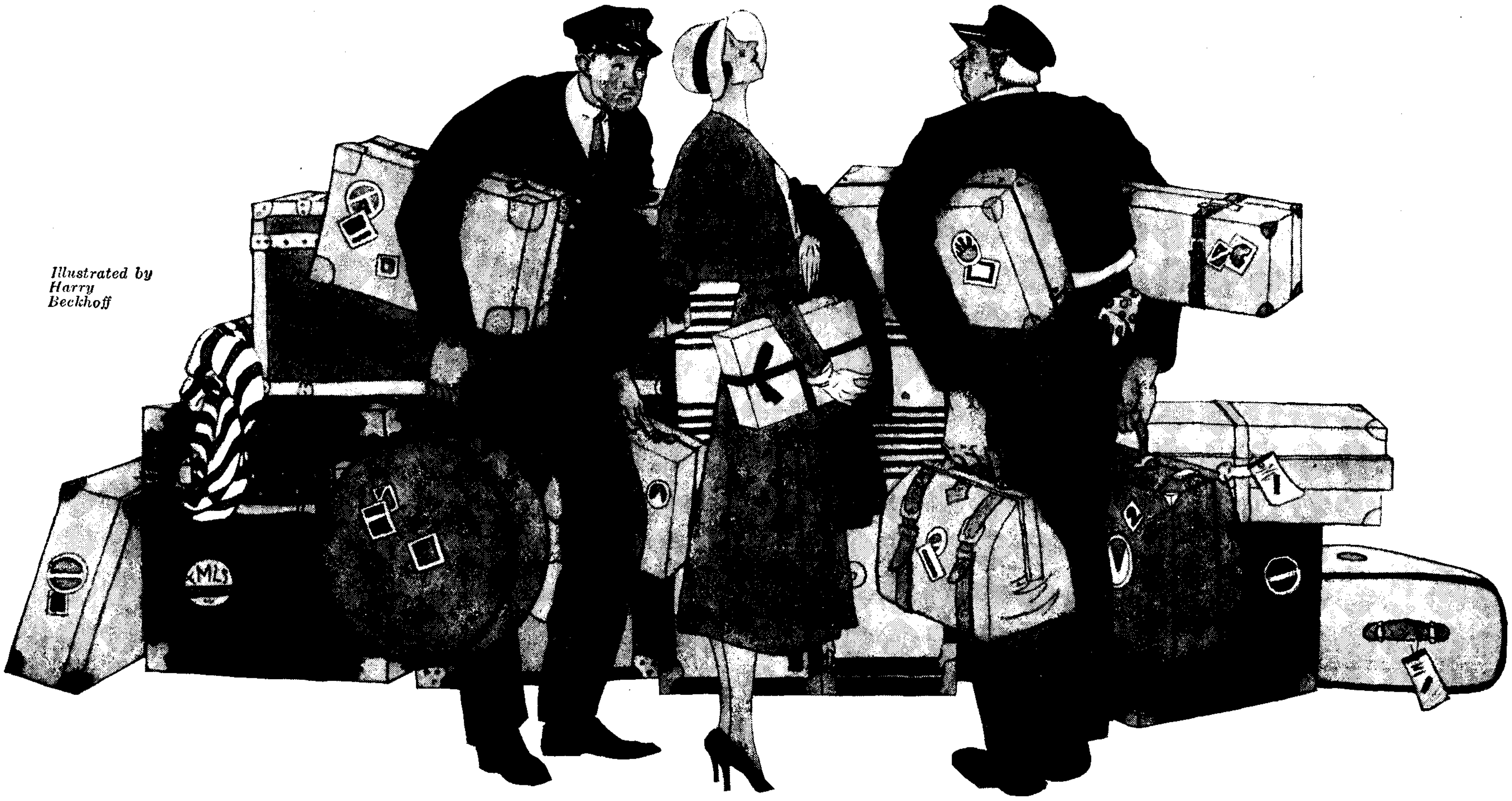
In the eighteen-hole matches Bobby Jones has been beaten only twice—by Jamieson of Scotland at St. Andrews and by Johnny Goodman at Pebble Beach a year ago. But consider all his close calls. He barely beat Dick Jones first up at Baltusrol in 1926. At Minikahda in 1927 he barely scraped by young McCarthy, who was leading him two up and four to play. In 1928 at Braeburn the veteran Rae Gorton carried him to the nineteenth green.

Bobby's Only Human

In 1929 at Pebble Beach Jones lost to Goodman by a hole. In the British amateur, Cyril Tolley carried him to the nineteenth green. Jimmy Johnston lost by only a hole. George Voigt had him two down and five to play and only a twelve-foot sloping putt saved Jones in this match.

The heavy strain of facing a new record in golf history will have its effect. Jones is replete with normal human emotions, with imagination, a keen mind, ambition, his full share of tension and keenness and somewhat high-strung nerves. He will be the best golfer in the field but you can't always prove that in eighteen holes.

However, the young Atlanta lawyer will be even money against the big field as he starts over the same course that saw him start in 1916—that saw him win his first amateur crown in 1924—and that now waits to see what he can do in completing one of the greatest achievements in sport. If Bobby Jones cleans up at Merion he will have a record that will challenge time itself.



Illustrated by Harry Beckhoff

Ann Moon arrived in England in the blue and apricot twilight of a perfect May evening with a hopeful heart and ten trunks

Big Money

By P. G. Wodehouse

The Story Thus Far:

HIS wealthy aunt—who had adopted him and educated him—having departed this life, leaving him a vast fortune, John Beresford Conway (commonly known as "Berry") makes a painful discovery. The three or four tons of collateral so sweetly bequeathed him by Auntie is worthless!

Much grieved, but in need of ready cash, Berry gets a job—as secretary to a fussy old crab by the name of Frisby; T. Paterson Frisby, an American financier. Whereupon, he meets a friend of his affluent school days—Godfrey, Lord Biskerton, son and heir of the sixth Earl of Hoddesdon—and imparts the sad news to him.

His lordship (known to his intimates as "the Biscuit") is properly shocked. Having finally recovered, however, he imparts a secret to Berry: He, too—the dashing Lord Biskerton—is suffering from a dearth of funds; likewise, his distinguished father and the Biscuit's impressive aunt, Lady Vera Mace. In fact, Lady Vera is actually on the trail of a job!

To the Biscuit, Berry's problem seems simple: Berry should permit the public to purchase some of Auntie's investments. That stock in "The Dream Come True," a defunct copper mine, for example—many would be pleased to get it! Why not get out of copper, and debt, at one and the same time? . . . Pondering his lordship's suggestion, Berry goes to Mr. Frisby's office. Mr. Frisby, it appears, has just received some most unpleasant news: his gay young niece, Ann Moon, of New York, will arrive shortly. Mr. Frisby must secure a chaperon for her at once—preferably a lady possessed of a title.

Just the job for Lady Vera! . . . Our hero telephones the glad tidings to the Biscuit. "I'll have the old girl panting on the mat in half an hour!" says his lordship.

II

IF MR. FRISBY had been the sort of man who observes shades of emotion in his employees, he might have noticed in the demeanor of his private secretary at their recent encounter a certain unwonted gayety, a brightness that was almost effervescent. Berry's was a buoyant temperament, easily stimulated by the passing daydream, and the more he had examined the Biscuit's counsel, the better it looked to him. It amazed him that through all these years he had never once thought of raising a little money on the Dream Come True.

Certainly, the thing had never produced enough copper to make a doorknob, but, as the Biscuit had so wisely pointed out, the world was full of mugs. The daily papers proved their existence every morning. They were all over the place, now purchasing a gold brick from some sympathetic stranger, anon rushing to give another stranger all their available assets to hold so that they might show their confidence in him.

It would not be a bad idea, he reflected, to ask his employer's advice on the matter. T. Paterson was, he knew, mixed up in Copper—he was president of Horned Toad, Inc.—and there were moments, in between his dyspeptic twinges, when he frequently became quite genial. It would be simple for a man of discernment to note the approach of one of these moments and put the necessary questions before the milk of human kindness ebbed again.

When he did find himself in Mr. Frisby's presence again, however, it was to announce the arrival of Lady Vera Mace. The Biscuit's aunt was not the woman to dally when there was money in the air. She arrived at three-thirty sharp.

"Lady Vera Mace is here, sir," said Berry. "Shall I show her in?"

"Ugh."

"And might I have a word with you later on a personal matter?"

"Ugh."

Berry returned to his little room and resumed his daydreams. From time to time he wondered how the interview was coming along. He hoped that the Biscuit's aunt was clicking. She needed the money, and she had once been kind to him as a schoolboy. Besides, the Biscuit would touch his commission, which would mean happiness all round.

She ought to get the job, he reflected. The passage of time, though it had prevented her recognizing him just now and resuming their ancient friendship, had been in other respects kind to Lady Vera Mace. She was still the rather formidably beautiful woman who had come down to the school years ago and stuffed him with food. Her voice was soft and silvery, her manner compelling. Unless he was greatly mistaken, she would rush T. Paterson off his feet and have him gasping for air in the first minute.

THE sound of the buzzer broke in on his meditations. Answering its summons, he found his employer alone. T. Paterson Frisby was leaning back in his swivel-chair, looking, as far as a great financier ever can do, rather fatuous. An unwonted smile was on his lips, and it was a foolish smile. Also, there was a rose in his buttonhole which had not been there before.

"Eh?" he said, starting, as Berry entered.

"Yes, sir?"

"What do you want?"

"What do *you* want, sir? You rang."

Mr. Frisby seemed to come out of a trance.

"Oh! Yes. Take a note."

"Yes, sir."

"Pim's. Friday."

"Sir?"

"I'm giving Lady Vera Mace lunch at Pim's on Friday," translated Mr. Frisby. "She wants to see the Stock Exchange."

"Yes, sir."

"And those advertisements. Don't put 'em in. Not needed."

"No, sir."

"I have arranged with Lady Vera that she will chaperon my niece when she arrives."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Frisby seemed to return to his trancelike state. His eyes had half closed and he looked, though still pickled, almost human.

"That's a remarkable woman," he murmured. "She's done my dyspepsia good."

"Yes, sir?"

"She said it was mainly mental," proceeded Mr. Frisby. He gave the impression of one soliloquizing with no thought of an audience. "She said drugs are no use. What one ought to do, she said, is think beautiful thoughts. Let sunshine into the soul, she said. She said, 'Imagine that you are a little bird on a tree. What would you do? You would sing. So . . .' "

He broke off. The shock of imagining himself a little bird on a tree appeared to have roused him to a sense of his position.

"Well, she's a very remarkable woman," he said, almost defiantly. He blinked at Berry. "What was that you were saying just now? Something about wanting to see me about something? What is it?"

Berry embarked upon his recital with some confidence. His employer's mood seemed to be admirably attuned to the giving of benevolent advice to his juniors. He had not seen *him* so gentle and amiable since the day Amalgamated Prunes had jumped twenty points at the opening of the market.

"It's about a mine, sir. A mine in which I am interested."

"What sort of mine?"

"A copper mine."

MR. FRISBY'S geniality became frosted over with a thin covering of ice.

"Have you been taking a flyer in copper?" he asked dangerously. "Let me tell you here and now, young man, that I won't have my office staff playing the market."

Berry hastened to reassure him.

"I haven't been speculating," he said. "This mine is mine. A mine of my own. My mine. It belongs to me. I own it."

"Don't be a damned fool," said Mr. Frisby severely. "How the devil can you own a mine?"

"My aunt left it to me."

For the second time that day Berry sketched out his family history.

"Oh, I see," said Mr. Frisby, enlightened. "Where is this mine?"

"Somewhere in Arizona."

"What's it called?"

"The Dream Come True," said Berry uncomfortably. He was wishing that its original owner, in christening his property, had selected a name less reminiscent of a theme song.

"The Dream Come True?"

"Yes."

Mr. Frisby sat forward in his chair and stared at his fountain-pen. He seemed to have fallen into a trance again.

"It has never produced any copper," Berry went on in a rather apologetic voice. "But I was talking to a man at lunch, and he said that if one looked round one could always find someone to buy a mine."

Mr. Frisby came to life.

"Eh?"

Berry repeated his remarks.

Mr. Frisby nodded.

"So you can," he said, "if you pick the right sort of boob. And there's one born every minute."

"I was wondering if you could advise me as to the best way of setting about . . ."

"You say this mine has never yielded?"

"No."

"Well, you can't expect to get much for it, then."

"I don't," said Berry.

Mr. Frisby took up his fountain-pen, gazed at it, and put it down again.

"Well, I'll tell you," he said. "Oddly enough, I know a man—Hoke's his name, J. B. Hoke. He might make you an offer. He does quite a bit in that line. Buys up these derelict properties on the chance of some day striking something good. If you like, I'll get in touch with him."

"Thank you very much, sir."

"I believe he's in America just now. I'll have to find out. Of course, he wouldn't look at the thing unless he could get it cheap. Well, anyway, I'll get in touch with him."

"Thank you very much, sir."

"You're welcome," said Mr. Frisby.

Berry withdrew. Mr. Frisby took up the receiver and called a number.

"Hoke?" he said. "Frisby speaking."

"Yes, Mr. Frisby?" replied a voice, deferentially.

IT WAS a fat and gurgly voice. Hearing it, you would have conjectured that its owner had a red face and weighed a good deal more than he ought to have done.

"Want to see you, Hoke."

"Yes, Mr. Frisby. Shall I come to your office?"

"No. Grosvenor House. About six."

"Yes, Mr. Frisby."

"Be on time."

"Yes, Mr. Frisby."

"Right. That's all."

"Yes, Mr. Frisby."

People summoned by Mr. Frisby to interviews in his apartment at Grosvenor House always exhibited a decent humility. They seemed to indicate by their manner how clearly they realized that in this inner shrine they were standing on holy ground. The red-faced man who had entered the sitting-room at six precisely almost groveled.

J. B. Hoke was one of those needy persons who exist on the fringe of the magic world of finance and eke out a precarious livelihood by acting as "Hi, you!" and yes-men in ordinary to any of the great financiers who may wish to employ them. Willingness to oblige was Mr. Hoke's outstanding quality. He would go anywhere you sent him and do anything you told him to do.

"Good evening, Mr. Frisby," said J. B. Hoke. "How are you?"

"Never mind how I am," said Mr. Frisby. "Got something I want you to do for me."

"Yes, Mr. Frisby?"

"You know I'm president of the Horned Toad Copper Corporation?"

"Yes, Mr. Frisby."

"Well, next door to it there's a small claim called the Dream Come True. It's been derelict for years."

"Yes, Mr. Frisby?"

"I've had a letter from my directors. They seem to want to take it over for some reason. We're putting in some developments on the Horned Toad and maybe they need the ground for workmen's shacks or something. They didn't say. I want you—"

"To trace the owner, Mr. Frisby?"

"Don't interrupt," said T. Paterson curtly. "I know the owner. The thing belongs to my secretary, a man named Conway. He was left it by someone, he tells me. I want you to go to him and buy it for me. Cheap."

"Yes, Mr. Frisby."

"I can't appear in the matter myself. If young Conway thought that Horned Toad Copper was after his property, he'd stick his price up at once."

"Yes, Mr. Frisby."

"And there's no hurry about buying it. I told him I would mention it to you, and I said you were in America. You don't want to seem too eager. I'll tell you when to shoot."

"Yes, Mr. Frisby."

"Right. That's all."

T. Paterson Frisby gave a Napoleonic nod, to indicate that the interview was concluded, and J. B. Hoke, just falling short of knocking his forehead on the floor, retired.

Having left the presence, Mr. Hoke went downstairs and turned into the passage leading to the American bar. A man who was sitting on a stool, sipping a cocktail, got up as he entered.

"Well?" he said.

He eyed Mr. Hoke woodenly. He was one of those excessively smoothly shaved men of uncertain age and expressionless features whom one associates at sight with the racing world. It was on a race course that J. B. Hoke had first made his acquaintance. His name was Kelly, and in the circles in which he moved he was known as Captain Kelly, though in what weird regiment of irregulars he had ever held a commission nobody knew.

He drew Mr. Hoke into a corner and once more inspected him with a wooden stare.

"What did he want?" he asked.

J. B. Hoke's manner had undergone a change for the worse since leaving Mr. Frisby's sitting-room. His gentle suavity had disappeared.

"The old devil," he said disgustedly, "simply wanted me to act as his agent in buying up some derelict copper mine somewhere."

He chewed a toothpick morosely, for Mr. Frisby's summons had excited him and aroused hopes of large commissions. He had come away a disappointed man.

"What does he want with a derelict mine?" asked Captain Kelly, his fathomless eyes still fixed on his companion's face.

"Says it's next door to his Horned Toad," grunted Mr. Hoke, "and they want the ground for putting up workmen's shacks."

"H'm!" said Captain Kelly.

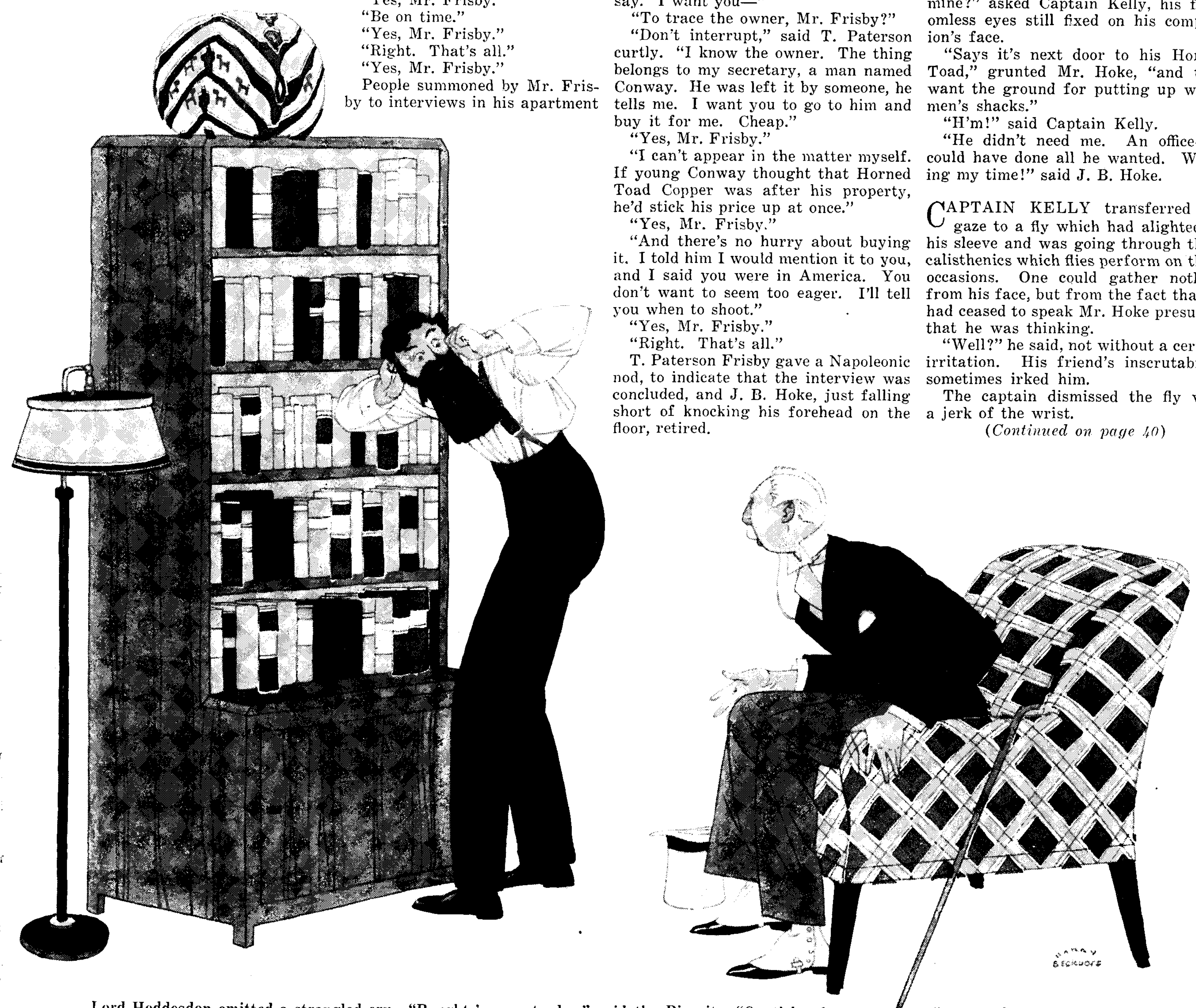
"He didn't need me. An office-boy could have done all he wanted. Wasting my time!" said J. B. Hoke.

CAPTAIN KELLY transferred his gaze to a fly which had alighted on his sleeve and was going through those calisthenics which flies perform on these occasions. One could gather nothing from his face, but from the fact that he had ceased to speak Mr. Hoke presumed that he was thinking.

"Well?" he said, not without a certain irritation. His friend's inscrutability sometimes irked him.

The captain dismissed the fly with a jerk of the wrist.

(*Continued on page 40*)



Lord Hoddesdon emitted a strangled cry. "Bought 'em yesterday," said the Biscuit. "On tick, of course. Some eyebrows go with them"

Lovers' Lane

By Kathleen Norris

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The Story Thus Far: Shortly after she runs away with Mont Brett, a handsome young country boy, and is married to him in San Francisco, Dina Mallet makes a shocking discovery: her husband, whom she idolizes, is infatuated with an older, and far cleverer, woman—Sonia France, wife of Perry Hickson, the artist for whom he works as a model!

San Francisco's Bohemian set, to which Mont has introduced her, does not interest the girl. She is lonely, heartsick, desperate. But she carries on bravely—earns her own living in a cheap restaurant, holds her head high, never admits, even to herself, that the boy she loves has been irretrievably lost.

Sonia, a popular actress, receives an offer from a motion picture company to star in a movie. She accepts the offer and goes to Hollywood. Deep in her fascinating toils, Mont follows her blindly.

Learning of Dina's predicament, Elliot Lampson, a charming middle-aged patron of the arts, who has often given her wise counsel, has a long talk with her. He loves the girl—so different from the sophisticated women who surround her. And presently he tells her, very delicately, how he feels—how, should she decide to divorce her husband, he will want her to become his wife.

Divorce Mont and marry another man? Dina will not even give the possibility a thought. There is still a chance—a faint chance—of winning her errant husband. She resolves to await developments. . . . And then one day, seated in her little room just below Hickson's studio, she hears a shot. Presently Mont appears. Excitedly he tells the girl that Hickson has accused him of "raising" one of his checks. He is in danger of being arrested. He must go away quickly!

Dina gives him six dollars, every cent she has in the world. The boy goes away—after telling her he loves her. And then—

Dina enters Hickson's studio and finds the artist—dead. He has been shot through the heart with his own gun! . . . The police arrive. They question Dina. And with the greatest ease they catch the boy, arrest him. Elliot, alone with the girl, tells her about it. Eagerly she presses him for the details. Then: "Elliot," she whispers, "what if Mont and Perry *had had a quarrel?*" . . . Breathlessly she awaits the answer.

VIII

ELLIOT sent Dina a quick, shrewd glance.

"Did Mont have a quarrel with Perry?"

"Perry thought, or Perry said he thought, that Mont had cheated him on a check that he had Mont cash."

"Mont hadn't done it?"

"Oh, *no!*"

"Now, listen, Dina," Elliot said, "even if Mont had, even if he were the last person known to be with Perry, even if he admitted the quarrel, it wouldn't mean that they could prove anything. They aren't trying to make a guilty man innocent; they're trying to make an innocent man tell them the truth."

After a long while she said:

"Elliot, if Perry had pulled a revolver on Mont, and Mont had grabbed it, and accidentally—"

"In that case," Elliot said, after thought, "Mont ought to have been the one to call the police."

"Oh, yes, I know—yes, I know!" she whispered, grinding the palms of her hands together again. "But you know Mont, what a little boy he is; he always thinks the way a little boy would."

"We simply have to pull ourselves together, Dina, and see what develops. It may be—" Elliot paused. "But anyway, we'll just have to have patience."

"I wish I could see Mont."

"I'm to telephone the district attorney's office at ten. I know Chris Slater, one of his assistants. He's to be there at ten. We'll get the facts from him."

"Forty-two minutes!" Dina said.

But when ten o'clock came, anxiously watching Elliot's face, as he telephoned, Dina knew that the news was not good.

"He doesn't think you ought to make any effort to see him yet," Elliot told her.

"Did he say anything about Mont?"

"Yes. Said he made a confession about four o'clock—"

"Made a confession!" she gasped.

"He retracted it. But he never admitted to murder, exactly. He was there, he says—or they assert he says—on Saturday. He and Perry quarreled, Mont admitted firing the gun—"

"He said so!"

"Well, yes; but it's all very confused, very garbled. Slater says, at first, Mont denied he'd been up at the studio at all, then took that back, agreed he had been there, actually admitted to quarreling with Perry, said the gun had gone off accidentally, then retracted all that, asserting Perry had enemies, and had often expressed fear of being attacked, and always kept the revolver handy because of that—"

"Oh, but why doesn't he tell them the truth, why doesn't he tell them the *truth!*" Dina said, frantic. "Oh, why does he want to be such a fool!"

"I suppose he's scared," Elliot said.

"They'll think he did it!" she exclaimed, writhing.

"IF HE did—" Elliot began deliberately. Dina winced a little, her eyes flew to his. But he saw that the fear was no new one. "If he did it, his only way out was to stick around, to tell everything!"

"You think he did!"

"No; I don't think anything. What do *you* think?"

"I don't know!" she whispered. She covered her face with her hands.

"They may want you down there tomorrow, Dina."

"Want me?" she echoed, startled.

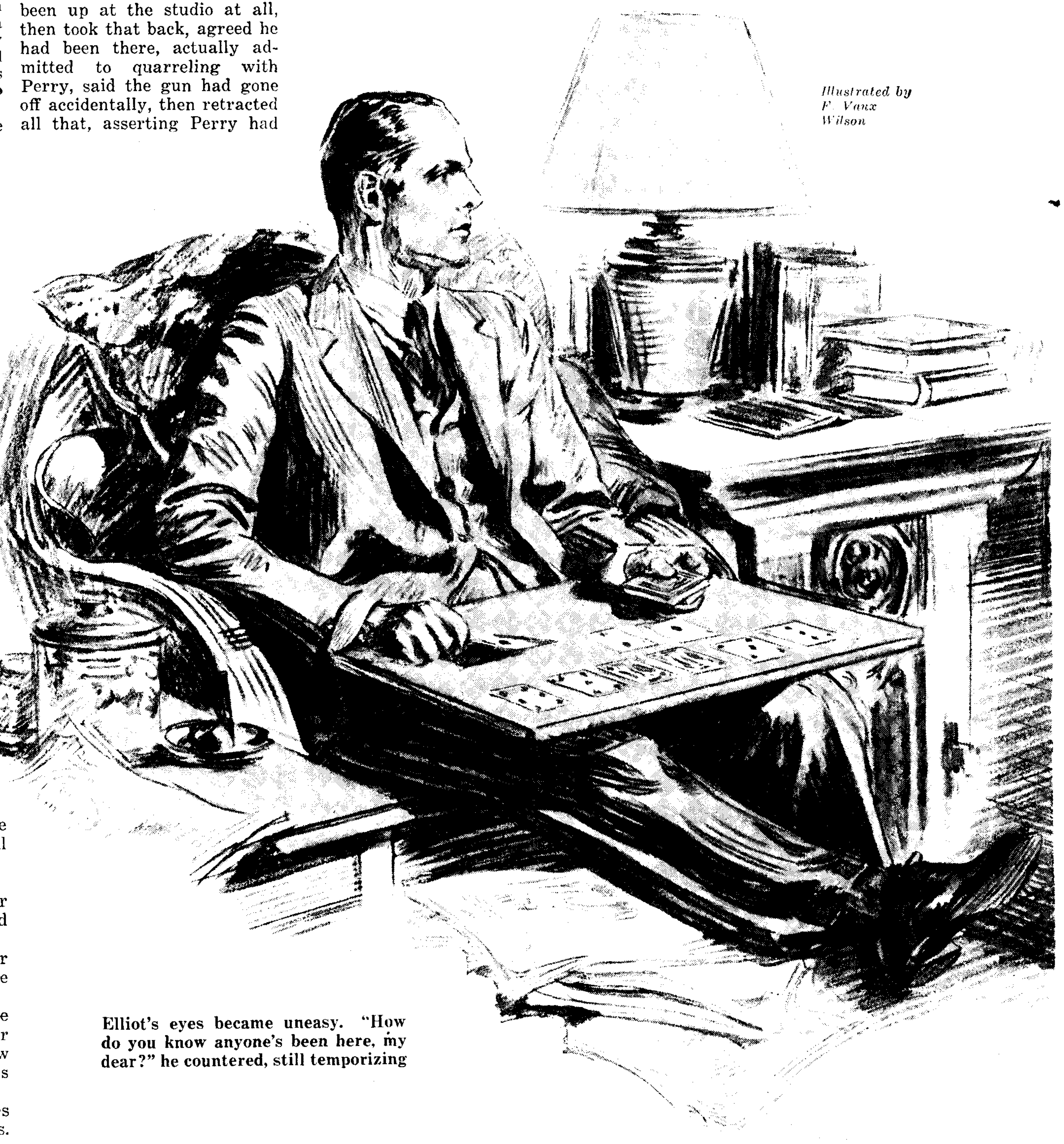
"He said so. Just want a statement from you."

"I'll tell them the absolute truth," she said, simply, but with an uneasy expression. "I didn't last night. It was different then. I thought I could help him—"

Some of the men who had been Perry's friends, and Mab and Cora, came into Elliot's in the course of the morning. At about three o'clock someone said that Sonia had been found, at a week-end party at Santa Monica, and was on her way north. Later there was an extra edition of the afternoon newspapers with the same news and headlines with the words "Brett Held on Russian Hill Charge."

There was a great picture of Mont standing between two policemen. But none of this Dina saw. A quiet young officer had come to Elliot's after lunch and had asked her to come down to police headquarters and, with one startled glance at Elliot, Dina had gone obediently to put on her blue hat and the blue coat with the fur collar—the coat that had been Sonia's gift.

The young officer had been driving



Illustrated by F. Vaux Wilson

Elliot's eyes became uneasy. "How do you know anyone's been here, my dear?" he countered, still temporizing

his own small car. Dina sat beside him on the front seat. She asked him no questions. In her own predicament she was not interested, and of what he might say of Mont she was afraid. It was all like a dream; the clearing Sunday afternoon, with pools still on the empty streets, and clouds still ballooning in the blue sky above. The world was scented with grass and wet leaves, and Dina could smell the cigars of the smoking, leisurely men who were walking out with their wives and babies.

Other smells were in the police station; smells of rubber flooring and old plaster and old varnished wood. There were a great many men, reporters and policemen and cameramen; the room was half filled with them, and there had been quite a rabble of curious idlers in the street. They all saw Dina, and she knew it; but she looked directly at nobody except a fat, nice-faced man in a blue uniform with the inevitable badge, who got up and spoke to her escort when they came in.

THEN Dina was led to an empty little room with two round-backed chairs and two benches, to which a nice woman in a nurse's uniform presently came to ask her if she was all right.

This matron sat with her through a long wait. They talked little, although the matron trifled with the pages of the morning paper casually, as if she were willing at any moment to be interrupted.

"Do you ever work out thim puzzles?" the woman asked.

"I—I *have* done them. But I'm not good at it."

And after a while Dina added politely: "Do you?"

"My daughter's little boy do," the matron said. "Well, him and his sister bot' does," she elaborated it, after thought.

For a long while neither spoke again. Then a clerk came for Dina, and she went into still another room, a third empty, bare, plaster-and-varnish-smelling room with no other occupants than men.

They asked her questions, and she answered them carefully, accurately, even though she had not been sworn. Her face was white, was solemn, as she turned it from one interrogator to another. They wrote down all she said and made her repeat one part.

"Mr. Brett said what?"

"He said he had been outside the door of our apartment for a long time, between the evergreens and the wall, he said."

"That would have meant that he was there when you heard the shot?"

"If what I heard was the shot, yes, sir."

"And he told you that Perry Hickson was not upstairs, that you had better go straight home?"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is your home, Mrs. Brett?"

"Well, that downstairs studio had been. But just now I'm—I was—I had a room on Bush Street above Solasso's Fashion Restaurant."

"Above—?"

"Yes, sir. He has two floors of offices, and then some rooms up on top that he rents to his help."

"Oh, you work there?"

"Yes, sir."

"What sort of work do you do, Mrs. Brett?"

"Well," Dina answered, with the ghost of an embarrassed smile on her tired face, "I wash dishes. I'm in charge of that end of the kitchen."

"Ha! And Brett was looking for work while you washed dishes, was that it?"

If there was any sarcastic significance in his tone, it escaped her. She continued to look at her questioner patiently, directly.

"We hadn't been married very long. And we thought that pretty soon we could have a little place of our own—"

A short silence. Then the man said kindly:

"That's all. Thank you. You'll be here in the city, will you, Mrs. Brett, in case we should need you again?"

"I'll be at Solasso's," she answered, surprised.

"I hope he done it, and I hope he gets the limit," one of the young officers said, when she had gone into the big room again. "What kind of a skunk leaves a girl like that wash dishes?"

"We won't detain you, Mrs. Brett," the sergeant in the other room said.

She leaned over his desk.

"Would you tell me," she said in a whisper, "are they going to do anything to Mont?"

HE WAS a man after all, and she a young and pretty woman. He could not answer her too officially.

"I'm afraid," he said in a confidential undertone, "he's gotten himself into a bad jam. He'd have done better to tell a straight story right at the jump. He ought not to have tried to get away."

"Oh, I know!" Dina breathed, with her anxious eyes still pleading for hope.

"He may get clear of it!" the officer said, not too confidently.

"Could I—could I see him?"

His face changed, darkened. He shook his head.

"I wouldn't see him. You don't want to see him."

"I *have* to!" she persisted, tears starting to her eyes.

Sergeant Garvey looked troubled.

"He isn't here, you know. He's down at the jail."

"Could I see him there?"

"I don't know," he said, reaching for a telephone. "You might run into photographers—reporters."

"I wouldn't mind!"

The man was talking on the telephone in a low tone. Dina sensed, rather than gathered from anything he said, that Sergeant Garvey was on her side.

She went down alone, through the wintry streets in which dusk was gathering, to the big Hall of Justice, opposite the little park in whose center Stevenson's ship forever spreads its sails to all the winds that blow, and whose western boundary is overlooked by the balconied windows of Chinatown. She and Mont had had their first San Francisco breakfast right in this neighborhood, had peeped down the dismal alley at the morgue, had walked these streets in a very ecstasy of expectancy and adventurous hope.

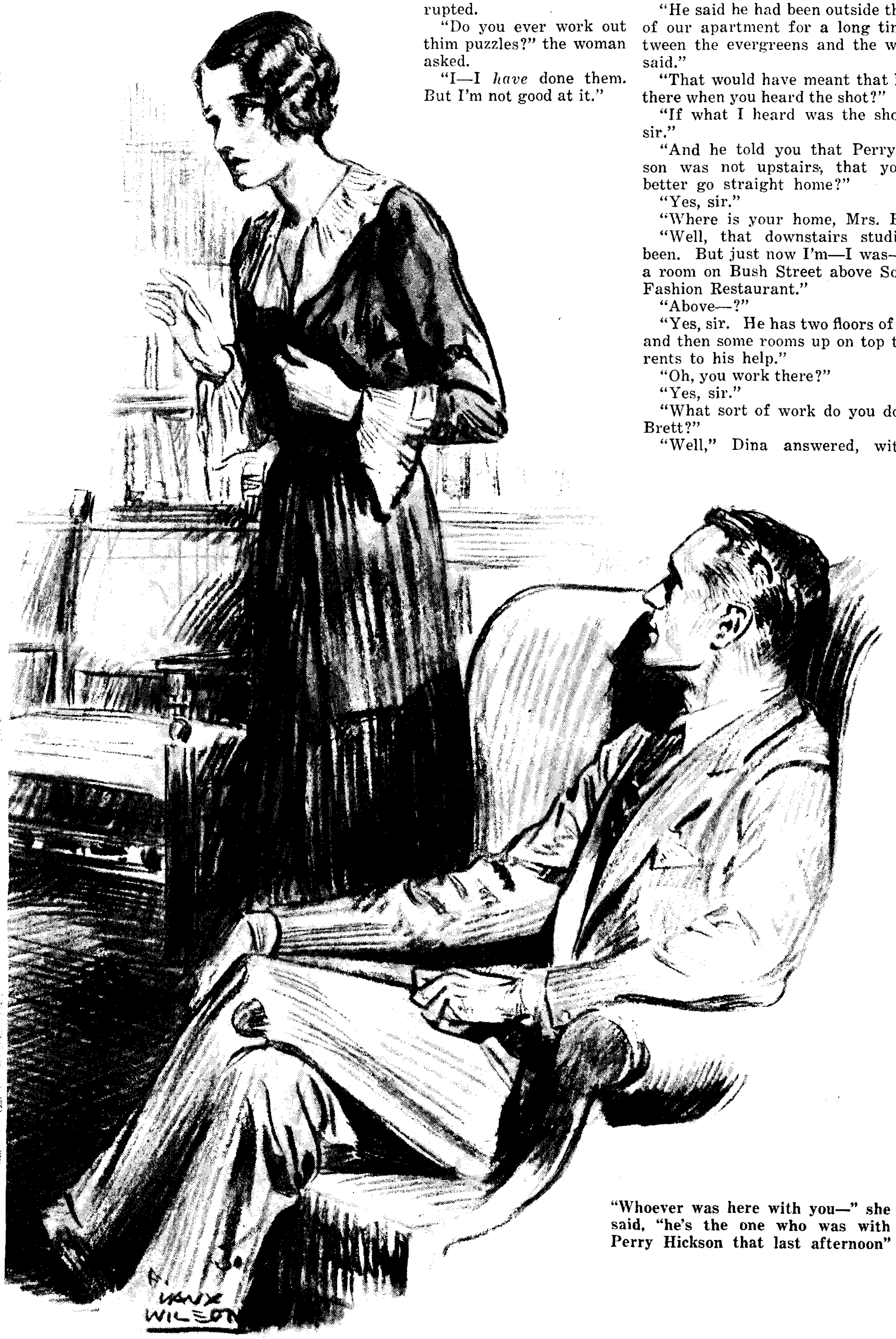
SHE went into the big building, was directed, eyes followed her. Down a great smelly stairway, through stone halls and to a barred door. The reporters were here indeed. When she presented her green slip to the policeman at the desk someone stopped her.

"Is there anything that you would like to say for the press, Mrs. Brett?"

"No. Except that he—he couldn't do anything like that. Mr. Hickson was his friend."

Her lip trembled, but she did not give way. She walked with a grave dignity after the officer, who was opening the great barred door leading into strange black, dark corridors beyond. There were dismal lights high overhead, but

(*Continued on page 47*)

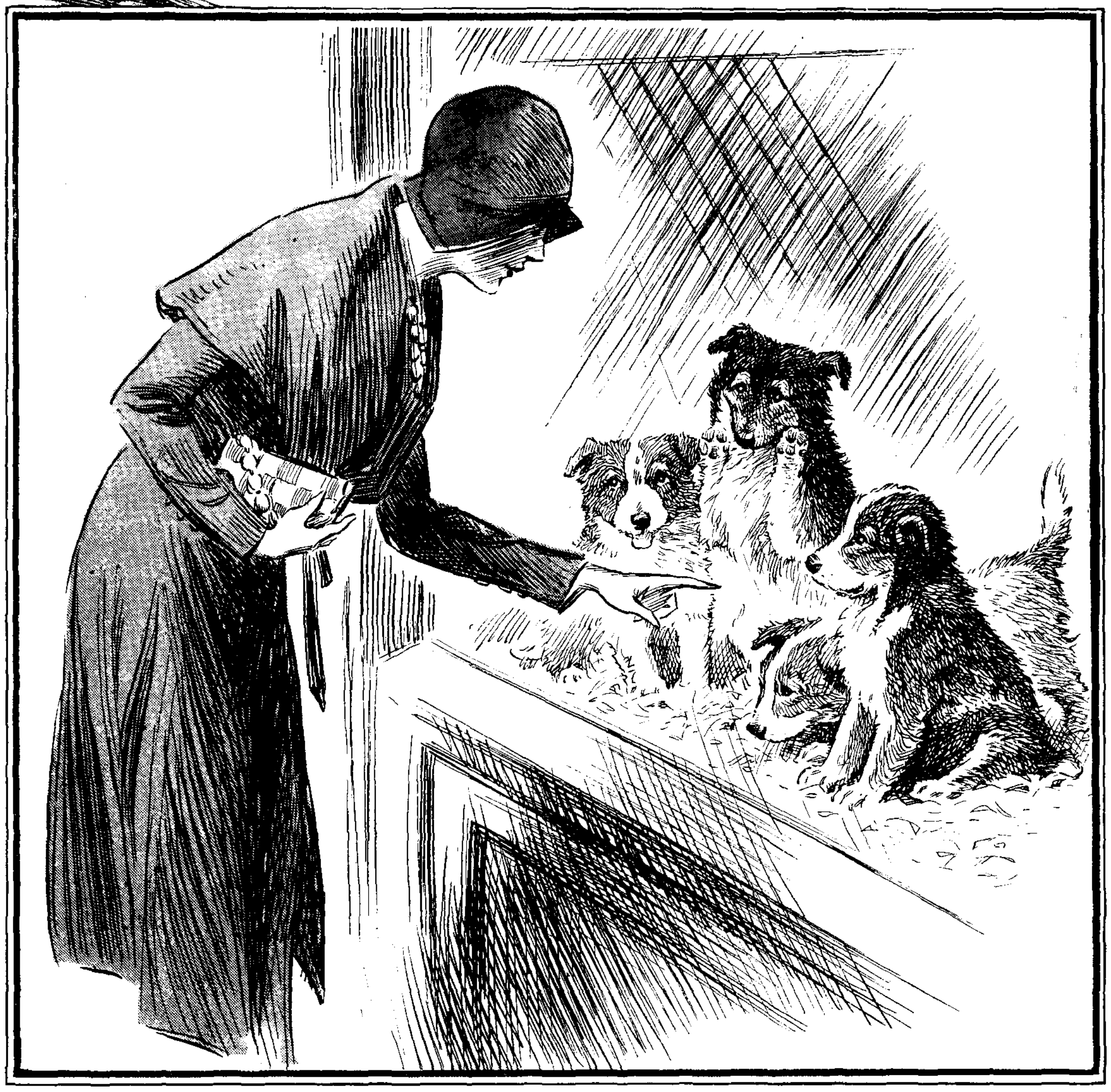


"Whoever was here with you—" she said, "he's the one who was with Perry Hickson that last afternoon"

A Pup for You

We've heard of women choosing dogs to match their gowns. But here's a better idea—why not give your poor pup a chance by getting him to match your disposition? Dogdom offers plenty of variety; all you need to do is size yourself up and take a dog to suit

By Betty Thornley



Almost everybody loves dogs, but few people know how to select the pup they should have

SHE was an intelligent woman of much social and professional experience. I met her dashing along a street decidedly less grand than those to which the occasions of her life usually took her.

"I'm going to buy a puppy for Anne," she said gayly. "I promised her one for her birthday, and that's tomorrow, so I simply can't stop to say how nice it is to see you!"

"What kind of puppy?" I asked, bursting to recommend a breed, or, better still, to suggest an unimpeachable source of information.

"Why—er—just a puppy," she said, a bit blankly. "I want to spend about fifteen or twenty dollars—you know. I've seen lots of them in pet shop windows—sweet little things."

Before my conscience had got its big guns in commission she was gone.

It was six months before I saw her again, New York being what it is. After inquiring about Anne, I asked how the dog was getting on.

"Ugh—don't say dog to me! He's gone, thank heaven. Why, he didn't turn out to look a bit like I thought he would—great long legs and floppy ears. He was so stupid, too—not a bit playful, not even clean. Oh, yes, Anne cried. But she'll just have to forget him. I'll have no more dogs in our house."

Undoubtedly this is an extreme case. Probably no dog, no matter how carefully chosen, could have been a success on a stage where he was so likely to annoy the star actress. But a poor little mutt like that, a bundle of ill-assorted characteristics picked from a windowful of similar accidents in dog design, untrained in his old home, doubtless improperly fed in his new one because nobody took the trouble to inquire what a canine digestive scheme calls for—he had about as much chance as a rubber bone with a St. Bernard.

The average man or woman buying a dog has a much more definite idea in mind—a wire-haired terrier, a shepherd, a Sealyham or some other well-known breed. The trouble is that this breed is so often chosen for quite inadequate reasons. The Browns have a wire and get as lyrical about him as though he were in training to be President—ergo, we've got to have one, too. The Jones' shepherd looks like a patent of nobility sitting up beside the chauffeur—why wouldn't he do the same for us? Mrs. Smith says her Sealy is the best friend she ever had—let's get one for our Bobby. What we don't take into account is that these dogs fit their owners perfectly, but we're quite a different proposition. We're not so young as the Browns, so rich as the Joneses or so sentimental as Mrs. Smith. We ought to find our own combination of dog characteristics instead of putting ourselves in the me-too class and growling later on.

Dogs for Everybody

Pure-Bred Dogs, the encyclopedia of American dogdom, lists ninety-one breeds, from a two-hundred-pound St. Bernard to a Chihuahua that can sit in the crown of a hat and not touch the edges; from a wire whose tail never stops wagging at all the world to a chow who snoots everybody but his master; from a hard-boiled guy like the bull terrier to a fireside philosopher like the Scotty. All you and I and the boy next door have to do is to size up ourselves and take a dog to fit.

But suppose you've already decided what you want from a dog and are picking below the coat—where do you go from there? As with other problems, so with this—if you aren't an expert, consult one. Some of us have dog-wise men among our friends; others, lacking this, can call on the services of the American Kennel Club. Here is the omniscient authority, made up, to be sure, of warring clans, each fanatically devoted to its own breed, but in its corporate existence free from prejudice. All you have to do is to outline your needs, and back will come free advice as to which four-footed package contains the answer, together with a list of recommended breeders. If a breeder recommended by the Kennel Club doesn't live up to his contract, he can be disqualified and forbidden ever again to show his dogs. The fact that this so seldom happens is proof that breeders by and large have true artists' consciences about their work. You needn't fear, by the way, to burden the club's mail; last year the incoming and outgoing letters totaled over 272,000, showing that the supreme court of dogdom is a live and going concern.

The matter of dog fashions is one of the most interesting side-line studies to anybody sufficiently detached not to fight about it. Why do some breeds enjoy a steady rise in favor while others drop out? Why are some of these latter revived while the rest never come back? The answer is tied up with the cycle of civilization—the way we live, the cast of our minds, the rise and fall of the urge of novelty, the characteristics we admire in human beings at any given time, and, by reflection, in this group from the animal kingdom that comes nearest to bridging the gulf.

In the days of wasp waists and bustles the French poodle was the aristocrat and the pug was his runner-up. The poodle, owing to his undoubted brains, has always remained above the horizon, though he didn't continue to have a large following because he was a bit rococo for what had come to be the accepted mode. The pug died out entirely, so far as one could see, but today he's being revived; this year a number appeared in bench shows for the first time in ages. . . . One might page the stylist and ask whether she sees any connection between canines and corsets.

Decorative and Useful

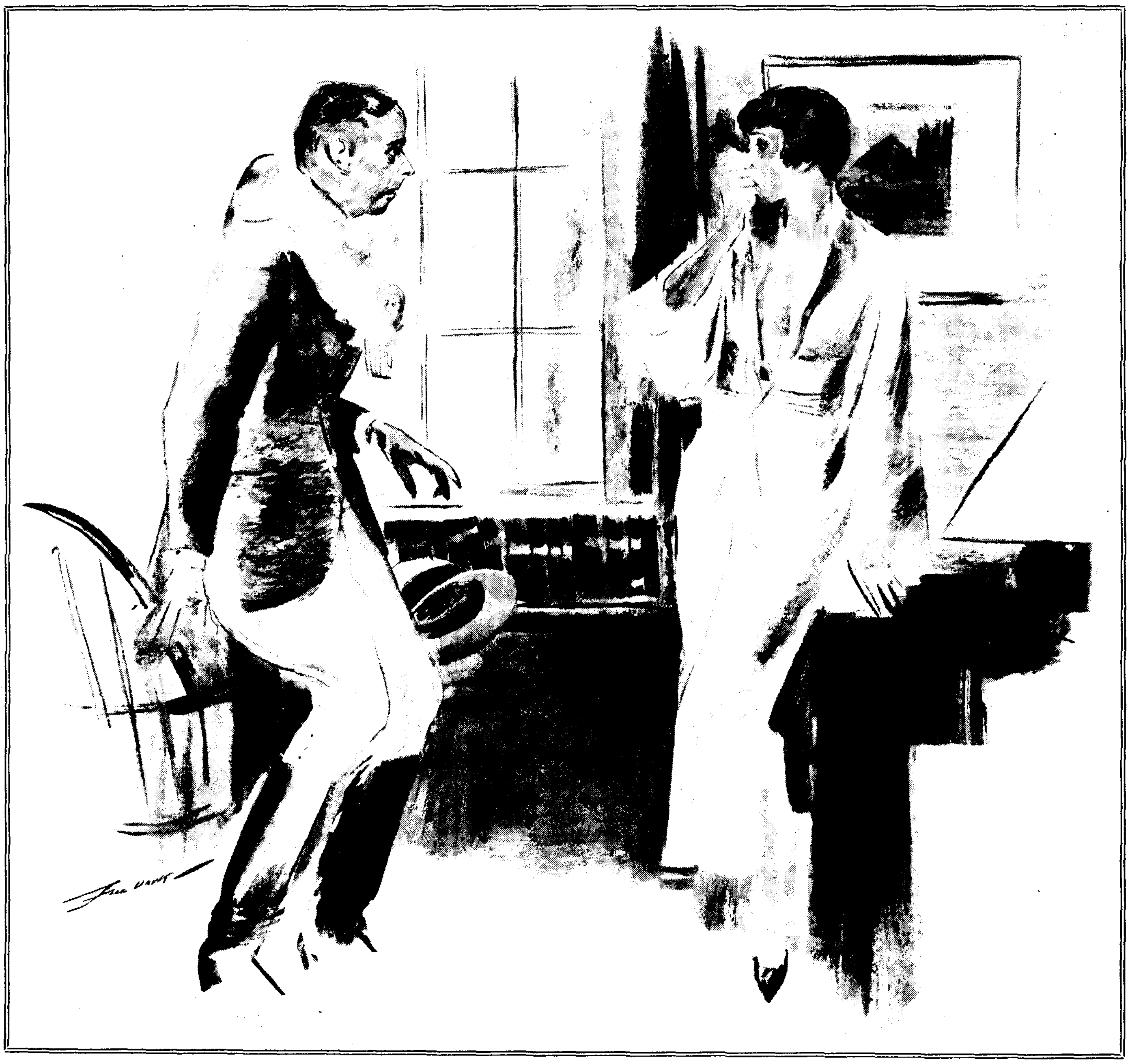
Poodles and pugs were the dogs of fashionable ladies, and, if revivals are to be accomplished, fashionable ladies will be responsible. Not so, however, with big dogs who have staged a comeback. There was a time when space didn't count in America—grounds were large and so were houses, food was cheap and nobody was too busy to take a day off for hunting—or busy enough to go round ordering dogs to be leashed. Then came the period of city growth and excessive devotion to money-making, which created a leisure class who could afford estates and hunting preserves even if the cost were prodigious.

The result is that all the setters are on a rising curve of favor, and field trials are important events. Setters are even brought to town, where they don't belong, being much too high-strung for such a life; but, because they're once again as smart as they've always been beautiful, one sees their melancholy eyes on a level with those of the impassive chauffeur.

Other big dogs chosen for decorative value are increasing in popularity, too —the Russian wolfhound, who is the

(*Continued on page 37*)

Illustrated by Morgan Dennis



Lou had gone riding at eight o'clock that morning and when he returned Ann Brereton told him about Madge

Illustrated by Floyd Davis

The Unthinkable Thing

You can read this story in a few minutes—but try to forget it!

By Charles Brackett

WHEN I first knew him it might have been written of Louis Mitchell that his passion for Louis Mitchell had assumed the proportions of a public scandal. The old epigram suggests his era.

He had been considered a handsome and dashing youth during the first decade of the century. But in his forties his face had taken on that soft, foolish look of the carefully preserved male, and his manner toward ladies was marked by an elaborate gallantry which gave us younger men the pip. Moreover, he was given to falling into poses which one could recognize. He'd tie a sweater around his shoulders and be Brown of Harvard; if he went shooting it was always in the tousled, high-booted guise of Pierre of the Plains; I have even seen him fling himself down on a hearth-rug and known, by horrid intuition, that before me lay Lord Fauntleroy, the little Earl of Darrencourt.

To the shame of the sex be it put down that among women Louis always had a public. If he hadn't been a kindly, mushy soul he might have done a good deal of harm. Instead his life was a series of acutely silly flirtations, notes in bouquets of flowers, books with passages underlined, everything absolutely pre-war and almost *fin-de-siècle*. I imagine his brain had grown as much as it ever did by nineteen hundred, when he was fifteen.

His wife, Madge Mitchell, was a nice woman who had been sustained through seventeen years of his didos by a sterling sense of humor. At least I find it hard to believe that she was completely enthralled by the rôle of lover-husband Louis tried to maintain concatenately with his other amorous histrionics.

"Tomorrow is Mary Gray's birthday," I've heard her say to him. "If you want to tell me what language of flowers you're using I might send her some."

To which Louis would reply with a sheepish smirk.

WITHOUT the war, and Volstead, and all those things which have made over life, Madge and Louis could have gone on indefinitely but, sired by mysterious causes, the Younger Generation popped forth. Sue Stuart was the whole of it rolled into one white cigarette of a girl with a glowing tip of fire-colored hair. I suppose sheer perversity made her want Louis Mitchell. (That is the sort of explanation one gives for the passions of the Younger Generation, isn't it?) In any case she did not want a pretty, pastel flirtation; she'd set her heart on Louis, and, possibly because it was more difficult, made up her mind to have him by bell, book and candle.

I wasn't at the summer resort where they met. I understand he was frightened at first. But young ardor like Sue's was not to be resisted by a middle-aged softy.

In September when the three came to the Breretons' house party she was telling her intimates: "I'm going to marry Louis Mitchell. Isn't it uproarious? I'm mad about him."

So far as I can find out Madge didn't suspect how different this was from Louis' routine affairs. It seemed probable that the already yowling cat would break from the bag at the Breretons'. We all speculated on how Madge would take it. Philosophically, was the general belief.

"If she wants him back in a year or two she can have him of course, but she'll probably realize her luck. Still it's hard to have a marriage break up at Madge's time of life."

The marriage did not break up, at least not in the way everyone expected. Having always been a perfect wife Madge put a pinnacle on her career by dying at that perfect moment.

LOUIS had gone horseback riding at about eight o'clock in the morning, leaving word that Madge wasn't to be disturbed. At eleven Ann Brereton wanted to consult her about something and, going to her room, found that she was dead.

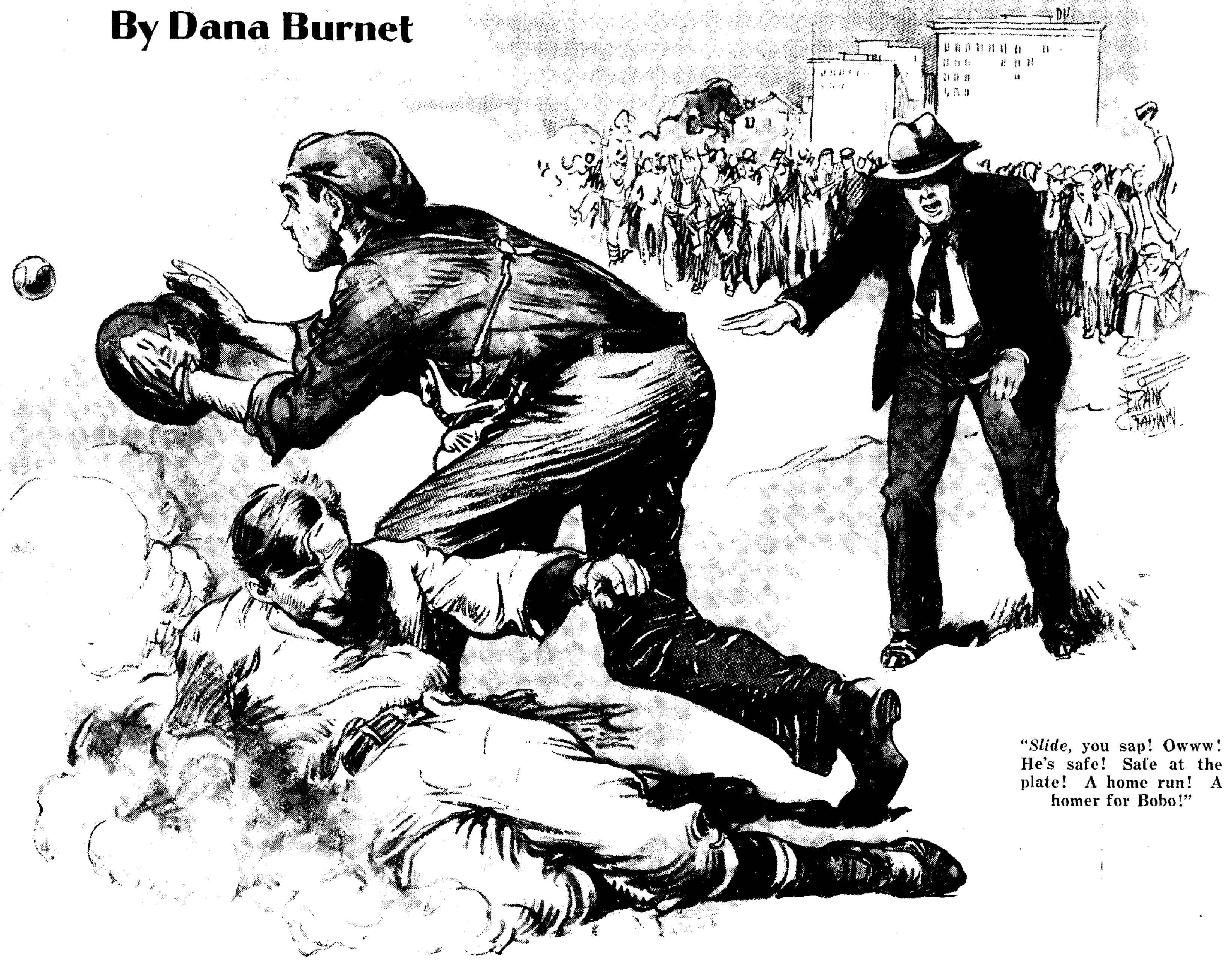
When he was told Louis said Madge had had heart trouble for years. He purported to be crushed, and did feel badly, I know.

Unfortunately Madge had a sister, Ruth Milburn, who'd always disliked Louis. She had never heard about any trouble with Madge's heart, and she had heard about Sue Stuart.

(*Continued on page 32*)

A Little Appreciation

By Dana Burnet



"*Slide*, you sap! Owww! He's safe! Safe at the plate! A home run! A homer for Bobo!"

As a ball-park clown Bobo Hickson was great—but as a baseball player he was just another genius that the public didn't understand

THIS is a funny one, I got to tell you this one. It hands me a laugh every time I think of it. Still I don't know as it's such a scream at that. What I mean it is a story more in the line of youman nature than it is in the line of a comical story, though this guy Bobo Hickson was the greatest comedian I ever seen, borrowing none.

Got a match, fella? I been riding this Chicago-New York rattler for twenty years and they ain't had no matches on it yet. Thanks.

Well, I been connected with big league baseball that long and longer, since nineteen hunnert and nine, twelve years as a player and nine as a scout for the Club, and I seen plenty youman nature, on and off the diament. But this guy I am going to tell you about was so youman he ought to of been in a Zoo. And that's a fac'.

Maybe you heard of Bobo Hickson. No? Then I guess you ain't much of a fan. Oh, yeah? A writer? Sure, I know a coupla fellas which is writers in New York. They ain't bad guys.

Well, this Bobo is the Club comedian. He come up from the minors thinking he was a ball-player, and I will say he worked hard to prove it. I never seen a guy work harder than Bobo done. For a while he looked pretty good in there at short; he handled all his chances clean and fast and was hitting around two ninety, which ain't so rotten for a youngster.

But fate was against him, as the newspaper boys say. The fans found out he was a funny-man and that finished him. He could not field a ball without the crowd would laugh at him, and every time he come to bat they would applaud and give him the bird and yell: "Yea, Bobo!" It didn't make no difference whether he socked one on the nose or struck out, they would laugh just the same.

It's a funny thing about that. Some guys couldn't make you laugh no matter what they do, while another guy will start you to gagging if he only winks at you. This bird Bobo Hickson was one of them kind. He was a born comedian.

WELL, nacherly when the crowd commences to razz him he don't play such good ball. And the sourer he gets the more he clowns, till finally O'Hara has to bench him. I am referring to Little Bill O'Hara, our manager, which I am here to state is one of the whitest managers in baseball but of course he could not stand to have the moral of the club shot to pieces by anybody's clowning.

I will say in passing that a big league manager has his troubles. They was plenty times when Little Bill wisht he was back in Boston playing third base for the Red Sox where he begun his career. "In them days," says Bill to me, "I thought baseball was fun, but now it is a business and I got so much to worry about I don't get hardly no pleasure out of it at all." Which will give you the idea that a big league manager has his troubles.

Well I thought it was back to the sticks for Bobo, but O'Hara is a smart guy and he figgers out that maybe this cuckoo will still be useful to the Club, so he sends Bobo out to do some coaching. And the first thing we know that bird is winning ball games for us.

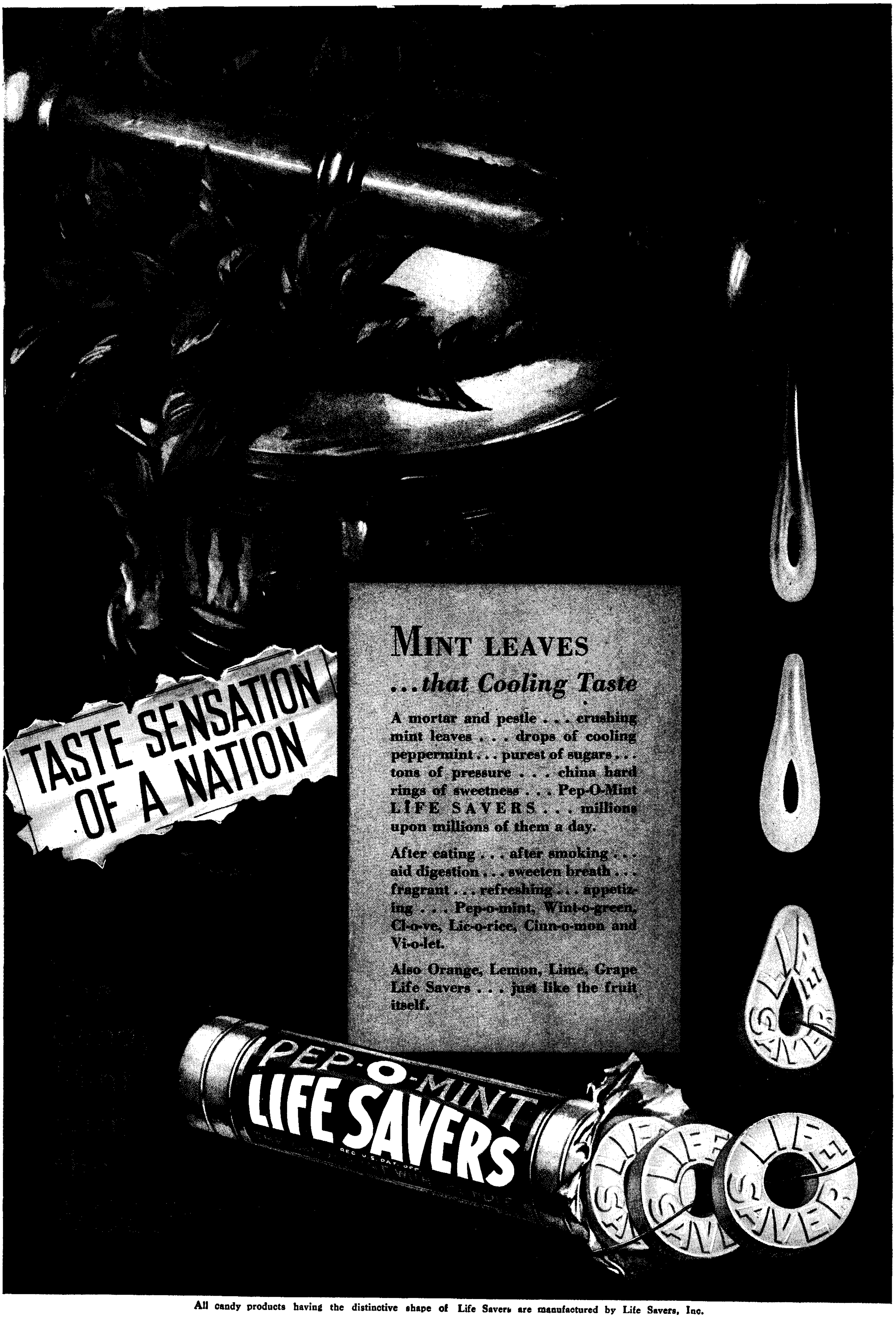
You may think that sounds foolish, but if you would of been around a ball club as long as I, you'd realize how much depends on keeping the boys in good yumor so as they won't go stale and crack on you when you are figgering to win a pennant, which is called the psychology of the game.

Well, this Bobo was a bear-cat on psychology, a specially when it come to getting the goat of opposing pitchers. If they ever was a guy which could get the goat of an opposing pitcher like Bobo I will eat a fish. He would stand in the coacher's box back of first or third and when the opposing pitcher turned to look at the runner Bobo would do something comical.

What I mean he would pretend like he was having a sinking spell, or he would just turn his back and spread out his feet like Charlie Chaplin and that would start the crowd roaring and the opposing pitcher would get sore. Onct I seen a young pitcher get so sore he threw the ball at Bobo, but there wasn't nobody on and Bobo ketches it and throws it back to him like a girl would throw, and the stands howled and the pitcher is chased to the showers.

That year we win the pennant, and before the opening game of the world series Bobo puts on a act which is a scream. I will not try to describe his act except to say that this cuckoo plays a one-man ball game in which he is the entire team. Well, it is a riot and Bobo is famous from then on, and the next spring he turns up at the training camp and all the boys is glad to see him and Little Bill hands him a contrac' and it looks to me like

(*Continued on page 51*)


TASTE SENSATION OF A NATION
PEP-O-MINT
LIFE SAVERS
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
LIFE SAVER

MINT LEAVES

...that Cooling Taste

A mortar and pestle . . . crushing mint leaves . . . drops of cooling peppermint . . . purest of sugars . . . tons of pressure . . . china hard rings of sweetness . . . Pep-O-Mint LIFE SAVERS . . . millions upon millions of them a day.

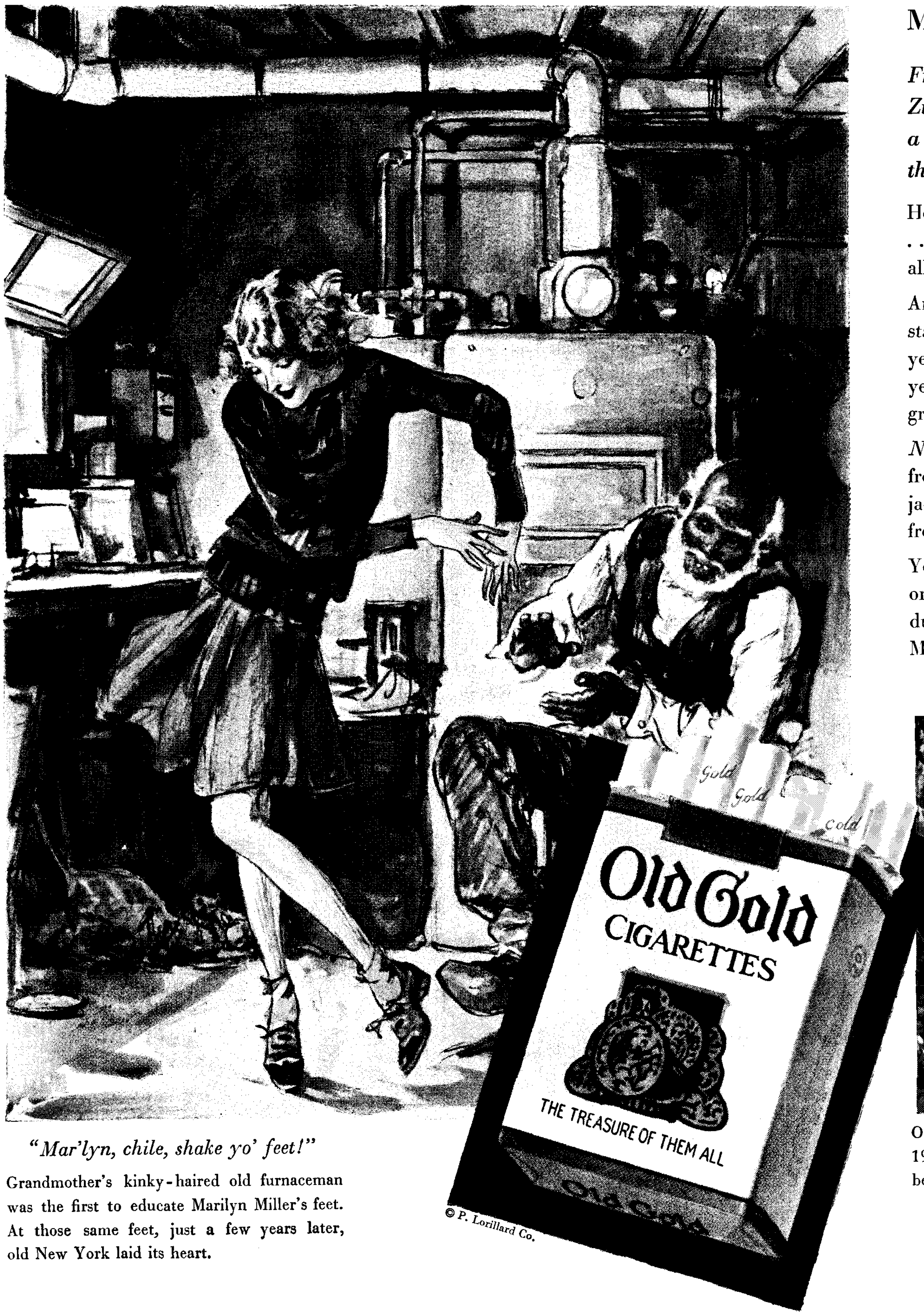
After eating . . . after smoking . . . aid digestion . . . sweeten breath . . . fragrant . . . refreshing . . . appetizing . . . Pep-o-mint, Wint-o-green, Cl-o-ve, Lic-o-rice, Cinn-o-mon and Vi-o-let.

Also Orange, Lemon, Lime, Grape Life Savers . . . just like the fruit itself.

All candy products having the distinctive shape of Life Savers are manufactured by Life Savers, Inc.

They gave a *new* Thrill

THAT'S WHY THEY GOT THERE....SO QUICKLY



"Mar'lyn, chile, shake yo' feet!"

Grandmother's kinky-haired old furnaceman was the first to educate Marilyn Miller's feet. At those same feet, just a few years later, old New York laid its heart.

© P. Lorillard Co.

MARILYN MILLER

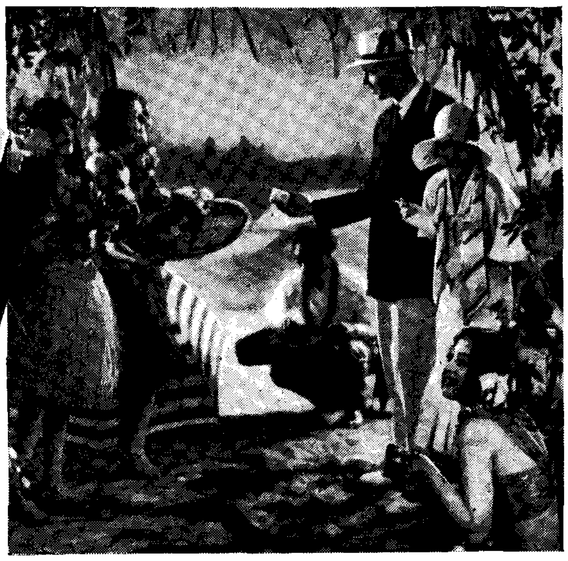
From her grandmother's cellar . . . to Ziegfeld's Roof . . . in just the twinkle of a toe. She really was *the "Sally" . . . of the alley called Broadway.*

How explain the miracle of Marilyn's success? . . . *Nature* simply blessed her with a charm all her own.

And that's the only answer to another young star's rise. OLD GOLD made its bow just four years ago. In a month it was popular. In a year, a headliner. Today it's America's fastest growing cigarette.

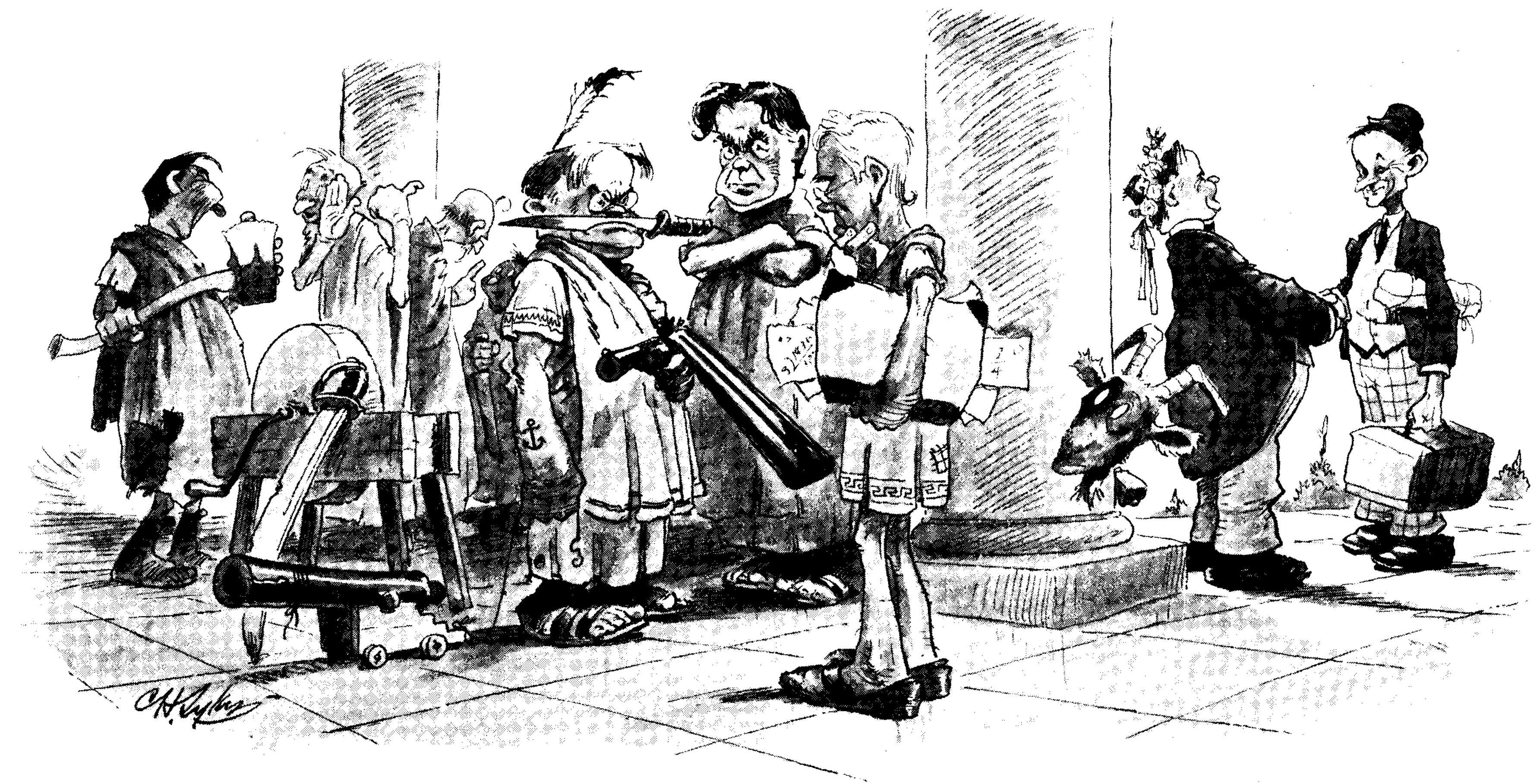
Nature again! Sun-drenched heart-leaves from *better* tobaccos. A new taste-thrill for jaded palates. A new throat-ease and freedom from coughs.

You can "manufacture" an ordinary cigarette, or an ordinary actress. But only *Nature* produces the stars. Only *Nature* makes a Marilyn Miller . . . only *Nature* makes an OLD GOLD.



OLD GOLDS first hopped the Pacific Ocean in March, 1929. In just three weeks after they appeared on the beach at Waikiki they were one of the four "best sellers."

BETTER TOBACCOS . . . "NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"



A Certain Group of Senators convene behind a pillar, conspiring death beneath their breath, like villains in a thriller

The White House Goat

An Old-Fashioned Thriller

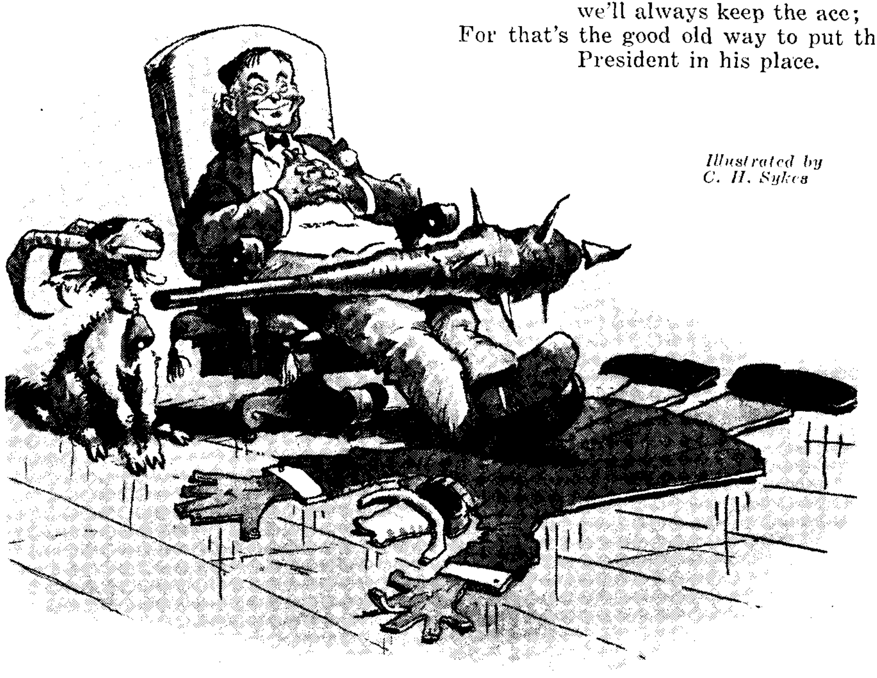
By Wallace Irwin

SCENE ONE

(*Before the Capitol. The date is March the Four. A hundred thousand Populace are gathered to adore. The High Chief Justice holds the Book, the Army holds the line, and silent Calvin Coolidge is preparing to resign. Now Hoover has completed his inauguration speech, a modest pledge of simple faith, all patriot ears to reach. He's dwelt upon Prosperity, Economy and Peace. The crowd goes mad with clamors glad; but ere the echoes cease a Certain Group of Senators convene behind a pillar, conspiring death beneath their breath, like villains in a thriller.*)

CERTAIN GROUP OF SENATORS

The Old One's going out,
The New One's coming in.
The time is ripe, no doubt,
For the knocking to begin.
For our Senatorial Policy is this—hiss-hiss;
Catch a President while he's young,
Make him feel that he is stung,
Get him to believing with a criss-cross criss
In his inferiority
And our superiority—
Thus raising us to Senatorial bliss—kiss-kiss.
When the President suggests,
Then we'll take the other side;
When the President protests,
Then his wish we'll override.
We'll deal him out the two-spots and we'll always keep the ace;
For that's the good old way to put the President in his place.



Illustrated by C. H. Sykes

FIRST SENATOR

With vetoes we'll employ him
And cunningly annoy him
With quick insurgent musters
And senseless filibusters.

SECOND SENATOR

Let's mount ourselves on scooters,
And, armed with spitball shooters,
We'll plug him in the collar—
It's fun to see 'em holler.

ALL

Whether we're right or whether we're wrong,
The Senate must be first.
We'll do our level worst,
For the Senate must be first!

(*Senator Smoot, with the smile of the cat who's gulped the canary—and never mind that—abstractedly passes, his eyes on the mat.*)

CERTAIN GROUP OF SENATORS

Exalted Smoot, you're just in time
To give advice we're needing.
How shall we start the Trouble Mill
That gives a President a chill—
The regular proceeding?

SENATOR SMOOT

My soul is set on higher hopes,
Above the constellations,
Above the reach of telescopes
Or frail imaginations.
No lowly, earth-bound thought intrudes
Upon my tall ecstatics.
My mind is in the altitudes
Of Einstein mathematics.

CERTAIN GROUP OF SENATORS

He means by this that he is still
Considering his Tariff Bill.

(*Senator Johnson hovers near, the note of discord for to hear; for discord's music in his ear.*)

SENATOR JOHNSON

Companions, if you're looking for some trouble,
Or shopping for calamities to fit,
Your problem or your riddle name,
For Trouble is my middle name,
And as to Opposition, I am It.
I'm a master-hand at crucifying treaties,
Good-will turns up its toes when I go by—
And in my sunny Golden State
When people want a Hymn of Hate
They simply go and telephone to Hi-Hi-Hi.
When Dove of Peace in on the deck
And someone has to wring its neck,
You simply have to telephone to Hi.

ALL

Hi-Hi!
To persecute a President
And haze the White House resident
There's no one half so suitable as Hi.

(*Senator Borah doth appear, an ever-ready volunteer.*)

SENATOR BORAH

I don't know what the subject is this minute,
But gener-ally speaking, I'm ag'in' it.

ALL

In this you must agree, though agreement brings you hurt,

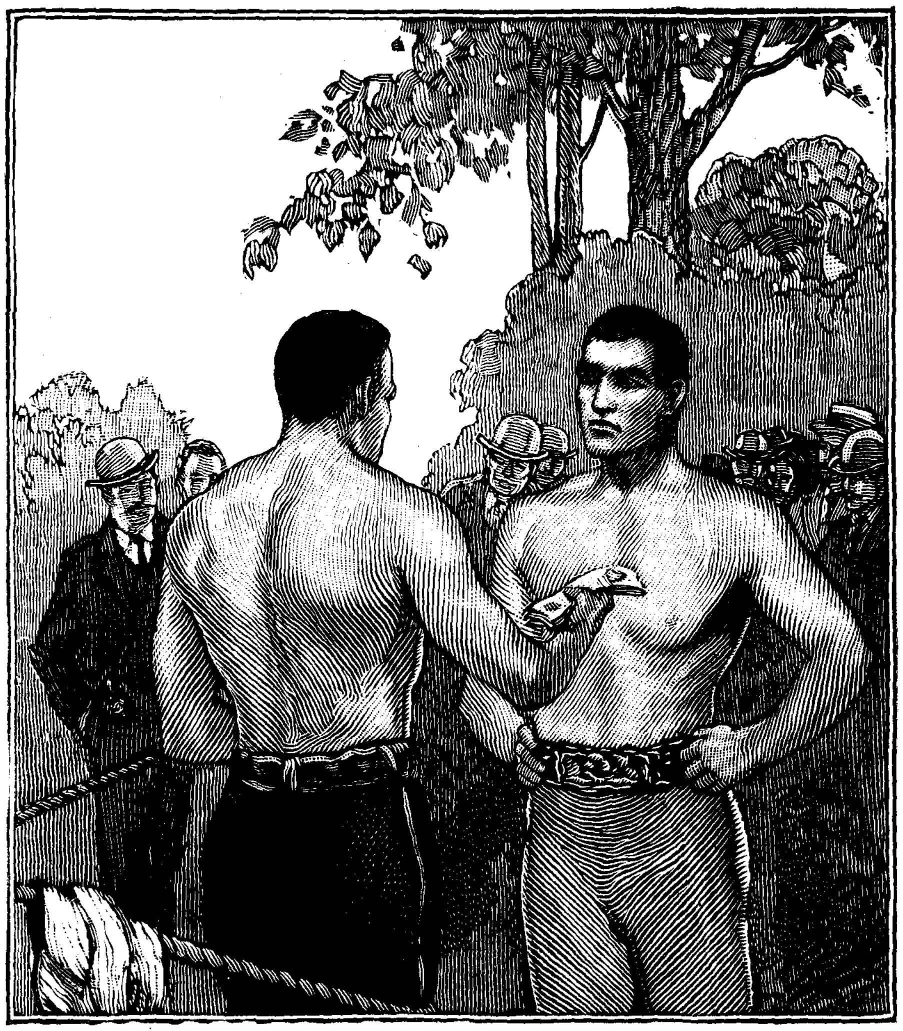
(*Continued on page 56*)

When Sullivan Fought Kilrain

Ban Johnson, then a sports editor, saw that historical 75-round battle on a Mississippi plantation when the Boston Strong Boy won his last real victory. Here is Ban's version of the bare-knuckle fight in which nothing was barred but kicking and biting

By George Creel

Wood engravings by Howard McCormick from old prints. Courtesy of The Police Gazette

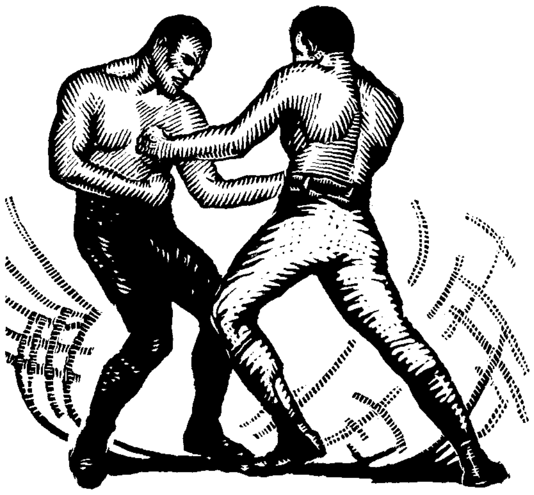


In the ring, just before the fight, the men made a personal bet of $1,000

MAJOR events fairly tumbled over one another in the crowded year of 1888. Benjamin Harrison defeated Grover Cleveland for the Presidency, another proof of the mystic potency of whiskers. Jake Kilrain challenged the great John L. Sullivan for the heavyweight championship of the world. William Muldoon, the Solid Man, and Tom Cannon of England delighted the populace with international wrestling bouts. And a large young person by the name of Byron Bancroft Johnson took over the job of sports editor of the Cincinnati Commercial Gazette, Murat Halstead's paper.

Mr. Johnson, as earnest as he was large, soon evidenced the idiosyncrasies that were to make him famous, if not popular, in those later days that saw him lord and master of the American League. Instead of accepting conditions as he found them—kotowing to baseball magnates, promoters and managers, swelling with pride if one slapped him on the back or gave him a cigar—Mr. Johnson declared at once for the Nobler and Finer in sports. Anything that savored of crookedness caused his huge bulk to quiver with indignation, and from his desk, as from a throne, the beardless sports editor issued warnings, rebukes and stern ultimatums.

In due course Mr. Muldoon and Mr. Cannon, who had been exciting various cities with heroic bouts that lasted two and three hours, announced their Cincinnati appearance. Mr. Johnson, on printing the news, accompanied it by a column of caustic comments to the effect that the Solid Man was amply able to throw the British cheese in five minutes at the outside, and wound up with the explicit intimation that Cincinnati expected him to do it.



Fast Work

What is more, Mr. Muldoon obliged. Mr. Cannon was thrown with such speed that many men, bending over to light cigars, missed the falls entirely, and clamored bitterly for the return of their money, on the ground that no wrestling match had been held. All of which vindicated young Mr. Johnson; nevertheless he was more apprehensive than proud when the Solid Man called at his office the following day, the breadth of his shoulders cutting off all sight of the outside world.

"Sorry if I threw the monkey wrench into the machinery, Mr. Muldoon," he mumbled apologetically, "but, you see—"

"'S all right," interrupted the Solid Man, affably waving a hamlike paw, "I was quitting anyway. They've engaged me to put Sullivan in shape for his fight with Kilrain, and I'm starting next week. John L.'s shot to pieces, and it's going to be quite a job."

It was Sullivan's condition, as a matter of fact, that gave Richard K. Fox the courage to challenge on behalf of Jake Kilrain, for the shrewd owner of The Police Gazette figured that dissipation had brought the champion to a pass where any fairly good man had a chance to whip him. A New Orleans club had offered to stage the fight; the date set was July 8, 1899, and the backers of each man had put up $10,000.

"They tell me John L. is a mighty hard man to handle," murmured Mr. Johnson.

"Don't worry," replied Mr. Muldoon. "I'll soften him. Come to Belfast for a visit about a month from now, and you'll see babies pulling his ears and pushing him around."

It was this invitation that the young sports editor accepted with alacrity, for the fight was to be the greatest sporting event in American history, and the entire male population of the United States gibbered with excitement. Kilrain was a good man, no doubt of that, much quicker and cleverer than Alf Greenfield, Slade the Maori, Charlie Mitchell or any of the others that had faced the champion. The world still talked of his terrific battle with Jem Smith, champion of England, the men fighting one hundred and six rounds to a draw on the Isle de Souveraines in France.

If Sullivan, however, was the Sullivan who knocked out Paddy Ryan in nine rounds in 1882, then there was nothing to it. A human tiger, swift and deadly! After the Ryan fight he had toured the country, offering $1,000 to any man who would stand before him for four rounds, and the land was still littered with senseless bodies. But five years had passed since that triumphal tour, and those years had been spent in saloons for the most part, swilling liquor bought by fawning worshipers and scattering coins to the mobs that followed him, much as drunken Roman emperors threw largess.

What was the champion's *real* shape? Was he training or lushing? All America wanted to know. It was to get an answer to this question that young Mr. Johnson accepted Mr. Muldoon's invitation and took the train for Belfast, reaching that little up-state village bright and early on a fine spring morning.

"I found them all at breakfast," says Mr. Johnson, "Sullivan, Muldoon, Mike Cleary and Jack Barnett, and at the finish of the meal nothing would do the Solid Man but that I must join them on the morning hike. Shoes and trousers were provided, also a heavily padded sweater that Sullivan had used in the first days of training. Even to this day that fourteen-mile tramp still retains its nightmare quality, for we went over hill and dale, fording brooks and leaping fallen trees, and every step added ten pounds to the weight of that hellish sweater.

"In the afternoon we adjourned to the gymnasium in the barn. Muldoon had just swung a huge sandbag from the beams, but I saw at once that his pride in the invention was not shared by Sullivan. It was true that the Solid Man had worked a tremendous improvement in John L.'s condition but various signs on the morning hike convinced me that it was still far from safe to pull his ears or try to make him roll over and play dead.

"Sullen and surly throughout, he had cursed every separate stone, fence and fallen tree, now and then bellowing a demand to know what Muldoon took him for.

"'He's been pretty good for a couple of weeks,' Cleary confided to me, 'but it looks as if he was gettin' ready to kick over the traces.'

"It turned out to be true prophecy, for when Muldoon finished fixing the sandbag and turned to the champion with a cheery invitation to go ahead and punch as much as he liked, John L. let out a bellow of resentful rage that shook the building.

"'Punch it yourself!' he shouted. 'Don't you think I ever want any rest? What do you take me for anyway? A damn' dog?'

Training on Booze

"Disregarding protests, he changed to street clothes and set out for town, as mean and dangerous as a mad bull. Barnett, sent after him, reported that John L. was drinking heavily and swearing that he had no intention of returning either that night or ever. Mike Cleary was next dispatched as a rescue party and when he came back, happy that Sullivan had given him a hundred-dollar bill instead of a busted jaw, Muldoon asked me to go and try my luck.

"It was almost midnight by the time I reached the village, and there was Sullivan perched disconsolately on a horse trough, very drunk and his face wet with tears of self-pity. As near as I could make out from his rumbles, nobody loved him. Muldoon didn't care if he dropped dead from work, and now the dirty dog of a town marshal had closed the saloons just because he'd broken a couple of collar bones by accident. What was coming over the country anyway? Lay your hands on a man's shoulder in a friendly manner, and crack went his collar bone. I sat down beside him, and though my first suggestions about going back to the farm were bitterly resented he finally consented to return on one condition.

(*Continued on page 59*)

MINIATURE COURSES INDOOR GOLF

for the individual looking for

A SHORT COURSE TO LONG PROFITS

Everybody's playing

Everybody's paying

Earnings run as high as $2500 to $5000 a month

A Miniature INDOOR GOLF COURSE opens the way.

The American people have made sport a characteristic expression of their national life. In the last quarter-century they have invested hundreds of millions of dollars in their pastimes. Today they are enthusiastically taking hold of Miniature Golf.

Present owners find that their Indoor Golf Courses offer an all-year, every-day, every-night, rain-or-shine business . . . with a constant supply of waiting-to-play-and-pay customers . . . a business requiring small initial outlay and minor upkeep . . . no shelves to stock—no returns or credits—but an hourly, daily, weekly, monthly, all-year, cash-in-advance business.

One owner writes:

"We opened on June 19th and since that time our weekly average receipts have been close to $1500. What inspired me to drop you this line was that last evening we had to refund between 75 and 100 admissions between 8:30 and 11:30 as the course was packed and we had 50 people waiting in line to tee off on the first tee. Also wish to take this opportunity to thank you for the 100% service you have rendered us since the installation of the course and I can safely tell you that the service after installation in any line today is what everybody is looking for."

●

You, too, have this opportunity to own your own business . . . a business of proved profits at a minimum cost . . . to be among the first to harvest the generous profits from an Indoor Golf Course.

Indoor Golf is for all ages . . . both sexes . . . pleasure-giving . . . amusing . . . instructive . . . creates the competitive instinct. *Make money in a business where the customers are always happy.*

Wire, telephone, write or call today!

MINIATURE GOLF COURSES of AMERICA
INCORPORATED
41 East 42nd Street • New York

CHICAGO	7 So. Dearborn Street
BOSTON	90 Tremont Street
CLEVELAND	1964 East 9th Street
PHILADELPHIA	1608 Walnut Street

Exclusive Licensees under United States Letters Patent No. 1559520 for the United States, except the state of Indiana, for Indoor Miniature Golf Courses.

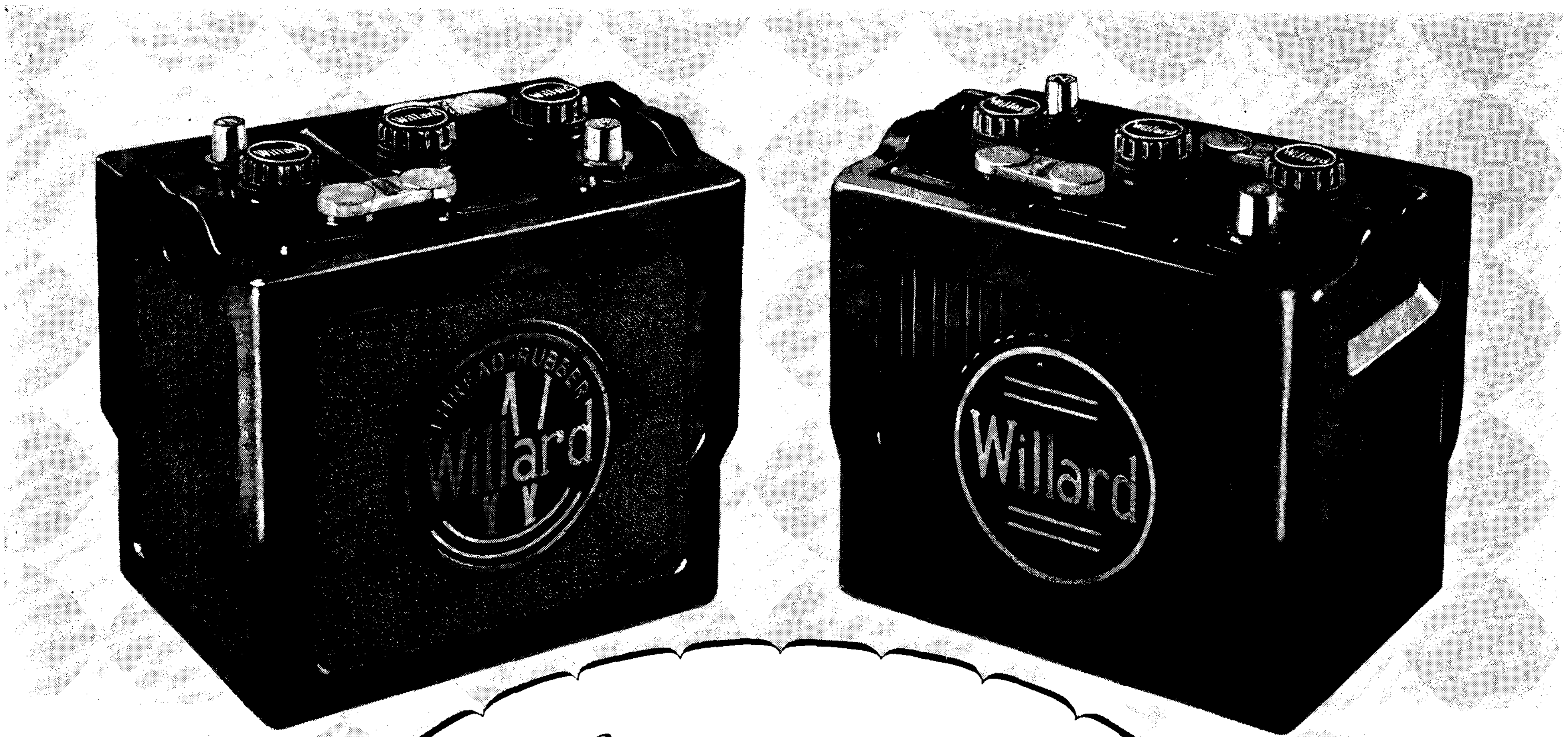
Miniature Golf Courses of America, Inc.
41 East 42nd Street, New York City

Gentlemen: Kindly send me further details about INDOOR GOLF COURSES, without obligation on my part.

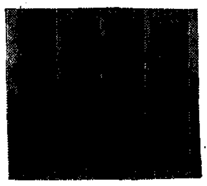
Name..

Street..

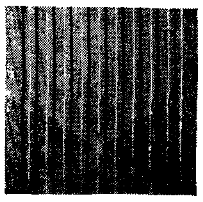
City.. State..........................



Thread-Rubber insulation unites the electrical insulating value and durability of rubber with the porosity of cotton threads. You can get it only in a Willard.



Willard wood-insulation is made from selected Port Orford cedar, chemically treated and dark-room inspected.



Insulated with Thread-Rubber or Wood..

EVERY WILLARD BATTERY IS SOUND VALUE

Every battery that carries the Willard trade-mark is as soundly constructed as modern skill and science can make it.

Your Willard dealer offers you an important choice in types of batteries:

(**1**) Willard with Thread-Rubber insulation. Thousands of wick-like threads through the vulcanized rubber body of the insulator between the plates give it the porosity so essential to battery activity. Hard rubber ribs are its insurance against wear. Thread-Rubber insulation lasts the life of the plates. You can get this insulation only in a Willard. Over 8,000,000 Thread-Rubber insulated batteries have given service and satisfaction. An unusual battery for unusual service.

(**2**) Willard with wood insulation. Willard wood-insulated batteries have the same full capacity plates and the same battery design. The same care is used in their manufacture. The insulation is genuine Port Orford cedar, chemically treated, dark-room inspected.

Willards are sold on a sound basis of electrical size, the basis of selection used by leading car manufacturers. Whichever Willard you choose from the Willard Electrical Size Chart, you can be sure of full capacity and correct electrical size.

Willard

CLEVELAND · OHIO
LOS ANGELES · CALIF. " TORONTO · ONT.

STORAGE BATTERIES *for*

AIRCRAFT
AUTOMOBILES
BUS AND TRUCK
EMERGENCY LIGHTING
LIGHTING PLANTS
MARINE EQUIPMENT
MOTOR AND PLEASURE BOATS
RADIO
SOUND PICTURES
TELEPHONE AND COMMUNICATIONS
TAXICABS
OIL CIRCUIT BREAKERS
DIESEL ENGINES
DITCHING MACHINERY
ALL INDUSTRIAL PURPOSES

Ladies Can't Swim in Kansas!

Continued from page 13

Eddie stands his broom careful in the corner and slowly takes off his coat and folds it and lays it on a seat and dusts off his hands and fixes his eyes on me and starts coming.

"What is the idea?" I ask.

"You are resigning from the bathing suit business," he says.

Well, me being Bill O'Hallihan of O'Hallihan & Co., acrobats and adagio dancers, I am not afraid of any baggage smasher and when he leaps at me I grab him around the waist like it was an act and just as he socks me on the chin I heave him in the corner so hard it knocks a picture of Niagara Falls off the wall and the frame hangs around his neck.

"Oof!" he says.

The ticket window goes up and Bessie Bickerdacker looks out and the sight that greets her beautiful eyes is something she did not expect.

"What happened, Eddie?" she wants to know.

"Ooo," says Eddie, laying there.

"Miss Bickerdacker," I says, feeling of my jaw, "this Eddie friend of yours come in contact with no less a person than Bill O'Hallihan of O'Hallihan & Co., and Eddie is all sick over it."

I start over to pull Eddie to his feet and he yells, "Hey! Lay off. I know you."

He staggers up and looks at me close and holds out his hand and says, "Shake, Mr. O'Hallihan. Don't you remember me—The Great Minichini, the juggler. I was on the same bill with you in Omaha."

WELL, Mr. DeVoe, darned if it wasn't Eddie Doak that billed himself as The Great Minichini. As I say it sure is a small world.

"I will be darned," I says, "what are you doing here?"

"This is my home town," says Eddie. "Vaudeville got tired of jugglers so I come back to my wife and kids and got this job."

"You mean," I says, "all you do is throw out bathing suit guys?"

"I'm baggage man, too," he says kinda proud. "Bessie," he puts his hand on my shoulder, "this is Mr. O'Hallihan the noted and famous adagio dancer. He is no rough neck like the others that come here."

"Is that so?" says Bessie kinda cold, but I could see she was interested. She did not shut down the window.

"Why," I asks, "why do you throw out bathing suit salesmen and if it is not a personal question why does your old man shoot them?"

"They—they want a picture of me," she answers kinda pitiful.

"Well, what of that?"

"It wouldn't—it wouldn't come out good. Maybe I did wrong, Mr. O'Hallihan, but the one I sent in for the contest was an old one. My father—my father thought it was terrible for my picture to be printed. I was rather proud when I won, even—even Mr. O'Hallihan, if it didn't really look like me. Like me, now, I mean, since I got fat. He made me stay in the house for a month after it came out. And that testimonial. One of the men from the bathing suit company went to him about it. Father read it." She smiled a little. "I guess the bathing suit man is running yet," she said.

"But, gee whiz," I says, "you're not fat." She was fat, Mr. DeVoe. Not awful fat, you understand, but pretty fat for a bathing suit ad. "If you'd just stop eating potatoes—"

"Don't tell me about potatoes!" she says, fierce-like. "That's what Jimmy Peterson said. I don't eat potatoes or bread or anything. Just—just a banana split now and then. Mr. O'Hallihan," she asks hopefully, "is it wrong to eat banana splits?"

"Wrong?" I was surprised, Mr. DeVoe, having never heard any law against banana splits.

"Do they make you fat?"

That stumped me, Mr. DeVoe, and I was trying to think if I'd ever heard anything about banana splits when a woman and three kids come in to buy a ticket to Wichita.

I go in the baggage room with Eddie Doak and he tells me there is a train at 6:42 and he would imagine it would be good for my health if I hopped it before Old Man Bickerdacker hears I am in town.

"Not me," I says. "Bill O'Hallihan is a go getter and besides I like the looks of Bessie Bickerdacker she is a nice girl and maybe I would take her uptown and buy her a banana split. I think she would kinda like to see her picture in a Bu-Tee Form bathing suit in all the magazine advertisements and who can blame her?"

"Uh, huh," says Eddie. "You may be a go getter but how you going to go get fifteen pounds off her and after you get her down to weight which you won't what about Jimmy Peterson?"

"Who is Jimmy Peterson?"

"His father runs the Peterson General Merchandise Emporium and Bessie loves him like Rudy Vallée was nobody at all. The only trouble is that Jimmy don't love her. Not at least while she is fat."

"Oh," I says, understanding. "He is the mugg that beat me to her with the news about potatoes?"

"The very same. He is running around now with a thin waitress at the hotel. Bessie is starving herself so he will love her again but it seems that starving is what her system craves."

"Well," I says, rather nonplused. I am a little confused so I sit down and think.

Finally I say, "What this gal needs is not diet, it is exercise. I have seen this kind before."

"Uh, huh?"

"She is in love with an egg, which of course is tough for me and it will not be so good for her if it cuts her outa my society somewhat but look here."

He looked.

"I know something about this reducing thing. I will teach her adagio dancing. You can help. I will promise to get fifteen pounds off her if after I do it she will pose for the picture and sign the testimonial and I will get a thousand dollars."

"What if she won't do it?" Eddie says.

"Ho, ho!" I says. "I know women. To lose fifteen pounds she would wreck the Santa Fe Limited."

IN TWO days, Mr. DeVoe, everything was set. I checked out of the hotel and went to live with Eddie. I had to have dough to live on so I got a job in the Dainty Duchess Mop Factory nailing cases.

Bessie said I was a lovely man to try to help her out and we started work one night in the baggage room at the depot after No. 8 pulled out and there was not any more trains that stopped there that night.

She had made herself an outfit like she had seen chorus girls wear in the movies and she sure looked cute. Well, we started swinging and she was something to swing. Eddie and I started by trying to toss her to each other but after almost killing her by dropping her on a trunk I made up a dance where we would roll her instead of throw her.

She worked hard and tried back bends and splits and kicks and after half an hour we quit.

She got on the baggage scales and they showed she had lost half a pound.

The next night we go at it again and she loses a pound. We kept the record all on a chart and you can imagine, Mr. DeVoe, how nonplussed I was when the third night, before we started dancing, the scales showed she had gained two pounds.

"What have you been eating?" I ask.

"Only one banana split," she says.

"Well, you will have to cut them out. We can not have things like this going on. Let's us get busy."

YOU would not believe it, Mr. DeVoe, but the doggondest thing began to happen. She cut out the banana splits, but she kept on gaining. We would take off two pounds in a night and when she come back the next night she would be up three pounds. The more we worked the heavier she got.

All this work was just ruining Eddie and I. He was down eight pounds and I lost about fifteen.

"When do I get to the part where I climb up high and jump into your arms?" she asks. "We could pile up a lot of trunks."

"It looks like that part is not going to be in the act," I says. "I am afraid we better stop all this before you get as big as an elephant."

"You mean, it's not going to work!" she exclaims.

"Something has gone wrong with the system," I says. "We are licked."

"Oh dear, oh dear," she says. "You poor boy."

"What's that?" I cannot understand why she is worrying about me when her whole idea was to get thin so Jimmy Peterson would marry her. I begun to get tingly all over, Mr. DeVoe. You know how it is. She was a swell kid.

When I got home that night there was a letter from Dave Minsky asking me why I had not reported and what I was doing not selling any bathing suits after I had told them I would knock them cold in Okwatchie.

"Is it possible," he put in the letter, "that O'Hallihan & Co. have lost their cunning and cannot handle women? What has happened to that personality?"

Well maybe you think I was not mad, Mr. DeVoe. After that mugg sent me to Okwatchie expecting me to be killed

(*Continued on page 30*)

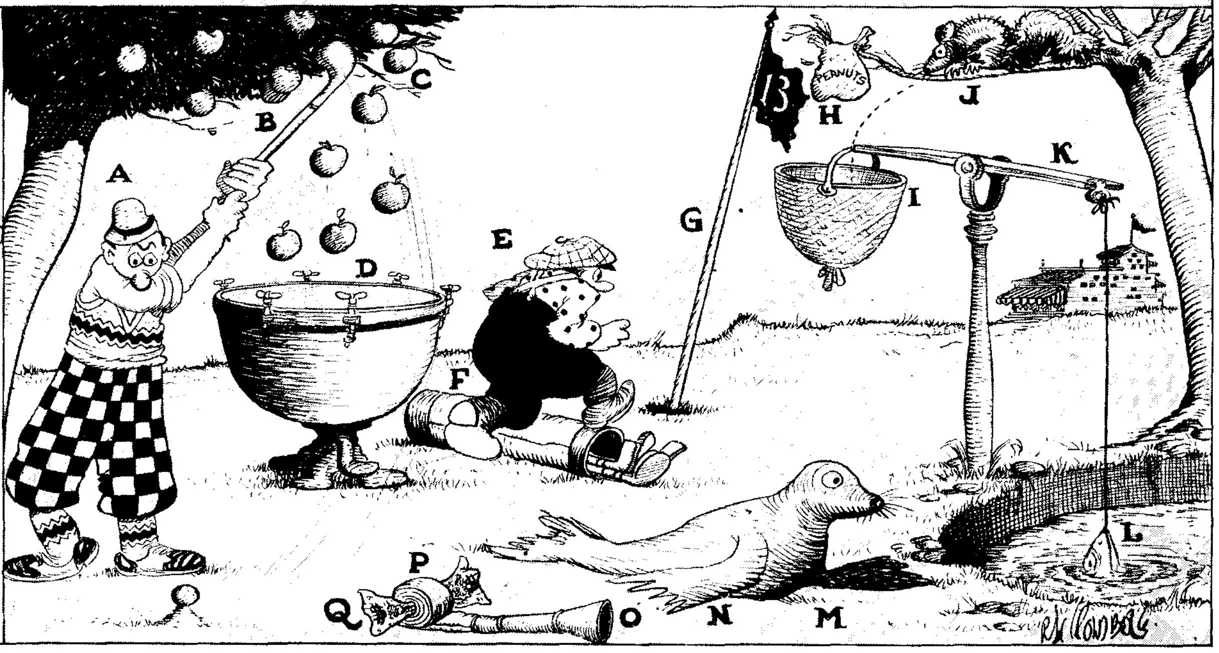
The Inventions of Professor Lucifer G. Butts, A.K.

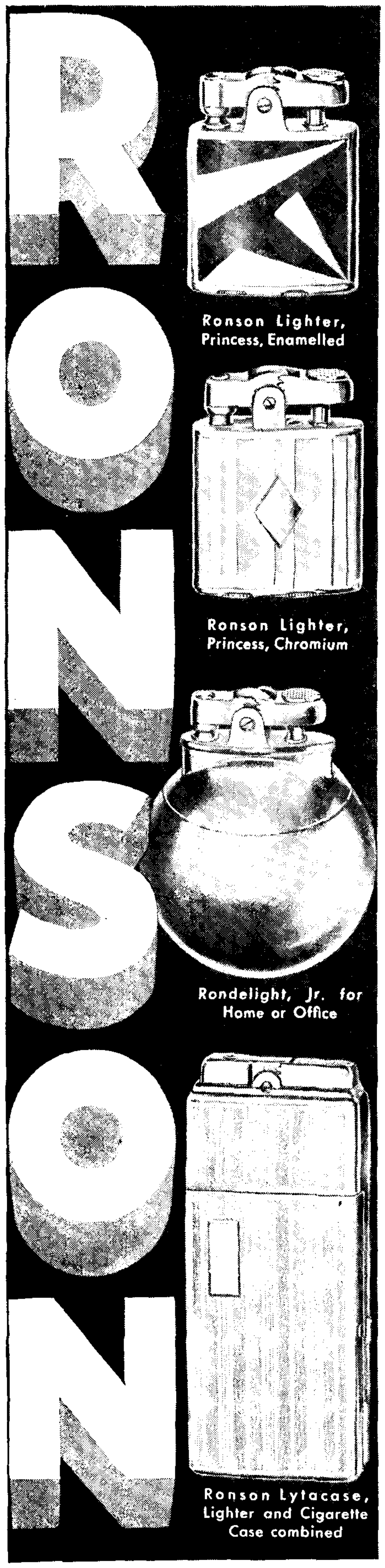
By RUBE GOLDBERG

PROFESSOR BUTTS' LANDLADY HITS HIM OVER THE HEAD WITH A PITCHER FOR NONPAYMENT OF RENT AND HE DISCOVERS A SURE WAY TO KEEP THE HEAD DOWN DURING A GOLF SHOT.

GOLFER(A) SWINGS CLUB(B) AND HITS BRANCH OF TREE(C) SHAKING APPLES DOWN ON KETTLE-DRUM(D). CADDIE(E) HEARING NOISE THINKS A THUNDER STORM IS APPROACHING AND RUNS FOR CLUB HOUSE, STUMBLING OVER GOLF BAG(F) AND PUSHING FLAG POLE(G) AGAINST BAG OF PEANUTS(H) WHICH BREAKS AND THROWS PEANUTS IN BASKET(I). AS SQUIRREL(J) JUMPS INTO BASKET TO GET THE PEANUTS, HIS WEIGHT RAISES END OF PADDLE(K) AND DRAWS FISH(L) OUT OF WATER HAZARD. HUNGRY SEAL(M) SEEING FISH FLAPS HIS FLIPPERS(N) FOR JOY AND CAUSES BREEZE TO ENTER FUNNEL(O) THEREBY BLOWING MARDI-GRAS TICKLER(P) WHICH STRAIGHTENS OUT AND DEPOSITS DOLLAR BILL(Q) NEXT TO GOLF BALL, FOCUSSING EYES OF PLAYER ON THIS SPOT DURING SWING.

IF YOU MISS THE BALL AND SWING INTO APPLE TREE OFTEN ENOUGH YOU CAN HAVE APPLE SAUCE FOR DINNER.

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(*Continued from page 29*)

with a shot gun he writes me dirty cracks.

I take the letter down to the depot the next day and show it to Bessie and Eddie Doak.

"He is a mean man," says Bessie.

"I will show the big stiff," I says. "Bessie, even if we cannot get you down to weight for the picture and the thousand dollar prize is off, I will prove that Bill O'Hallihan is a super salesman. I will start out with my salesman kit and sell Bu-Tee Form suits in Kansas."

"Don't be silly," says Eddie. "Don't you know the girls don't wear bathing suits in Kansas?"

"HOW come?" I says, glancing at Bessie and blushing. Eddie should not say such things in front of a lady I thought. "Where does this go on?"

"There just ain't any place to swim in Kansas," he says. "Did you think the Atlantic ocean was somewheres around here? Or did you think the society bells went down to the kids' swimming hole in the river and went wading in the mud and slid down the slippery slide and got themselves all dirty jumping off a sandbar? They need bathing suits around here like giraffs need necks."

"That's right," says Bessie. "That picture I sent in was made at Electric Park in Kansas City."

Well, Mr. DeVoe, there was another of them things like the garters and the acrobats and the fiddle. Another business had died on me. And the worse part of it was that this Dave Minsky knew all the time what he was doing to me.

So that night I wrote him a letter that would burn him up.

"You are a crook," I wrote. "You tried to get me shot and you made me agent for your bathing suits in a country where there is not any place to swim no more than the desert of Sahara. The next time I see you I will knock your block off."

A few days later I got a letter from him and it says, "You are such a super salesman I should think a little thing like that would not make any difference. If there is no place to swim why don't you build one?"

Mr. DeVoe, you know by this time that Bill O'Hallihan has the mind of big business men. I am a go getter and will not take no for an answer.

When I read that letter I sit down and think and quick as a wink the thought comes to me in about an hour that I will do like he says. I'll build a swimming pool and only ladies that wear Bu-Tee Form bathing suits will be allowed there. I will sell a lot of suits and make money off the pool besides.

I tell Bessie and Eddie Doak and they say I am a great genius and Bessie calls up a young fellow named Tom Bitteford that she knows and tells him I represent the Bu-Tee Form Bathing Suit Company and he should talk to me.

This Tom Bitteford is a contractor and a live wire and just a young fellow and when I show him the letter he says all right that is enough authority and he will bill the Bu-Tee Form Company because it says there for me to build a pool.

"Where do you want it?" he asks.

I did not know but I thought maybe he could dam up the river.

"Just the thing," he says. "Come on."

We jumped in his car and drove down to the river which is not any wider than a street and with about as much water in it and we pick out a place for the dam where it turns out he owns both banks.

I had to get back to work in the mop factory and I signed some papers and Bitteford says, "Leave everything to me. I know just what you desire."

"I do not want to take a lot of your time, Mr. Bitteford," I says.

"That is all right, Mr. O'Hallihan," he says. "I have nothing to do these days because business is very bad. My father, who owns this company, has gone to Europe with my mother and left me in charge. I am very glad to prove to my father that I am able to run his affairs while he is away."

I shook hands and thanked him.

"You can be sure that it will be a good job," he said. "This is the first order I ever got for the company. I'll see that it comes out all right."

The next Friday the Weekly Gazette had all the news about the pool that Bitteford had told them.

Saturday afternoon Bitteford and me was standing on the bank of the river watching the men set a steam shovel that he had got shipped in from Wichita when a car roars up and stops and who should come running through the brush but Old Man Bickerdacker. And, Mr. DeVoe, in his hand was a shot gun.

He shakes the gun at me as he comes and howls, "You bathing suit tramp you get out of this town before I blow out any brains that may accidentally be in that thick skull of yours."

"Wait a minute, Mr. Bickerdacker," says young Bitteford.

"I don't want anything out of you, you young whippersnapper," says Bickerdacker to him. He points the gun at me. "Get out!" he says.

"Now, Mr. Bickerdacker," I says, kinda nervous, probably, "I am not doing nobody no harm. I am not after any testimonial. I am just providing here a place for the recreation of the citizens of your beautiful city."

"Get out!" he yells. "I heard how you been throwing my daughter around in the baggage room."

Tom Bitteford looks at me sorta astonished.

"Listen, Mr. Bickerdacker," I says, and edges toward him. He backs away with the gun pointed at my stomach. I give one leap and grab the gun and try to twist it outa his hands and balooey! it goes off! I feel as if my whole side had exploded.

THE next I know, Mr. DeVoe, I wake up and a nurse is beside me and a doctor and the doctor says, "I believe he is back to earth."

"What is this all about?" I says.

"Roll over and go to sleep," says the doctor, "you will be all right now."

I felt awful sick and had a terrible pain in my chest.

The nurse whispers something to the doc and he says, "Tell her he has regained consciousness and will recover but that she cannot see him until tomorrow."

"You mean Bessie?" I says. "Is she outside?"

The doctor nods. "Miss Bickerdacker has been greatly worried about you. She has been here every day."

"Well let her in here then. I want to see her!" I yells and try to get up and I guess I passed out again.

The next day they fix me up and shave me and Bessie comes in.

Well, Mr. DeVoe, I almost died right there from the shock. She looked just like the picture in the magazine, except of course she was not wearing a bathing suit. She had regular clothes on.

"Bill!" she cries and runs over and squeezes my hand. "I thought I was going to lose you!"

I stutters and stammers and looks at her and says, "What has happened, bright eyes? You got all thin. You look like forty million dollars."

She runs her fingers through my hair and says, "Bill, I almost died when they told me you were so sick. I guess I just worried myself thin."

"In a coupla days you worried yourself thin!" I says.

"Didn't they tell you, Bill? You've been here three weeks. You have been delirious and have had pneumonia and they thought you were going to die."

"Gee whiz!" that was all I could say, Mr. DeVoe. I had been almost dead and Bessie had worried about me so much she had lost fifteen pounds! I grabbed her hand in both of mine and finally I says, "Bessie, maybe I am still delirious it does not seem possible that all this is true but does it mean you do not love Jimmy Peterson any more and maybe you love me?"

"You are not delirious, Bill," she says and leans over and kisses me and just then the doc comes in and says "Miss Bickerdacker, I am sorry to disturb you but really you must go. Such things are bad for the patient."

"Bad, nothing!" I says. "I am all well. Get me my clothes!"

He would not let me and I did not get outa that hospital for three weeks more, Mr. DeVoe. But before that Bessie gets her picture taken in a Bu-Tee Form bathing suit and signs the testimonial and we send it in.

The first thing I hear when I get out of the hospital is from Tom Bitteford.

"The dam is all finished, Mr. O'Hallihan," he says.

WELL I had forgot all about the dam where I am going to sell bathing suits and make money and I get in his car and go down and look at it and it is a good dam only there is not any water in it.

"What has happened to the water?" I says.

"It is there," he says, "but you can't see it."

"Am I getting delirious again?" I ask him.

"Oh, no. It is just that Okwatchie river always goes almost dry at this time of year and all the water is running through the sand and under the dam. You won't have any place to swim, but isn't it a swell dam? My father will be very proud of me."

I had to just sit down on the ground and hold my head, Mr. DeVoe. It was like everything else that I went into business with. I get me a fine swimming pool and the river goes dry on me. I have not got nothing to say, Mr. DeVoe. The only thing that cheered me up was that Bessie Bickerdacker loved me.

We go back to town and who do I see but Dave Minsky who has come from Kansas City and he is a wild man.

"I am looking for both of you," he says to me and Tom Bitteford. "What do you mean sending me these bills?" He pulls out a lota papers and shakes them at us. "You think my company is going to pay for steam shovels and rocks and concrete?"

"Listen, Minsky," I says, climbing outa the car, "I am a sick man but I am glad to see you," and weak as I am I sock him and he gets up and I sock him again and once more which shows how weak I was that it took three socks to do the job.

Minsky did not have no more to say and they took him away to the hospital.

So you see, Mr. DeVoe, why you should send me the rest of the money on the $1,000 prize except maybe Minsky's hospital bill. It was not my fault that the river dried up when I was a go getter and carrying out orders and if it had not dried up I would be a big fellow with you and selling lots of Bu-Tee Form bathing suits.

Please send the check right away because I am low on money and have not got a job and would like very much to get married.

Yrs. Respy.
WM. O'HALLIHAN.

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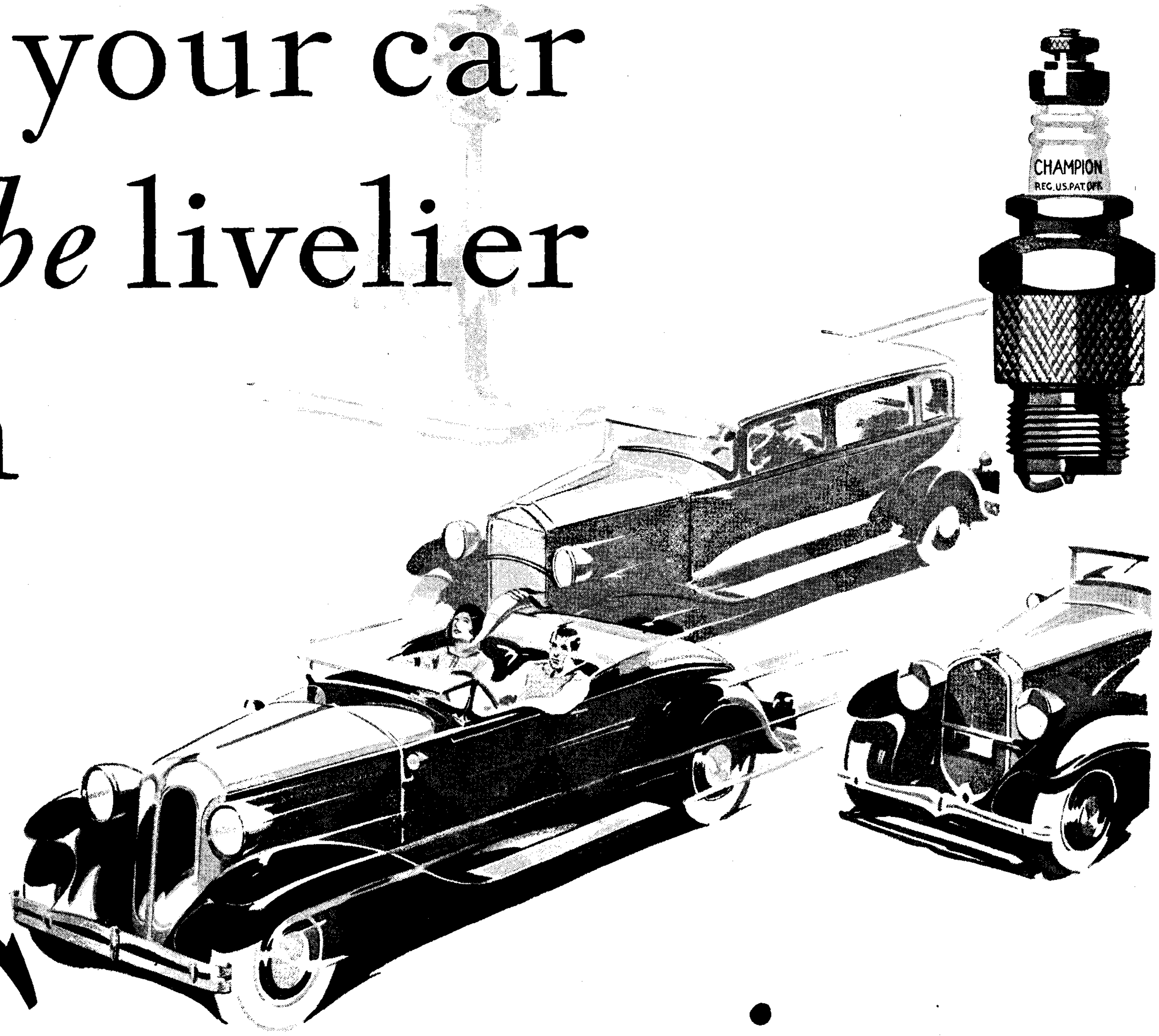

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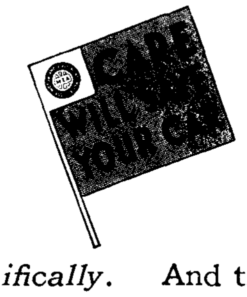
WHAT you want from your car is the best performance you can get, month after month, at the lowest cost. That is wholly sensible, and better starting, power, speed and acceleration are provided for every engine by Champion, the better spark plug.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Thousands of laboratory and road tests by disinterested authorities have established these facts *definitely and scientifically*. Racing experts—on land, on water and in the air—have further emphasized the correctness of these scientific findings.

Millions of motor car, truck, tractor, bus and fleet owners, as well as practically every independent manufacturer, have made the evidence *overwhelming* by choosing Champions. Cars, boats and airplanes equipped with them have made and hold almost countless national and world records.

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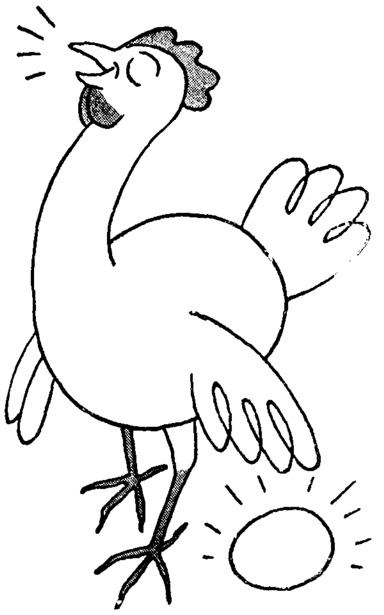


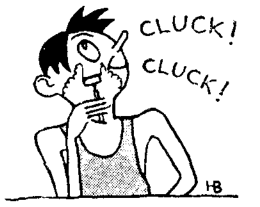
IN DEFENSE OF THE HEN

The hen comes in for a lot of criticism for the way she gives herself publicity. "The hen is a nice girl," people say, "and we like her fruit, but why must she make such a fuss about it?"

Personally, we stand fearlessly on the side of the hen. She works hard to lay an egg and does a good job of it. *We* say that the people who object to a few cackles should never be allowed to own an egg, no matter how hard they beg.

We have a fellow-feeling for the hen because we like to cackle about our Enders Razor. We know that the little thing gives the slickest, smoothest shave that ever touched your jowl, and who can blame us for clucking about it?

The lucky part of it is, that men who use the Enders match us, cluck for cluck. There's something about the way it floats through the whiskers that wins a man.


CLUCK!
CLUCK!

There's something about the super-keenness of the blades that cheers the soul of a shaver who has cursed at "duds".

Do you, too, stand side by side with the hen? Then trade a dollar for an Enders, get the shave of your life and join us in a rousing cut-cut ca-daw cut. Enders Razor Co., 105 W. 40th Street, New York City.

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New Enders Razor
with 6 blades, $1.00. Blades, 5 for 35c. If you cannot find an Enders locally, send purchase price to us.

The Unthinkable Thing

Continued from page 21

More to put a blight on their nuptials, which everyone knew were imminent, than from any serious suspicion she demanded an autopsy. To everyone's astonishment it revealed the presence of a large amount of chloral.

"Had Madge taken chloral before she went to bed?" Louis queried. "She sometimes did for her nerves."

"But if Mrs. Mitchell had a heart condition," the authorities replied, "she would never have touched a drug like chloral except under the advice of a doctor. What physician had she consulted?"

Louis didn't know.

All of us who had been at the Breretons' were remembering that Madge had had a highball for a nightcap just before she went upstairs for the last time. We had been playing bridge, but two of us had a vague impression of Sue Stuart hovering around the table where the highball things were. Neither would have sworn to it.

There was the question of how chloral had been obtained. None could be traced to Madge. After Louis' photograph had emblazoned from the front pages, a Sixth Avenue druggist said he thought he had sold some to Mr. Louis Mitchell.

THE grand jury considered the facts and Louis was indicted for murder in the first degree.

There had always been a slight admixture of liking in my amused contempt for Louis, and I couldn't see him stand trial friendless for a crime I knew to be without motive. That I did know, for, although to the cinema and tabloids' public Another Woman explained the murder in full, it was no explanation at all. Madge Mitchell had been too wise and easy-going to be an obstacle to Louis' plans.

I found myself in the rôle of Louis' intimate adviser. I dropped around to see him as often as was allowed and sat with his lawyers at the trial.

The identification by the Sixth Avenue druggist was unconvincing and Louis might have been acquitted but for a bit of byplay he indulged in while Sue Stuart was on the stand.

That young lady had worked herself into a big emotional scene.

"He is the finest man I have ever known"—chest heaving.

"But had he ever discussed marriage with you, Miss Stuart?"

"No. No. No."

With the words she looked at Louis and he, incredible as it may seem, meeting her glance, lifted the carnation in his buttonhole to his lips and kissed it.

It was his automatic gesture of thanks for the compliment one answer back, but at that instant one could hear the great switches at Sing Sing click down in Louis Mitchell's honor.

After his condemnation I kept up my good offices.

"You're shielding somebody who's not worth it," I urged him. "I know she seemed to stick to you but you must discount that. It was the publicity she liked. They say she's running around with that handsome youngster in the District Attorney's office right now. Speak up. They'd never send her to the chair."

Louis looked like the caricature of a Ouida hero and kept his mouth shut.

The weeks in the death house broke him, however. It was horrible to see funk take root in that shallow soul and spread like a tropical vine. I knew what the result would be and when I went for what purported to be my final interview hoped that it wouldn't be my last. Sure enough, Louis looked amazingly better. I told him so.

"I feel better, Jack," he said. "I've come out with it."

"Good," I said. "Then there'll be a new trial."

"Because I've confessed?"

"You've what?"

"Confessed."

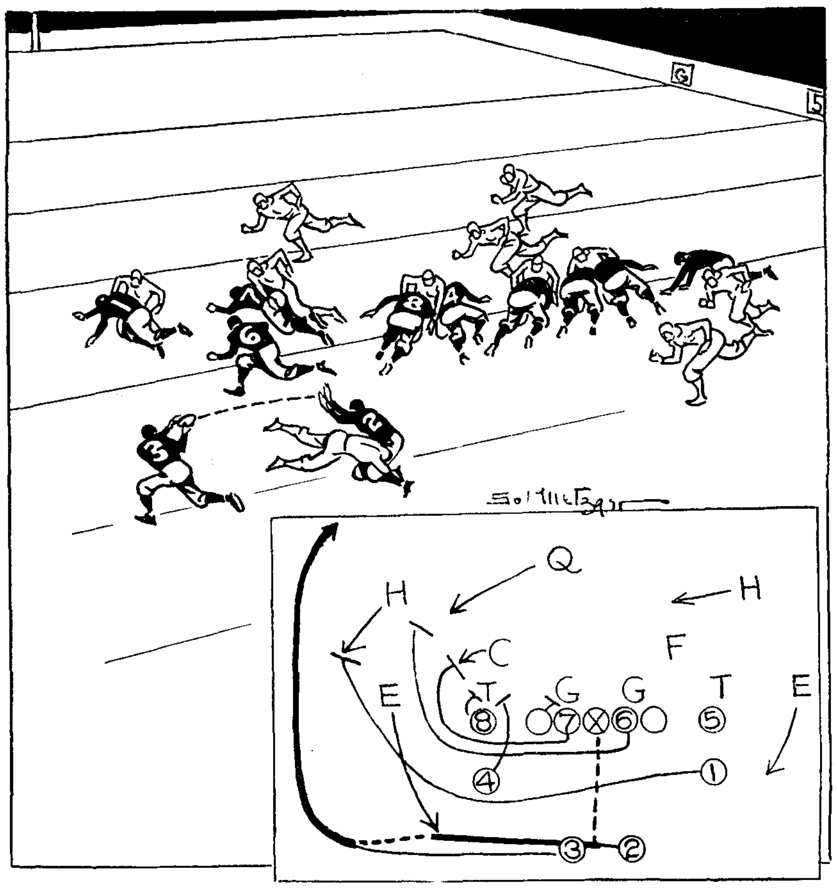
"Then you did it," I cried. "But why in God's name?"

"I was so in love with that kid."

"But Madge wouldn't have stood in your way. She'd have given you a divorce."

He looked at me, his face an underdone custard, tears in his eyes. "I couldn't have asked little Madgie for that; it would have hurt her too much."

I had forgotten his point of view.



Pennsylvania's Lateral Pass

By Sol Metzger

A GENIUS in football thinks straight and fast. He produces scores when others, less alert mentally, would fail.

Last fall, I saw little Mort Wilner, Pennsylvania's quarterback, weave through the Columbia team, call to an interferer to drop to his rear and then electrify a multitude by laterally passing him the ball as opponents crushed him to earth. The play added 23 yards to what Wilner had already gained.

Against the Navy, Wilner, unable to score, improvised a forward pass, which he himself received. It scored a touchdown and victory.

But when California came East to meet Pennsylvania, Wilner had only one effective weapon. His coaches had gained an abiding respect for Harvard's lateral pass. With the necessary changes they applied it to their own system and held it to surprise the Golden Bears.

That put it up to the California ends. They were aided by an outstanding center at backing up the line, Roy Riegels. They led 6 to 0 when Pennsylvania's chance came near the end of the half. Third down on California's 15-yard line, 2 to go. Enter Wilner.

Two downs in which to gain two yards. Anyone would expect a straight plunge or a smash off-tackle. Wilner crossed the opposition by faking the off-tackle smash. He (1) jogged to the left as if to take out the defensive right end—the first move of the off-tackle play. So started Pennsylvania's as yet unbaptized lateral.

Wilner's assigned man was the defensive right half. As he jogged along, his gridiron genius again asserted itself. He chose Riegels, backing up that side, as his special foe. Riegels never got into the play.

Opekun (4) helped his end box the California tackle. Masters (3) sprinted toward the side-line, leading Gentle, who had the ball. The guards (6 and 7) swung wide as interferers.

Nibs Price, California's coach, figured Pennsylvania might have such a play. So his end, instead of rushing in, suspiciously stuck to Masters while watching Gentle. He couldn't do both, so he came at Gentle, arms aloft to block the pass. As he hurled himself, Gentle threw the ball over him to Masters, who scored unmolested.

Next week let us seek the reason for Iowa's upset of Minnesota last fall in a hair-raising finish.

Waterman's

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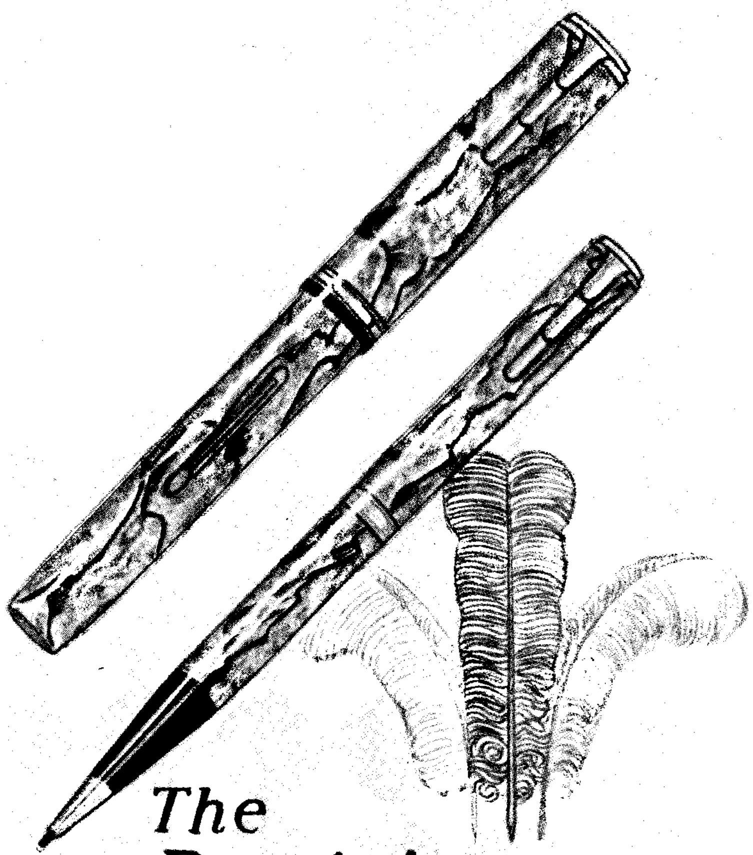
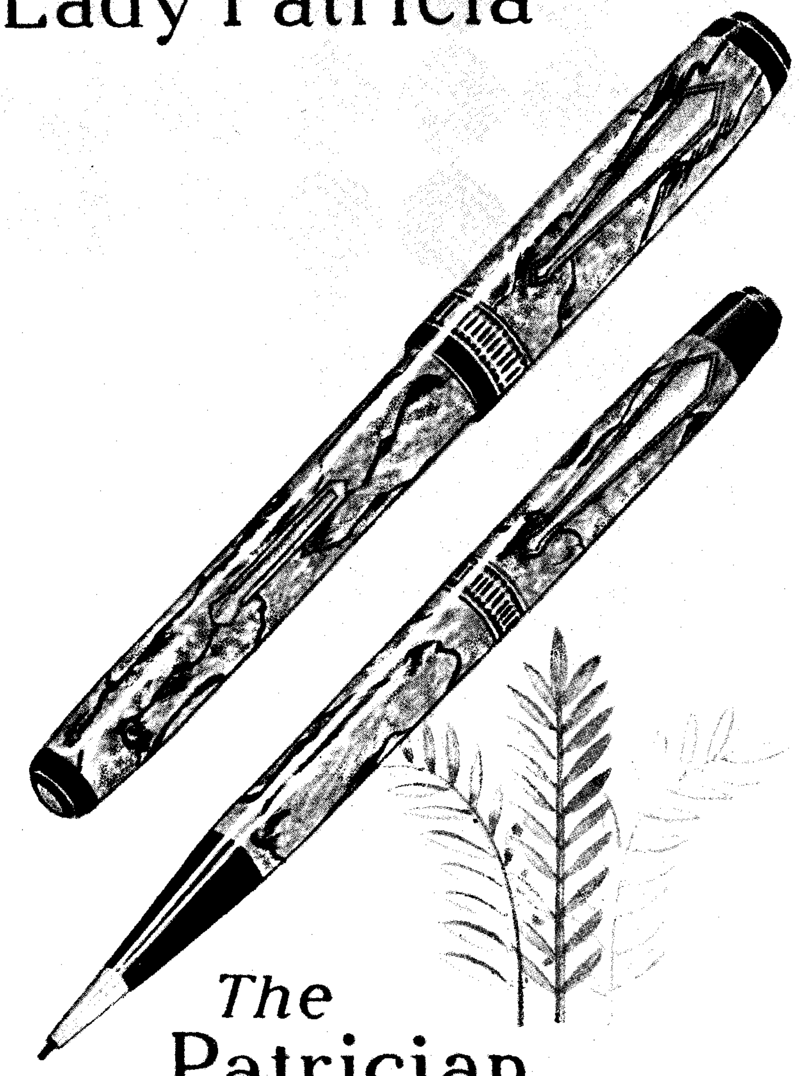
an aristocratic pair of pens

The Patrician and

The Lady Patricia



The
Lady Patricia



The
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After making the finest pen possible for men — the Patrician — Waterman's decided that this called for the finest of sister pens — and so the Lady Patricia was designed . . . the first pen ever created expressly for women. Lady Patricia embodies everything that a woman wants in a pen . . . it is smaller, charming looking, colorful as the fashions she wears; and may be had with just the pen point she likes.

Lady Patricia . . . a slender, smaller, graceful size, keyed to a woman's grasp. Instead of the masculine clip, there's a lovely carved clasp — which holds Lady Patricia in your handbag where you can locate it in an instant. Three beautiful colors, Onyx as shown, Persian and Jet — the pen, boxed, is only $5.00, pencil to match for $3.00.

The Patrician . . . aristocrat of Waterman's men's pens, is crafted like a fine car — colored like a fine jewel. A choice of seven pen points promises writing ease to every hand. In Onyx, Nacre, Turquoise, Emerald, or Jet, the pen is, boxed, $10.00. Pencil to match, $5.00.

Desk Set . . . An exquisite gift with pen and base matching perfectly — the base of French Onyx is echoed by the beautiful cream-and-tawny tones of the pen — complete, $8.50.

Every Waterman's is guaranteed forever against defects. Service Stations are maintained at the addresses below for the purpose of making good our guarantee and for servicing our pens as required.

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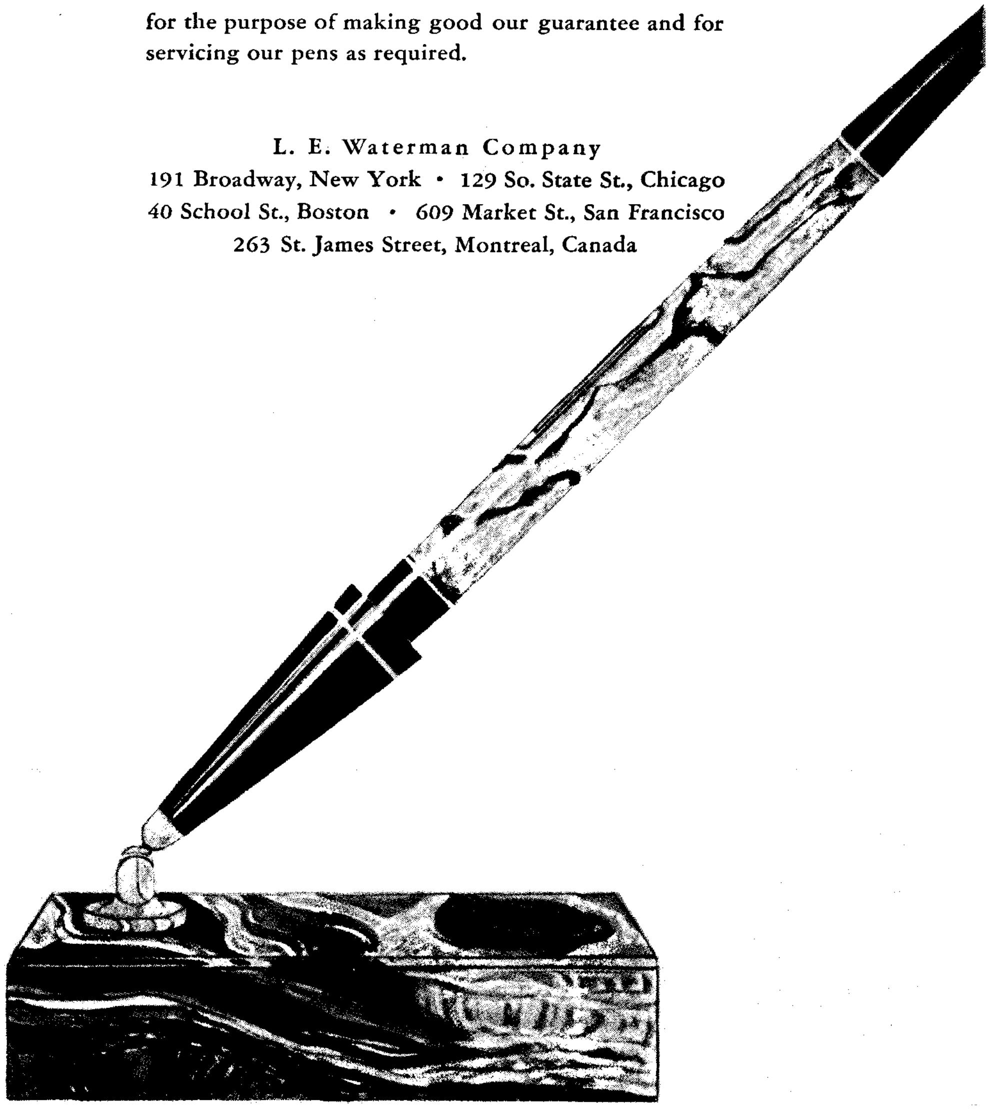
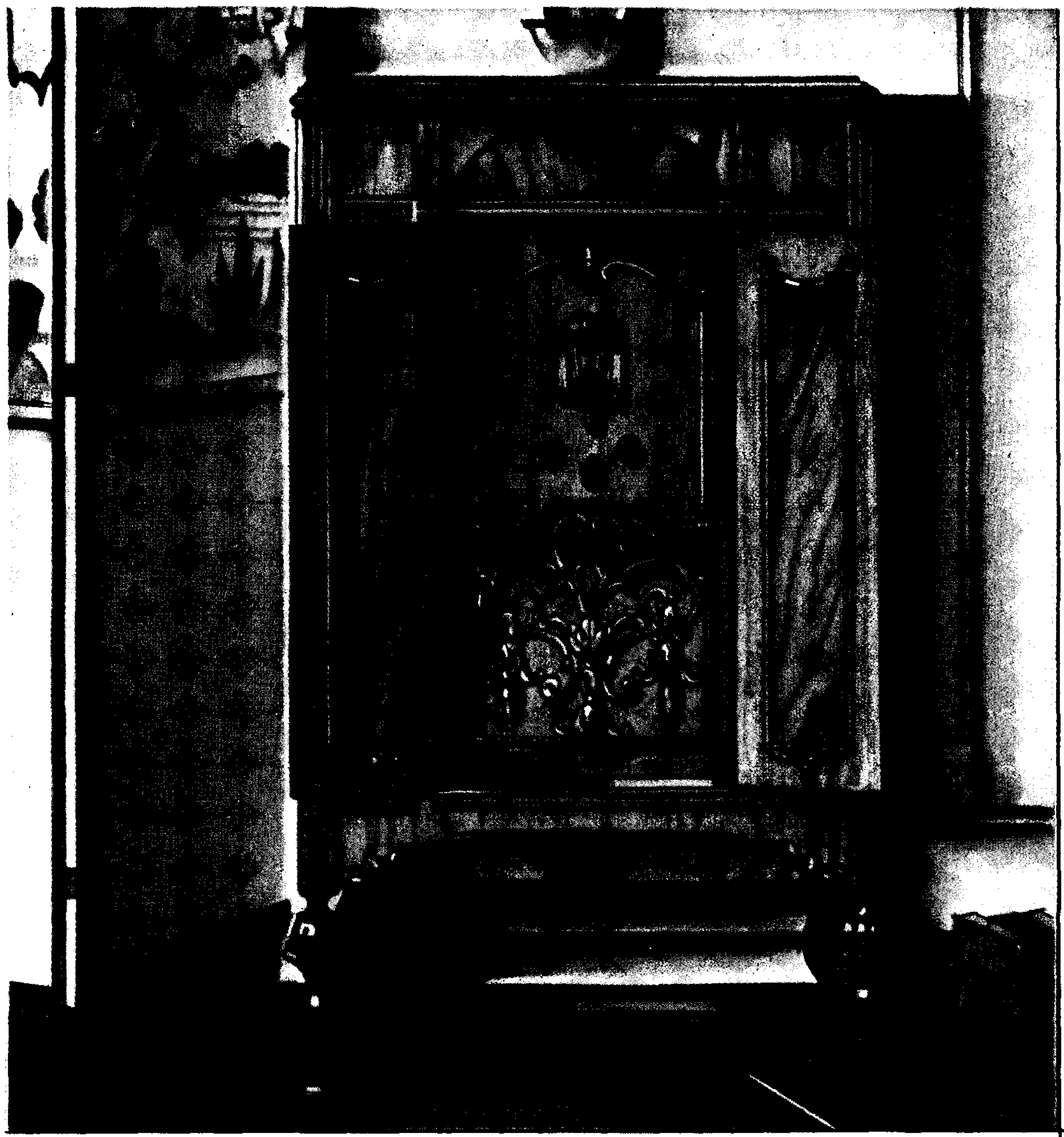


a new
achieving



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A cabinet of rare beauty. Its graceful lines are emphasized by the rich grain of the specially selected walnut.

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A truly handsome piece. Dignified and distinctive.

Radio broadcasting has not stood still. Higher-powered stations . . . and more of them . . . Radio programs become daily more elaborate.

The outside world sends its radio entertainments from the far-flung corners of the globe.

So that radio listeners may more fully enjoy this wealth of entertainment, General Electric introduces FULL RANGE Radio.

A modern radio to cope with modern broadcasting conditions . . . an outstanding achievement from the "House of Magic" . . . a radio embodying General Electric ideals of what a radio set should be . . . for the first time in radio engineering a Super-Heterodyne circuit using screen-grid tubes.

The result is FULL RANGE sensitivity . . . FULL RANGE selectivity . . . and FULL RANGE tone!

General Electric Radio will bring in low-powered or distant stations that the ordinary set cannot reach . . . that is FULL RANGE Sensitivity.

Stations only one line apart on the dial scale do not overlap on General Electric Radio—every line on the dial scale marks a different station . . . that is FULL RANGE Selectivity.

Notes too high or too low for the ordinary radio come in with perfect clarity on General Electric Radio. Each inflection of the human voice, every note in the musical scale, is just as natural as if you heard it in the broadcasting studio. Those subtle over-tones which constitute the true beauty of music are preserved and produced . . . that is FULL RANGE Tone.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

type Radio ◆ ◆ ◆ ◆

new standards of performance

◆ ◆ ◆ a three fold

FULL RANGE RADIO

General Electric Radio is equipped with a special two-way switch for use with local and distant stations.

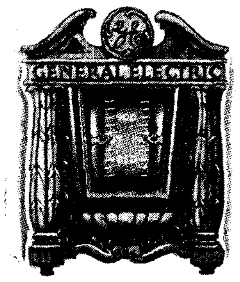
When on the local position amplification is reduced, because it is not needed for nearby stations. This counteracts interference within the home, and results in a richer, broader tone quality. In the "Distant" position both sensitivity and selectivity are increased. The added sensitivity brings in the distant stations, the extra selectivity wards off local outside interference.

Models No. H-51 and No. H-71 are fitted with a special tone control. This allows the listener to balance the emphasis on high and low notes as desired.

Because it is a real contribution to your entertainment, because it marks the greatest advance of modern times in broadcast reception—General Electric proudly places the G-E monogram—"The Initials of a Friend"—on this New Type Radio.

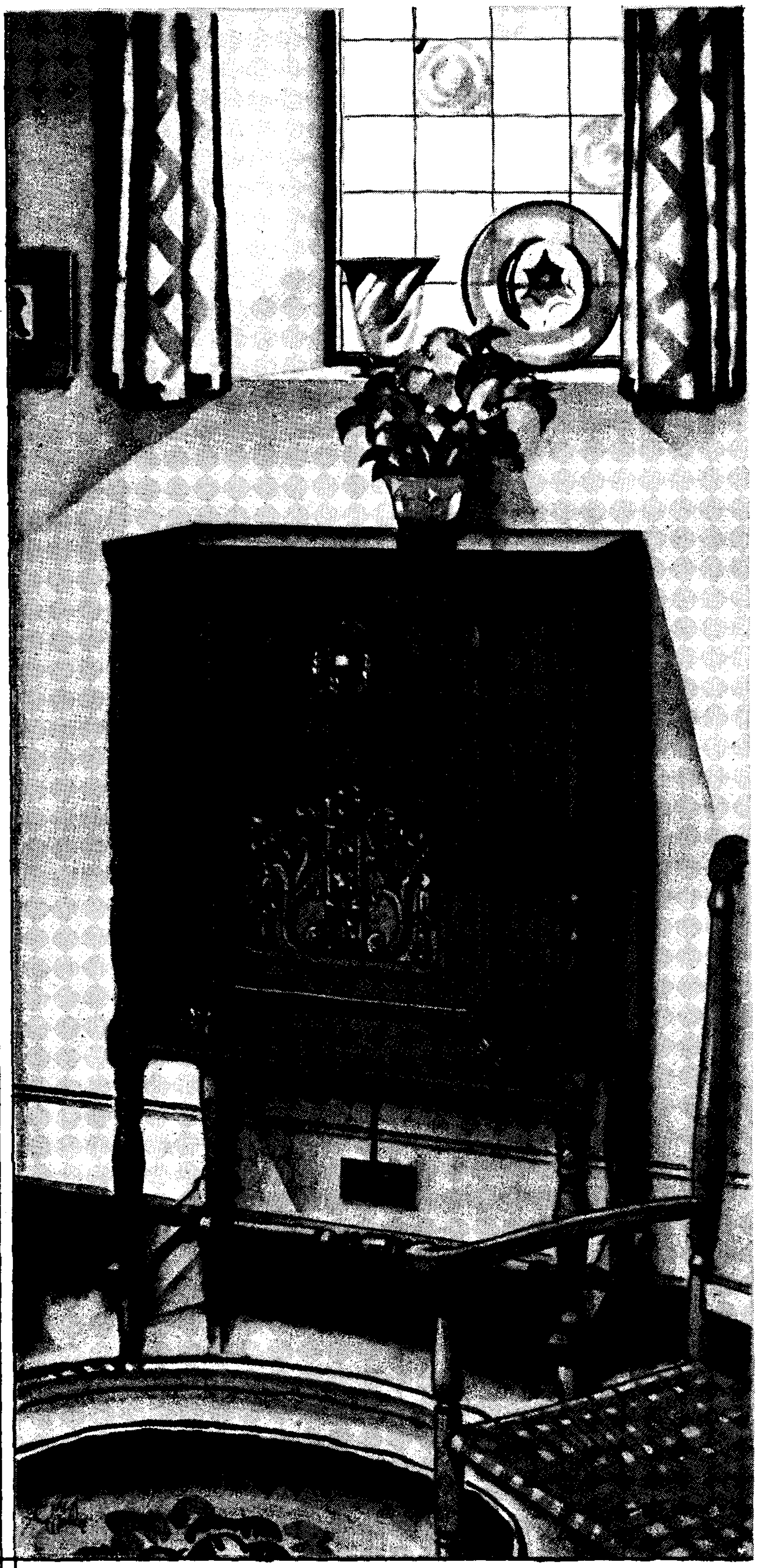
Your G-E Radio Dealer has been specially chosen. He is pledged to give you the same willing expert service that goes with all G-E products. See these three superb models at his store.

Since 1914 General Electric has spent twenty millions of dollars in radio research alone. Some of its radio achievements are summarized by Floyd Gibbons in "Out of the House of Magic." You may obtain a copy by addressing Section R-289C, Merchandise Department, General Electric Company, Bridgeport, Connecticut.



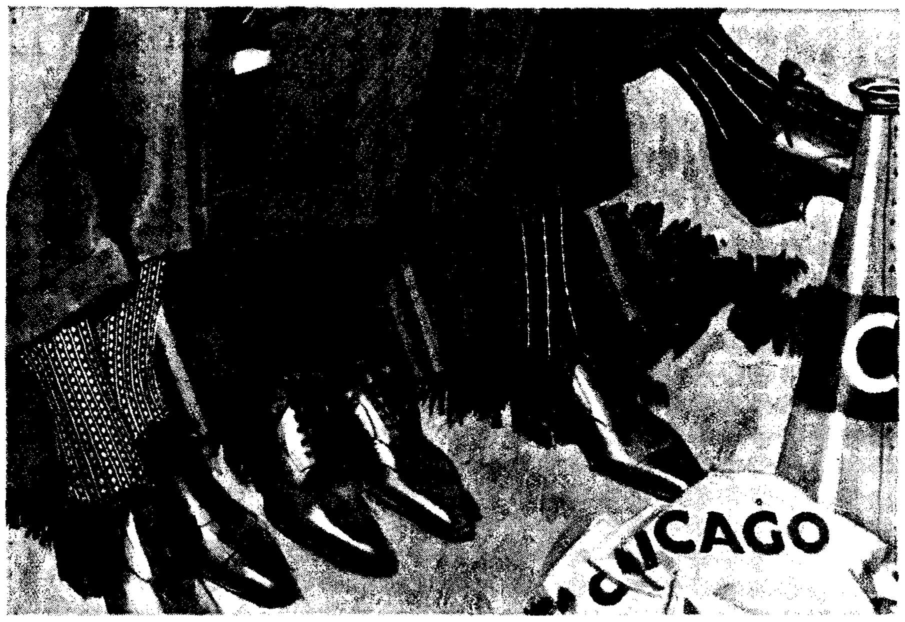
So selective that every line on the dial marks a different station.

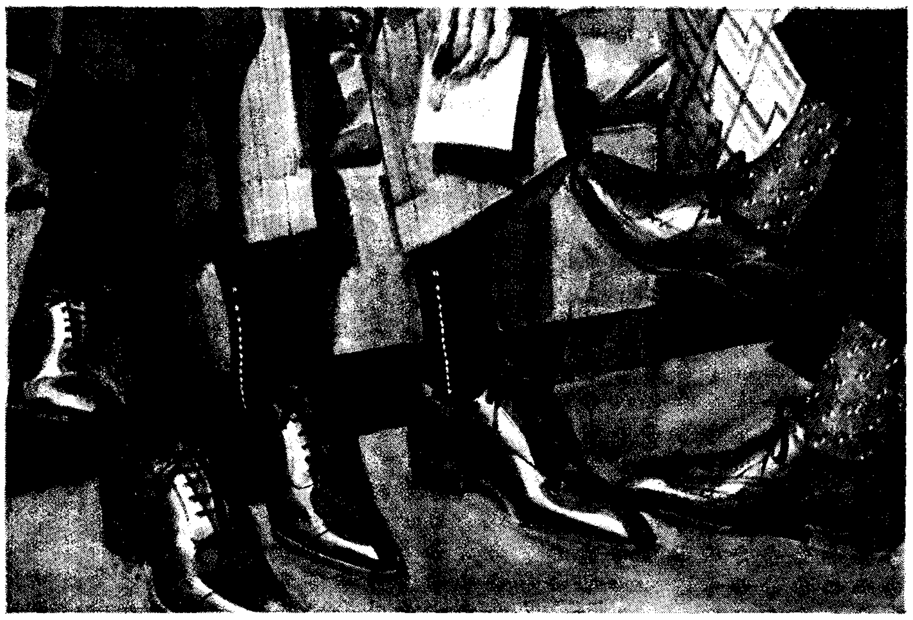
FULL RANGE RADIO

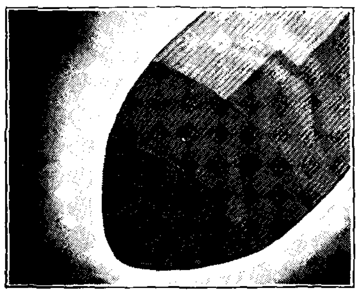


The Lowboy Cabinet
MODEL H-31
A simple and distinguished example of good furniture design.

So we learned about socks from Jim Smith

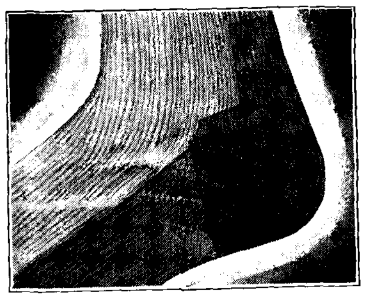






The Realsilk triple tip toe —6-ply at the end! It is woven from special processed mercerized yarn. We believe it to be the best wearing toe that has ever been built into any sock*

**patent applied for*



This high spliced heel, ensuring longer wear, is found in no other fancy socks. It is 4-ply, woven from special processed mercerized lisle. It adds also to fit and comfort

UP in Duluth, Minn., down in Dallas, Tex.—practically everywhere in the United States—Realsilk Representatives have been selling socks for 10 years *direct to customers*.

So what Jim Smith thinks about socks, we've got straight from Jim Smith!

You'd be surprised how much we've learned that way about what men want . . . or what they *don't* want.

Take the matter of leg length. A good many customers gave our men their views on that point. As a result, you get, in Realsilk Super-Service Socks, a long, generous silk leg—the longest of any silk sock made.

Then there's the matter of garter band. We heard enough on that score to lead to the development of an entirely new kind—*two thicknesses* for more comfort and longer wear.

On the whole matter of wear we got a great many valuable suggestions direct *from wearers*. And we came back with a sock that millions have called "the best wearing sock in America—bar none!" It has a specially reinforced toe and heel, a double sole. It's more closely woven, from finer, stronger yarn.

No other hosiery manufacturer in America is in such a unique position to give you these exclusive advantages —because Realsilk sells *direct to you through Representatives*.

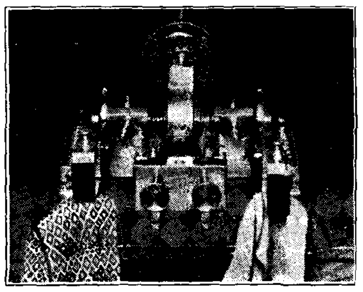
Because Realsilk Super-Service Socks come to you *direct*, without extra stops or delay, you get the latest and best in style—far in advance.

Finally, our own Representatives *come back* to their customers time and again. If Realsilk Super-Service Socks didn't satisfy 100 per cent, we'd hear about it—fast!

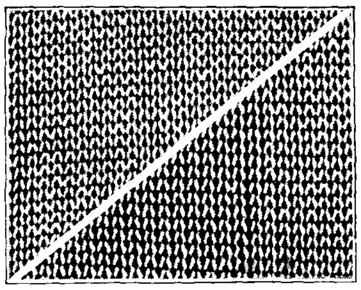
The complete Realsilk line of new Fall patterns in silks, lisles, silk-and-wools, and wools is being shown by our Representatives now. They're never sold in stores. If you're not being called on regularly, telephone the Realsilk office in your town.

• • •

The Real Silk Hosiery Mills, Inc., Indianapolis, Ind. World's largest manufacturers of silk hosiery. 250 branch offices in the United States.



Realsilk Super-Service Socks are tested for exceptional wear in this patented friction-test machine which duplicates hour after hour of the most grueling wear on the feet



Realsilk Super-Service Socks (upper left) are woven more closely, more compactly—of finer, more costly yarn. The difference shows up in appearance—and in exceptional wear

REALSILK

HOSIERY MILLS, *Inc.*

A Pup for You

Continued from page 20

canine counterpart of the white peacock, none so utterly lordly as he against a stylized background; the St. Bernard, the great Dane, the Newfoundland, those gorgeous smashing dogs who think nothing of eating more than a brace of field hands could. The Irish wolfhound, to cite an even more dramatic instance, was to all intents and purposes extinct. But three or four were found in a remote corner of their native island, and from such small beginnings the breed was put back on its feet, to stand as the tallest dog known, a dog who can put his front paws on the top of a car or tower over a man. No such defender could be found anywhere else, but, when not provoked by strangers who come over the wall instead of ringing the doorbell, this huge creature, who could take the back of a wolf in his mouth, is as mild as Mary's lamb. Needless to say, none of these big dogs has any affinity with city life; to keep them cooped up in apartments and motor them round for their owners' pleasure is as cruel as it is silly.

Arrivals from Abroad

To drop from the sublime to what people who don't know him sometimes think is the ridiculous, one might consider the revival of the dachshund. If the war gave us the shepherd, or police dog, it certainly put a crimp in this little fellow who runs like an inchworm humped in the middle, and thinks as straight as his legs aren't. Today the dachshund is rolling back into the spotlight—a fad of the moment with owners who don't want a dog like the one next door, a droll little dog who invariably uses his head to save his heels.

Another newcomer from the past is the working cocker spaniel, just saved, and no more, from the fate that has overtaken some other breeds whose worthwhile characteristics have been sacrificed to looks.

In addition to the revivals, and competing with them, are dogs new to us but standbys in the countries from which our breeders import them. Few dogs have ever caught on as fast as the Schnauzer, unless it might be the shepherd, of whom more anon. The Schnauzer is now frequently met in the larger centers, though even here one often finds people who take him for a gray Airedale, a mistake that may be more common now that New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts have passed laws forbidding the cropping of his ears to make them stand up. Schnauzers are great favorites in the Central European countries, and active people who have them over here are devoted to them, because they're always brainy, hardy dogs and usually affectionate—but woe betide the lazy soul who thinks a little saunter round the block will keep this bright young immigrant contented. Schipperkes, too, have given their breeders a good run for the money—active, curious about everything, of a size to domesticate in small quarters and sufficiently standoffish to make good dogs for people who don't approve of their dependents making friends with strangers.

The Briard is a late arrival, one who stands from twenty-three to twenty-seven inches high, a lithe, powerful dog who brings with him a fine tradition as a French sheep herder. No less a person than Dr. de Mund, president of the Kennel Club, thinks extremely well of this new entrant and promises a big future for him.

To most of us many of these dogs are new, and unless they were called to our attention, we wouldn't think of them when charting our personal preferences. When it comes to listing by present general popularity, the Boston terrier stands first, closely followed by the wire, who passes him in some localities. The Boston has held his own for years against every ballyhoo produced for new breeds, or old breeds revived, and there is a very good reason for this. Of all dogs outside the toy class, he is perhaps best fitted for apartment life, because he's a little gentleman who needs little exercise. He mightn't suit you, he wouldn't suit me, but there is something about his size and his psychology that makes realtors relieved when they see him.

Wires are something else again. They can think of more things to do and say in a given half hour than anybody else except their younger-generation owners. To those who live on tension themselves, with none too great a space in which to tense, to those who want intelligence vocal at all times and straining on the leash, wires needn't be recommended, for they're sure to have them already.

But no one who likes the terrier has to content himself with a brand so ceaselessly active. Robert S. Lemmon—who knows about all dogs but is a special partisan of the terrier and strong on the idea of picking one to match your temperament—says that Scotties and Cairns are nip and tuck for being the quietest, followed by the Sealy, the West Highland white, the Irish and the wire in the order named. In the Scotty still waters run deep, and he isn't the one to choose if you judge affection by demonstrativeness. The Cairn is brainy though so tiny—and why would all the English royal family choose him if there weren't a good reason? The Sealy is downright sentimental and doesn't mind being adored in public. The West Highland is a gay Celt, but, unlike his human counterparts, of even disposition. The Irishman is a dare-devil who wants to tree all cats and fight all dogs who show any inclination to poach on his preserves, though, in common with most of his countrymen, he doesn't cherish resentment.

Owner-education Needed

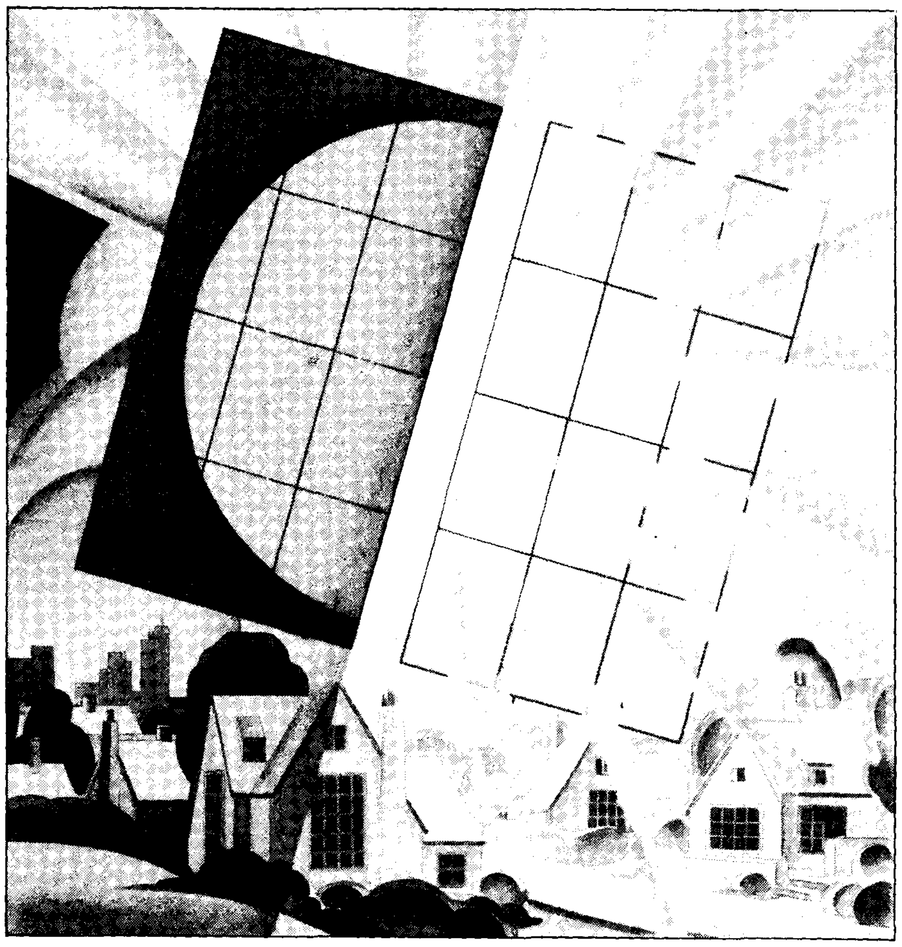
In the big terrier class we've already mentioned the Schnauzer, and nobody needs to have much said about the well-known Airedale, a philosopher who adapts himself to both town and country, though he has an aggressive nature that needs a bit of handling. Another member of the clan often forgotten, though not so much of late, is the bull terrier, that white-coated, pink-skinned gentleman who turns into one of the deadliest instruments of destruction ever launched if he thinks the thing in front of him should be classed as an intruder. Bull terriers, one is glad to know on Mr. Lemmon's authority, show remarkably good judgment in making these fine distinctions, but nobody has a right to own one who hasn't a steady head in giving directions. Mr. Lemmon is so keen about this four-footed projectile that he says if he didn't raise Scotties, he'd go in for bulls.

Speaking of training makes us think of the shepherd, more commonly known as the police dog, who had such a big run beginning after the war. No dog looks better in a car. Puppies come nine,

(*Continued on page 38*)

Why

blot out the best of the sunlight with ordinary window glass?



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LUSTRAGLASS, the wonderful new glass for windows, transmits a substantial amount of the shorter ultra-violet rays of sunlight of a wave-length of 313 mu.* Yet Lustraglass costs no more than ordinary window glass!

Lustraglass is a better glass, made by an improved process, flat-drawn in sheets. It is clearer, perfectly flat, the "whitest" of all glass made for windows and more lustrous than the window glass you have always been used to. *Yet you pay no more for Lustraglass!*

If you are building a new home, or remodeling instruct your architect or contractor to install Lustraglass in every window. The cost of this new glass is so low it should be specified for all kinds of buildings.

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Send for the Lustraglass Booklet. It will tell you all you want to know about this wonderful new glass. Every pane of genuine Lustraglass bears the label illustrated (left). Lustraglass is sold by reliable dealers everywhere.

**See Lustraglass Booklet for complete table of transmission.*

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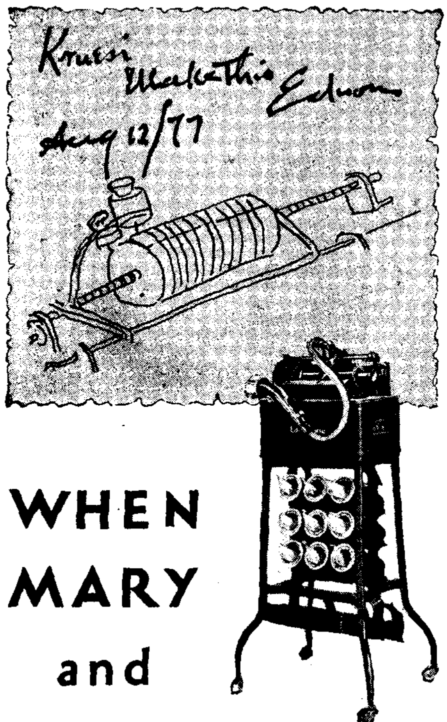

WHEN MARY and her LITTLE LAMB amazed the world

On August 12th, 1877, this crude sketch made by Thomas A. Edison resulted in a practical device to record and reproduce the human voice. Edison spoke the familiar poem: "Mary had a little lamb," etc. The words came back exactly as he had uttered them. The Ediphone idea was born.

Today, in every country of the civilized world, Ediphones gain countless hours in transmitting thought from brain to type with half the time, trouble and expense.

You simply pick up the receiver and talk—as easy as telephoning. Ideas are recorded from the tip of the tongue. Letters are often answered in one reading.

Today, after fifty-three years, a world-wide service headed by Thomas A. Edison will assume full responsibility, to organize your present office forces without interruption to business and without charge in proving results. Telephone "The Ediphone," your city, today. Send for the book, "An easy way to chart your correspondence."

THOMAS A. EDISON INC.
ORANGE, N. J.

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Ediphone
Edison's New Dictating Machine
World-Wide Service in all Principal Cities

(*Continued from page 37*)

ten, eleven in a litter and they all grow up looking noble. The movies took up the breed and gave it a reputation as a race of super-creatures who could do everything but talk. Unfortunately, many shepherds got into the hands of people who didn't realize that handsome is as handsome's trained; others found homes where exercise was thought of as something one did indoors. The result was a black eye for the breed. A lot of owner-education is necessary if shepherds are to come back full strength.

A great many people think that a similar loss in popularity taken by the collie can be traced not to owners but to breeders. The old-type working collie had a broad head and his brains couldn't be beaten. The present-day collie is a superb fur-bearing animal with a nose that fits a diamond bracelet, and more than a little of the prima donna in his temperament—but there's such a thing as making a frame and leaving out the picture. Perhaps the herding contest held last year at the Boston show is an indication that some breeders are seeing this fact—a contest in which black and white collies who hadn't been refined to the snapping point proved themselves so intelligent with sheep that they did everything but confer their own awards. The advent of the Shetland sheepdog, too, might set people thinking—a miniature collie from the same island where they produce the pocket-size pony, a little fellow who stands from twelve to fifteen inches at the shoulder and is nobody's fool about noses and ruffs.

One couldn't close the list without including two dogs, opposites in temperament, teammates for beauty, both of them so distinctive in appearance that each finds supporters who claim that his coat is the grandest creation ever worn by any dog—the Samoyed and the chowchow.

The Sammy is as white as the North he comes from, and his eyes are dark. He doesn't eat much, but he isn't fussy about what comes to his plate, and he could drive a herd of reindeer on what a St. Bernard spills around. His disposition is as lily-pure as his wagging tail, and he loves everybody that his family approves, from the grocer's boy on up. Though his ancestors came from the wide open spaces, he lives content in a small town, a big city or anywhere else that his people are—a most adaptable dog.

Toy Dogs

The chow is a set-up so different that it's a pity he looks like a roly-poly teddy bear as a pup—people are apt to be deceived into thinking they can hug him through life. To say that he grows up aloof, proud and totally Eastern is to put it mildly. Always and to the end he has his reserves even to the man he calls master. Perhaps he's the greatest study in dog psychology that ever wrapped itself in a spectacular robe and retired for meditation. No mere dog-lover ought to pick a chow—only a person of the student type who is willing to live and learn.

Passing from dogs of ordinary size to toys means a big jump in the owner's requirements—a temperamental hurdle to a great many people who fail to recognize that brains may come in a miniature container and be just as sharp for all that. The most popular toy is, of course, the Pekingese, who packs a tremendous amount of character in a small compass. The Chinese call him "little lion dog," and his courage is so extreme as to be laughable, pathetic or wholly admirable, according to how you look at it. Objectionable specimens who snap, wheeze and put on the figures of Victorian matrons are directly traceable to their owners—ladies who frequently have the same three faults. Pekes don't need to be pampered—a well-known breeder turns hers out in the winter to play in the snow, and what a grand time they have nobody knows who hasn't seen them at it. Even the Chihuahuas, those elfin creatures the best of whom seldom weigh over a pound and a quarter and sometimes less than a pound, have been known to live wild in the Mexican desert and hunt their own game. Compared to such tininess, the griffon, weighing five or six pounds, is a huge and hairy monster. His embattled owners will tell you that he's simply made of intellect, and anyone who has noticed the human expression in his watchful eyes is inclined to think there may be something in it.

Adoption Row

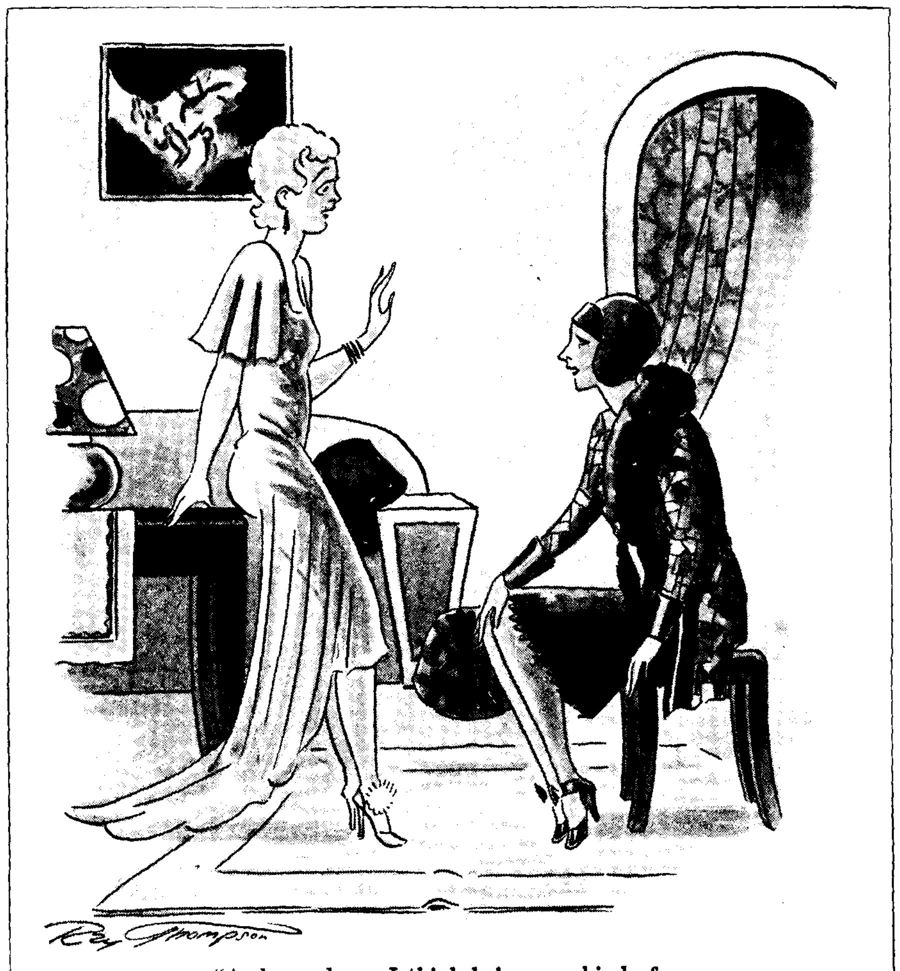
All this time we've been talking as though we thought everybody had fifty dollars for a pup, not to mention excess financial baggage to squander on dressing him up—but you and I know too well that this isn't the case. So, for our final bid of dog education, let's slip round and attend the pet show at the Speyer Hospital for Animals. Upstairs the work in the spotless wards and the dispensary runs along with scientific accuracy not to be beaten anywhere, but on the ground floor there always have been, and there always will be, the obscure dramas of Adoption Row. Here come the strays—dogs that are good, near-good and frankly mongrel. The hospital gives them sanctuary, treats them free if they're sick and opens its doors to anyone who wants a dog and doesn't mind how mongrel his make-up may be. Official visitors investigate the homes of prosperous owners both before and after dogs are adopted, and once a year a pet show is held to encourage the best of all possible care.

On a bright Sunday afternoon the place is crowded—big dogs and little dogs, dogs whose owners have given them grand collars and leashes, dogs who sport bows of candy-box ribbon because nothing more costly can be considered—every dog shining clean and combed as though he had a valet all to himself. The prize for the "Jolliest Tail Wagger" goes to a dog whose friendly signal spins round and round like an electric fan. The one for the "Dog Showing the Best Care" is proudly carried off by a beautiful creature who might have been a Maltese if he didn't look so much like a Yorkshire terrier—only they've cut him a bang over his eyes that would give the Kennel Club fits. A Sealy who just misses complete Sealyhood gets the ribbon and the money that go to the entry of purest breed.

Then there's a pregnant pause. The judge—a real dog-man, accustomed to *nothing* but pure-breeds—clears his throat and announces that the next prize is for the "Dog Showing the Most Breeds." A lot of the owners won't enter for this; perhaps they hug fond delusions. But a little boy steps forward firmly, carrying a dog with a long fluffy coat of soft dove-gray. To the uninitiated he might be something very choice, recently imported and soon to achieve renown. But the judge's eyes widen and you can see him doing mental arithmetic—poodle, Old English sheepdog, Spitz or Sammy . . . his brain reels before the possibilities presented by the firm little boy and calm gray dog. He doesn't look at the near-collie, the hybrid Airedale or the fox-terrier-hound. He says, "The prize goes to this one"—but he doesn't try to name it, since nobody could.

Things They Don't Know

The ribbon is blue and coins clink in the small round box. The boy's chin is up and his eyes have a queer exalted look—pride, shyness, defiance. He'd fight the kennel clubs of all the world to keep that dog who can't be named. . . . The kennel clubs are wiser than Solomon and richer than Crœsus in dog lore, but maybe there are things they don't know.



"And, my dear—I think he's some kind of an engineer—he left blue prints on my neck!"

GOOD LOOKS — FINE QUALITY THRILLING PERFORMANCE

It is easy to see why the finer De Soto Six and the new De Soto Straight Eight are so universally and increasingly popular. Both of these splendid cars definitely, and by a wide margin, excel in the four things most sought for in motoring — smart design, fine quality, outstanding performance and low price. ¶ The power range of both cars is extraordinary—great power coupled with flashing speed and serene smoothness — a Six and an Eight both distinguished for amazing ability on the road. ¶ Make a close-up study of De Soto beauty. Look at De Soto luxury. Step inside either the Six or the Eight and sense its roomy, restful comfort. Drive one and see how easily it handles. A few minutes at the wheel of a De Soto and the truth will be impressed on you that De Soto is today's great value-giver in both the six-cylinder and eight-cylinder fields.

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THE DE SOTO STRAIGHT EIGHT -- THE FINER DE SOTO SIX

The Singing Shave

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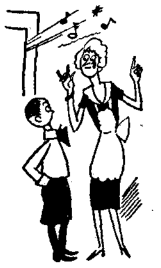

A strange warble comes from the bathroom . . . "Mother, why is father singing so early in the morning?" . . . "He has discovered the Ever-Ready Blade, son—and joined the Singing Shavers" . . . Good for father. Ever-Ready's keen edge will add speed to his shave, comfort to his face, and sweetness to his disposition. And he will get many more shaves from each blade . . . You, too, should be a Singing Shaver. Buy Ever-Ready Blades today.

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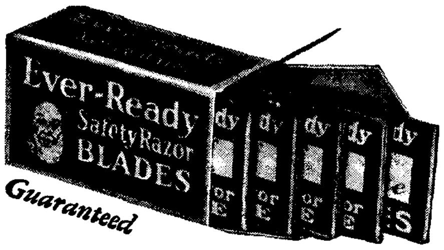


Big Money

Continued from page 17

"H'm!" he said again.

"What do you mean?"

"Sounds thin to me," said the captain.

"What does?"

"What he says he wants that property for."

"Seemed all right to me."

"Ah, but you're a fool," the captain pointed out dispassionately. "If you want to know what I think, I'd say at a guess that a new reef of copper had been discovered."

"Not on this claim," said Mr. Hoke. "I happen to know the one he means. I was all over those parts a few years ago. I know this Dream Come True, which is its fool name. A fellow named Higginbottom, a prospector from Burr's Crossing, staked it out a matter of ten years back. And from that day to this no one's ever had an ounce of copper out of it. I shouldn't say it had ever been worked after the first six months."

"But they've been working the Horned Toad."

"Of course they've been working the Horned Toad."

"Suppose they had struck a vein and found that it went on into this property next door?"

"Chee!" said Mr. Hoke, his none-too-active brain stirring for the first time.

"I've heard of cases."

"*I've* heard of cases," said Mr. Hoke.

He stared at his companion emotionally. Rainbow visions had begun to rise before him.

"I believe you're right," he said.

"That's the way it looks to me."

"There may be big money in this!"

"Ah!" said the captain.

"Now, see here . . ." said Mr. Hoke.

He lowered his voice cautiously and began to talk business. From time to time Captain Kelly nodded wooden approval.

AND so in due course, in the blue and apricot twilight of a perfect May evening, Ann Moon arrived in England with a hopeful heart and ten trunks and went to reside with Lady Vera Mace at her cozy little flat in Davies Street, Mayfair. And presently she was busily engaged in the enjoyment of all the numerous amenities which a London season has to offer.

She lunched at the Berkeley, tea-ed at Claridge's, dined at the Embassy, supped at the Kit-Kat.

She went to the Cambridge May Week, the Buckingham Palace Garden Party, the Aldershot Tattoo, the Derby, and Hawthorn Hill.

She danced at the Mayfair, the Bat, Sovrani's, the Café de Paris, and Bray's on the River.

She spent week-ends at country houses in Bucks, Berks, Hants, Lincs, Wilts, and Devon.

She represented an Agate at a Jewel Ball, a Calceolaria at a Flower Ball, Mary Queen of Scots at a Ball of Famous Women Through the Ages.

She saw the Tower of London, Westminster Abbey, Madame Tussaud's, Buck's Club, the Cenotaph, Limehouse, Simpson's in the Strand, a series of races between consumptive-looking greyhounds, another series of races between goggled men on motorcycles, and the penguins in St. James's Park.

She met soldiers who talked of horses, sailors who talked of cocktails, poets who talked of publishers, painters who talked of sur-realism, absolute form and the difficulty of deciding whether to be architectural or rhythmical.

She met men who told her the only possible place in London to lunch, to dine, to dance, to buy an umbrella; women who told her the only possible place in London to go for a frock, a hat, a pair of shoes, a manicure and a permanent wave; young men with systems for winning money by backing second favorites; middle-aged men with systems that needed constant toning-up with gin and vermouth; old men who quavered compliments in her ear and wished their granddaughters were more like her.

And at an early point in her visit she met Godfrey, Lord Biskerton, and one Sunday morning was driven down by him in a borrowed two-seater to inspect the ancestral countryseat of his family, Edgeling Court, in the county of Sussex.

They took sandwiches and made a day of it.

THERE are those who maintain that the inhabitants of Great Britain are a cold, impassive race, not readily stirred to emotion, and that to get real sentiment you must cross the Atlantic. These would have solid support for their opinion in the sharply contrasting methods employed by the Courier-Intelligencer of Mangusset, Maine, and its older-established contemporary, the Morning Post of London, England, in announcing—some six weeks after the date on which this story began—the engagement of Ann Moon to Lord Biskerton.

Mangusset was the village where Ann's parents had their summer home, and the editor of the Courier-Intelligencer, whose heart was in the right place and who had once seen Ann in a bathing suit, felt—justly—that something a little in the lyrical vein was called for. This, accordingly, was the way in which he hauled up his slacks—and he did it, which makes it all the more impressive, entirely on buttermilk. For, though the evidence seems all against it, he was a lifelong abstainer.

"The bride-to-be" (wrote ye Ed.) "is a girl of wondrous fascination and remarkable attractiveness, for with manner as enchanting as the wand of a siren and disposition as sweet as the odor of flowers and spirit as joyous as the caroling of birds and mind as brilliant as those glittering tresses that adorn the brow of winter and with heart as pure as dewdrops trembling in a coronet of violets, she will make the home of her husband a Paradise of enchantment like the lovely home of her girlhood, so that the heaven-toned harp of marriage, with its chords of love and devotion and fond endearments, will send forth as sweet strains of felicity as ever thrilled the senses with the rhythmic pulsing of ecstatic rapture."

The Morning Post, in its quiet, hard-boiled way, confined itself to a mere recital of the facts. No fervor. No excitement. Not a tremor in its voice. It gave the thing out as unemotionally as on another page it had stated that the boys and girls of Birchington Road School, Crouch End, had won the championship and challenge cup for infant percussion bands at the North London Musical Festival held in Kentish Town.

Thus:

MARRIAGE ANNOUNCEMENTS

The engagement is announced between Lord Biskerton, son and heir of the Earl of Hoddesdon, and Ann Margaret, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Moon of New York City.

Sub-editors get that way in London. After a few years in Fleet Street they become temperamentally incapable of seeing any difference between a lot of infants tootling on trombones and a man and a maid starting out hand in hand on the long trail together. If you want to excite a sub-editor, you must be a Mystery Fiend and slay six with a hatchet.

But if the Morning Post was *blasé*, plenty of interest was aroused among the public that supports it. In a hundred beds a hundred young men stopped sipping a hundred cups of tea in order to give that notice their undivided attention. To some of these the paragraph had a sinister and an ominous ring. They concentrated their minds, such as they were, on the frightful predicament of the bridegroom-elect and, muttering to themselves "My God!" turned to the racing page with an uneasy feeling that nowadays no man was safe.

But there were others—and these formed a majority—who sank back on their pillows and stared wanly at the ceiling—silk pajama-clad souls in torment. They mused on the rottenness of everything, reflecting how rotten, if you came right down to it, everything was. They pushed aside the thin slice of bread-and-butter: and when their gentleman's personal gentlemen entered babbling of spats, were brusque with them—in eleven cases telling them to go to the devil.

For these were the young men who had danced with Ann and dined with Ann and taken Ann to see the penguins in St. James's Park and who, if they had happened to read the Mangusset Courier-Intelligencer, would have considered the editor a writer of bald and uninspired prose who did not even begin to get a grasp of his subject.

Ann Moon, in her progress through the London season, had undoubtedly made her presence felt. A girl cannot go about the place for a month and a half with a manner as enchanting as the wand of a siren without bruising a heart or two.

IN THE dining-room of The Nook, Mulberry Grove, Valley Fields, S. E. 21, Berry Conway came on the notice while skimming the paper preparatory to the morning dash for London on the 8:45. He was finding some difficulty in reading, owing to the activities of the Old Retainer, who had a habit of drifting in and out of the room during breakfast, issuing the while a sort of running bulletin of matters of local interest.

Mrs. Wisdom was plump and comfortable. She gazed at Berry with stolid affection, like a cow inspecting a turnip. To her, he was still the infant he had been when they had first met. Her manner toward him was always that of wise Age assisting helpless Youth through a perplexing world. She omitted no word or act that might smooth the path for him and shield him against life's myriad dangers. In winter, she thrust unwanted hot-water bottles into his bed. In summer, she would speak freely, not mincing her words, of flannel next to the skin and of the wisdom of cooling off slowly when the pores had been opened.

"Major Flood-Smith," said the Old Retainer, alluding to the retired warrior resident at Castlewood, next door but one, "was doing Swedish exercises in his garden early this morning."

"Yes?"

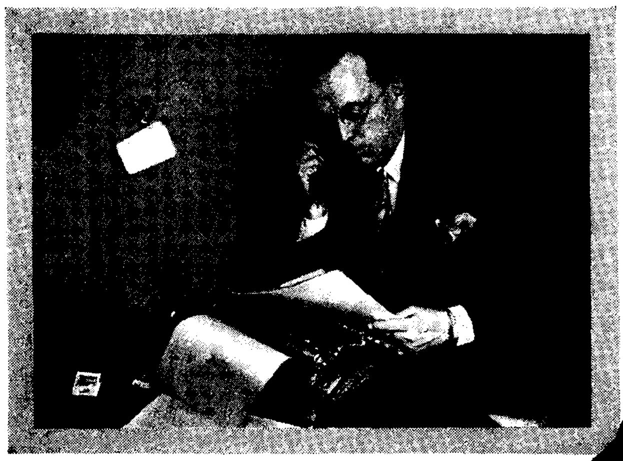
"And the cat at Peacehaven had a sort of fit."

Berry speculated absently on the mysteries of cause and effect.

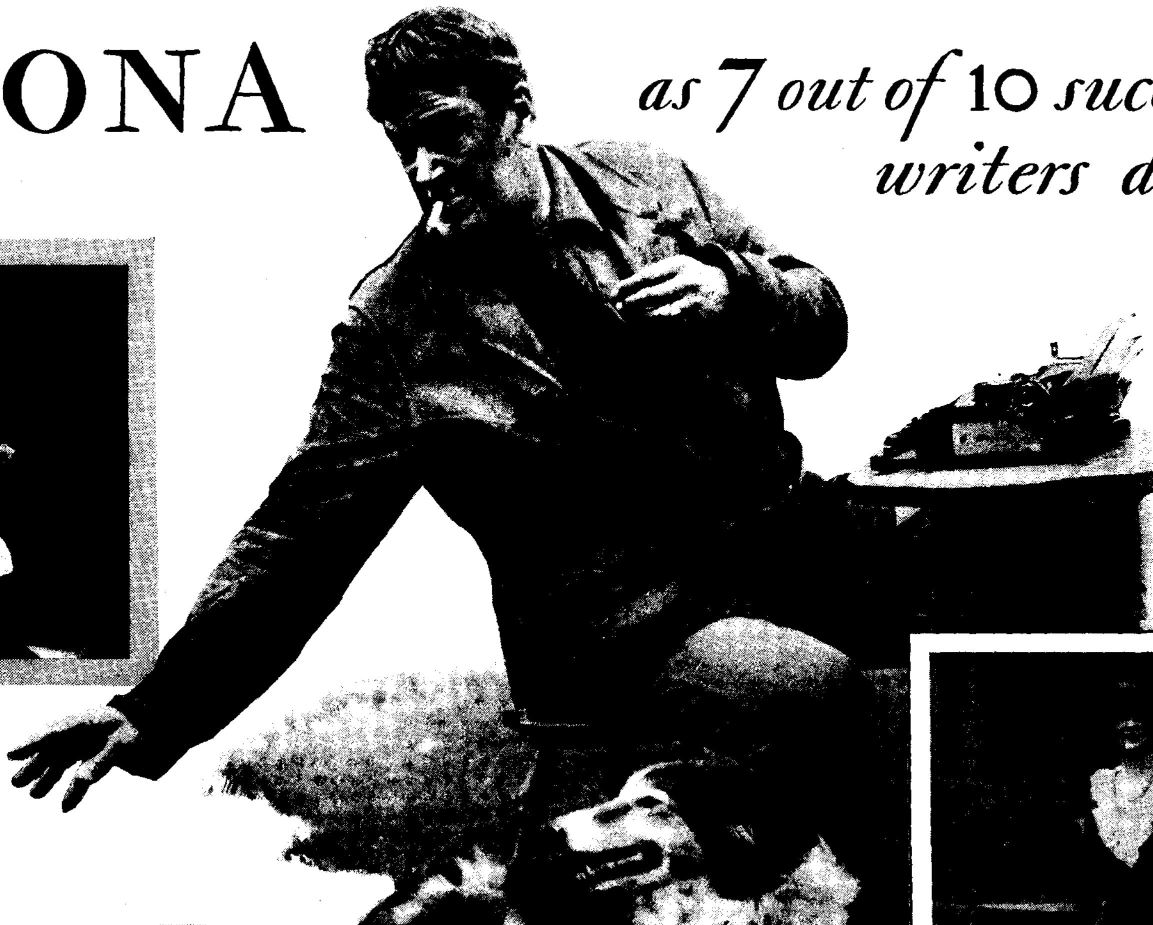
"I hear Mr. Bolitho's firm is sending

(Continued on page 42)

WRITING *is their* JOB . . . *and they choose the* CORONA *as 7 out of 10 successful writers do . . .*



DAMON RUNYON, who, in his own words, was "the first sporting writer to carry a Corona portable typewriter into a big league press stand." He adds, "In a few months they all had them, and you rarely see a sports writer without his faithful Corona."



AT RIGHT

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE, collie and all. "I have six Coronas," he reports. "I have never owned any other kind of typewriter, except one which I used for a day, and then discarded."

LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE, author of "The Trembling Flame," "Speaking of Women," and many other novels, considers the Corona "an indispensable part of my equipment."

Everyone has writing of some kind to do. Here's ALICE LOCKWOOD ANDREWS, teacher in the Benjamin School for Girls and graduate student at Columbia. She says, "Nine years ago, when I was an inexperienced teacher in Monona, Iowa, I started to use a Corona, and it has been on the job ever since."

"Most of the famous writers that I know prepare their manuscripts on a Corona portable typewriter." This statement was recently made by the editor-in-chief of one of America's greatest magazines.

Thousands of typewritten stories and articles cross his desk every year. The most successful authors and journalists are among his contributors. And his acquaintance extends to almost the entire literary world of America.

And yet he is unable to name many writers of note who do not use a Corona!

Endures hard use

Why? Simply because the Corona stands up (on its own four feet, too—not on the bottom of its case) to the hard use that professional writers give it.

Anyone can operate a Corona, and there is no need for anyone to know how to mend it, because it never gets out of order. Its construction is simpler than that of any other portable typewriter, and yet, without being a miniature edition of a big typewriter, it can do everything a big typewriter can do.

And some things a big typewriter can't—such as harmonize with the furnishings of a library or a bedroom, occupy a small space, fit into a case and be carried about. Many attractive colors.

Small down payment

Try a Corona for a week, free of charge. Your dealer will gladly lend you one. Ask him about the easy payment plan. Corona is now supplied in three models:

CORONA SPECIAL, $39.50 (the compact folding typewriter)

CORONA STANDARD, $60.00 (with four-row, single-shift keyboard)

CORONA PROFESSIONAL, $65.00 (with tabulating key)

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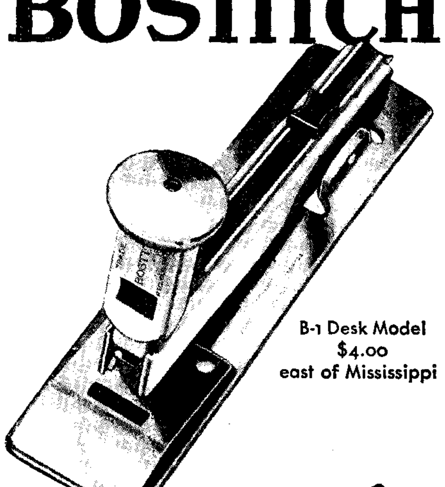

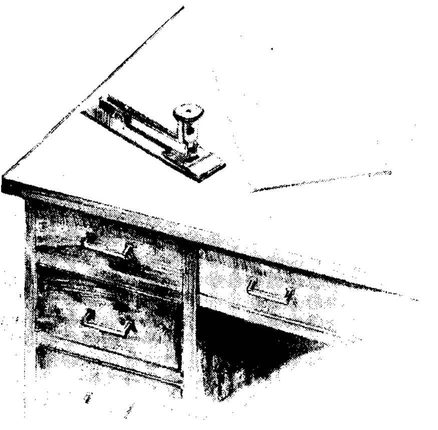

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The Bostitch way is the surest way to keep related papers together—safe from loss, safe from catching on to other papers. Although securely fastening the papers, the staples can easily be removed when desired.

The Bostitch fastener, a product of the world's largest manufacturer of wire fastening machines and staples, is made of steel throughout with every wearing part hardened, extremely light in weight and easy to operate.

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Address ______

City ______ State ______

Big Money

Continued from page 40

him to Manchester. Muriel-at-Peacehaven told me. He wants to let Peacehaven furnished. I think he ought to put an advertisement in the papers."

"Not a bad idea. Ingenious."

Something in the passage attracted Mrs. Wisdom's attention. She drifted out, and Berry heard umbrella-stands falling over. Presently she drifted in again.

"After the major had gone his niece came out and picked some flowers. A sweetly pretty girl, I always say she is."

"Yes?"

"And what's funny is, she was looking quite happy."

"Why was that funny?"

"Why, Master Berry! Surely I told you about her? Her sad story?"

"I don't think so," said Berry, turning the pages. She probably had, he thought, but she told him so much local gossip—taking, as she did, a ghoulish relish in every disaster that happened to everybody in the suburb—that he had developed a protective deafness.

Mrs. Wisdom clasped her hands and threw up her eyes, the better to do justice to the big scoop.

"Well, really, I can't imagine how I came not to tell you. I had it all from Gladys-at-Castlewood, and she got it partly by listening while waiting at table and the rest of it one evening when the young lady came down to the kitchen and wanted to know if the cook could make something she called fudge and then she stayed on herself and made this fudge, which seems to be a sort of soft toffee, and told them her sad story while stirring up the sugar and butter."

"Ah?" said Berry.

"The young lady has come over from America. Her mother is the major's sister, who married an American, and they live in a place near New York, which is called, though you can hardly believe it, Great Neck. Well, I mean, what a name to call a place. And Great Neck, it seems, Master Berry, is full of actors and the young lady her name is Katherine Valentine was foolish enough to think she had fallen in love with one of them and wanted to marry him and he wasn't anybody really as he only acted small parts and her father of course was furious and he sent her over here to stay with the major in the hope that she might be cured of her infatuation."

"Ah?" said Berry. "Good Lord! Look at this! The Biscuit has gone and jumped off the dock! Biskerton. Fellow I was at school with."

"Committed suicide?" cried Mrs. Wisdom delightedly. "How dreadful!"

"WELL, not exactly suicide. He's engaged to be married. To an American girl. Ann Margaret, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas L. Moon of New York."

"Moon?" Mrs. Wisdom wrinkled her forehead. "Now I wonder if that is the same young lady Gladys-at-Castlewood told me Miss Valentine told her about. Miss Valentine traveled over on the boat with a Miss Moon, and I feel sure Gladys told me that she told her that her name was Ann. They became great friends. Miss Valentine told Gladys that her Miss Moon was a very nice young lady. Very pretty and attractive."

"The Morning Post doesn't mention that. Still, if she's pretty and attractive, I may be wronging the Biscuit in thinking he is selling himself for gold."

"Why, Master Berry! What a thing to say of a friend of yours."

"Well, it's a bit of luck for him, anyway. I suppose this girl is rolling in money."

"I hope you won't ever marry for money, dear."

"Not me. I'm romantic. I'm one of those fellows who are practically all soul."

"I often say it's love that makes the world go round."

"I've never heard it put as well as that before," said Berry, "but I shouldn't wonder if you weren't absolutely right. Was that the clock striking? I must rush."

GEORGE, sixth Earl of Hoddesdon, father of the bridegroom-to-be, did not see his Morning Post till nearly eleven. He was a late riser and paper-reader. Having scanned the announcement with silent satisfaction, fingering at intervals the becoming gray mustache which adorned his upper lip, he put on a gray top hat and went round to see his sister, Lady Vera Mace.

"'Morning, Vera."

"Good morning, George."

"Well, I see it's in."

"The announcement? Oh, yes."

Lord Hoddesdon eyed her reverently. "How did you work it?" he asked.

"I?" His sister raised her eyebrows. "Work it?"

"Well, dash it," said Lord Hoddesdon, who, like so many of England's aristocracy, was prone to be a little unenthusiastic about his offspring, "don't tell me that a girl like Ann Moon would accept a boy like Godfrey unless somebody had put in the deuce of a lot of preliminary spadework."

"Naturally, I did my best to throw them together."

"You would."

"I told her as often as I could what a charming boy he was."

"You said that!" exclaimed Lord Hoddesdon, incredulously.

"Well, so he is, when he likes to be. At any rate, he can be quite amusing."

"He's never made me so much as smile," said Lord Hoddesdon. "Except once, when he tried to touch me for a tenner at Newmarket. Thank God he has found this girl."

Once more he inflated the chest beneath his perfectly cut waistcoat. He sighed a sigh of exquisite contentment, and his handsome face glowed.

"It'll be the first time the family has seen the color of real money," he said, "since the reign of Charles the Second."

There was a pause.

"George," said Lady Vera.

"Hullo?"

"I want you to attend to me very carefully, George."

Lord Hoddesdon surveyed his sister almost affectionately. He was seeing everything through rose-colored spectacles on this morning of mornings but, even making the necessary allowances for that, he was bound to admit that she looked extraordinarily attractive. Upon his word, felt Lord Hoddesdon, she seemed to get handsomer all the time. He made a mental calculation. Yes, well over forty, and anyone might take her for thirty-two. He was not at all sure that he liked the expression she was wearing at the moment. An odd expression. Rather hard.

"I want you to remember, George, that they are not married yet."

"Of course. Naturally not. Announcement's only just appeared in the paper."

"AND so will you please," proceeded Lady Vera, her beautiful eyes now definitely stony, "abandon your intention of calling on Mr. Frisby and asking him to oblige you with a small loan? It is just the sort of thing that might upset everything."

Lord Hoddesdon gasped.

"You don't imagine I would be fool enough to go touching Frisby?"

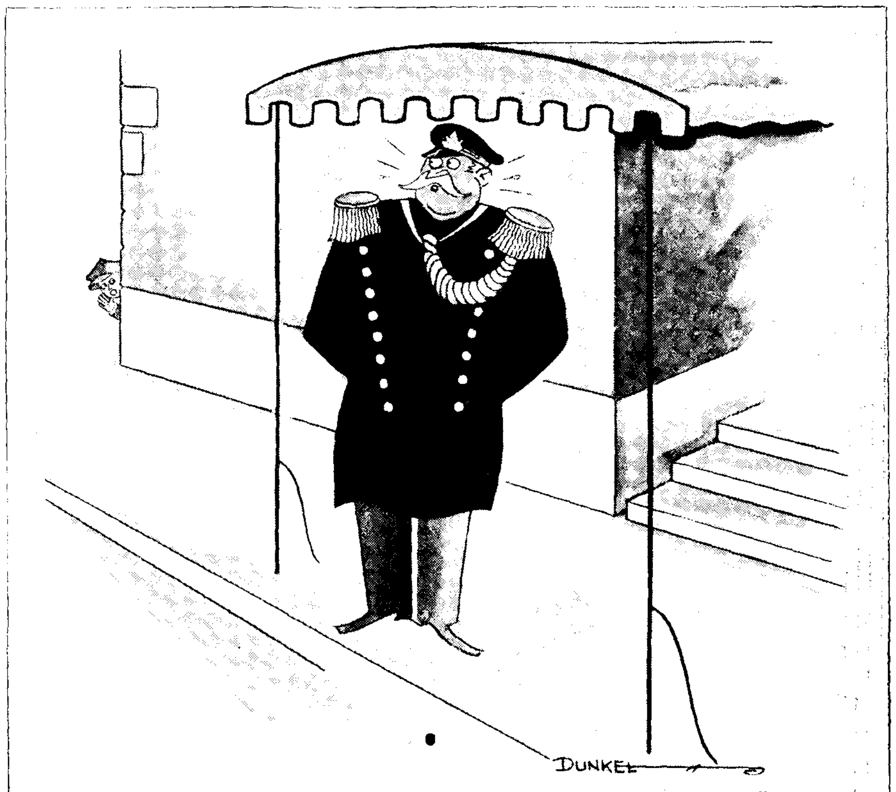
"Wasn't that your idea?"

"Of course not. Certainly not. I was thinking . . . Er—I was wondering . . . Well, to tell you the truth, it crossed my mind that *you* might possibly be willing to part with a trifle."

"It did, eh?"

"I don't see why you shouldn't," said Lord Hoddesdon plaintively. "You must have plenty. There's a lot of money in this chaperoning business. When you took on that Argentine girl three years

(*Continued on page 44*)



"Hey, Doc! Did you want mustard with that ham on rye?"

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The 1930 Pines Automatic Winterfront

The same sure protection from cold adopted by 25 leading manufacturers

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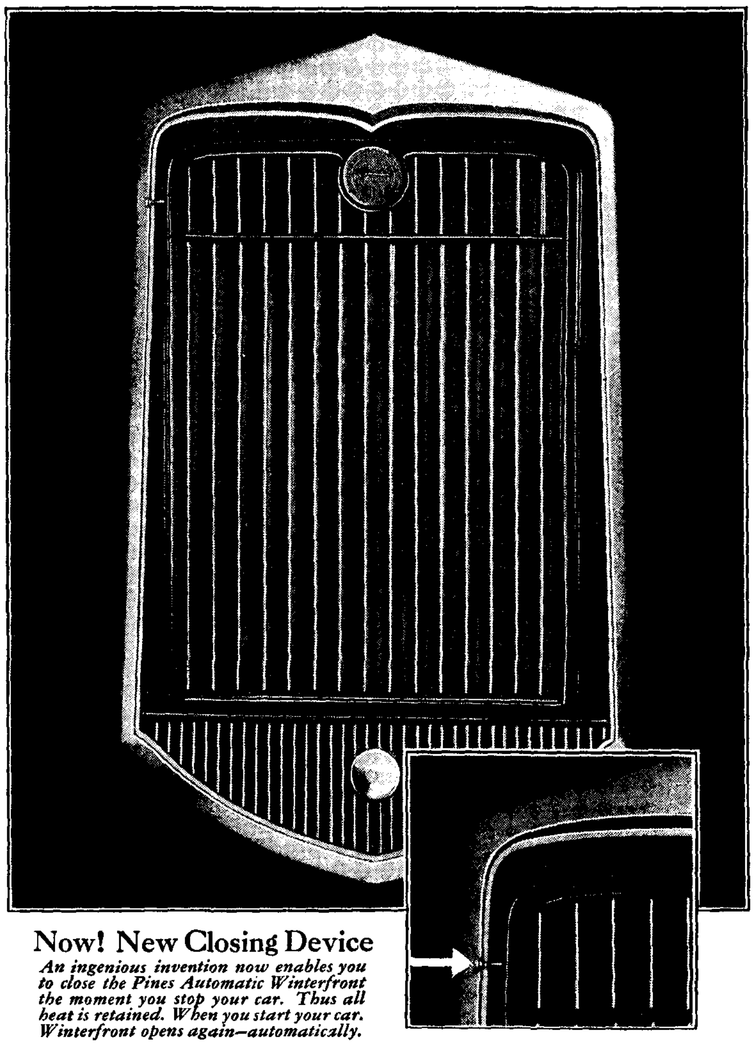

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An ingenious invention now enables you to close the Pines Automatic Winterfront the moment you stop your car. Thus all heat is retained. When you start your car, Winterfront opens again—automatically.

HERE'S great news for millions of automobile owners! Automatic motor protection—the type you see built-in on more than 25 leading cars—is now priced within reach of every owner. No longer need you accept a substitute and risk untold damage to your motor.

Bring your car up-to-date

The industry's leading engineers will tell you that no motor can operate safely, efficiently and smoothly in cold weather without automatic motor protection. No car can be called up-to-date without it.

The beautiful new Pines Automatic Winterfront is designed after the models built into costliest cars. The same streamline beauty. The same dependable action. The same vertical type shutters. And now—to place this vital motor protection within reach of every automobile owner—prices are substantially lowered. $15 buys the new type Winterfront for small cars—$20 for the larger cars.

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There is no higher authority than the engineers who build fine cars. 25 of the leaders will tell you a motor cannot operate safely and efficiently without automatic motor protection. They have learned the real facts in their own laboratories—on their own testing grounds. They build Pines Winterfronts into their cars because it's the *only* way yet discovered to guard costly motor mechanism against cold—to prevent excessive dilution, fouled spark plugs, "over-choking," high carbonization, deadly friction, and a score of cold-weather driving evils. No other method can accomplish the same result.

Beware of false economy!

The authority is overwhelming! You cannot trust this vital protection to memory. 25 great manufacturers bear the cost of installing Pines Winterfronts in their cars because they know the danger of cold. These cars represent the height of engineering accomplishment. Your car needs this vital protection. Go today—have the new Pines Automatic Winterfront installed. *Protect your motor!*

If you're buying a new car, beware of radiator obstruction and worthless substitutes which may be designed to "look like Pines Winterfronts." Millions who know will continue to demand a Winterfront equipped car—or a car built to permit quick, easy installation of the detachable model.

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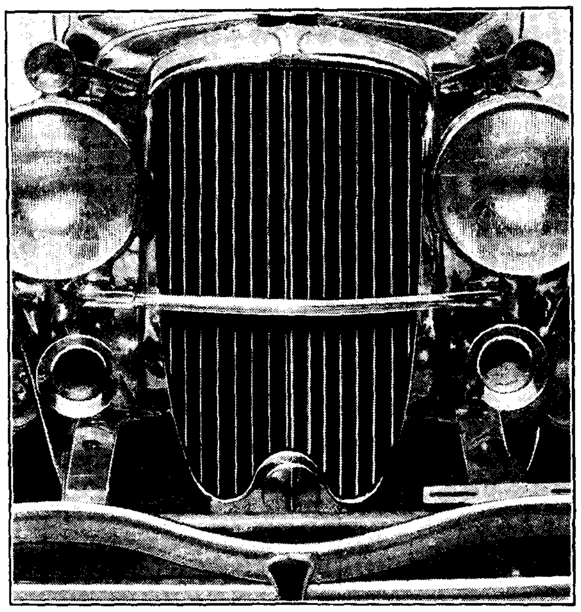

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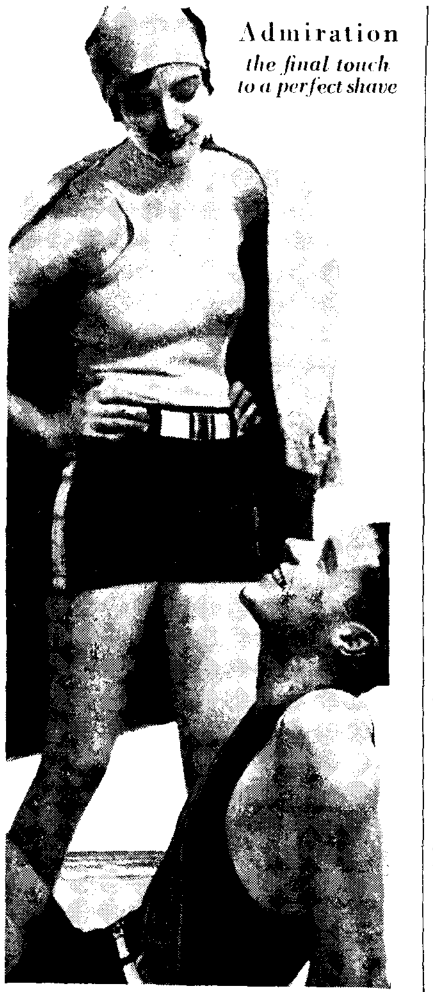
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THE ONE BLADE SAFETY

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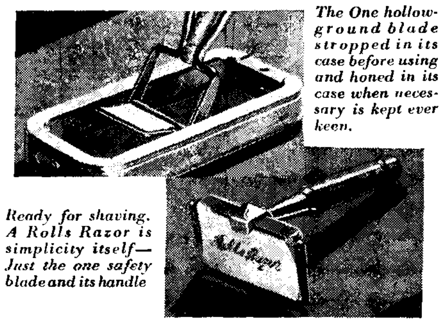
No longer will you have to waste your time or try your patience with innumerable packages of blades. The One Blade of a Rolls Razor properly handled will give you a lifetime of perfect shaves.

The first cost is the last. Ask your dealer to show you the Rolls Razor way and eliminate your shaving worries forever.



The One hollow-ground blade stropped in its case before using and honed in its case when necessary is kept ever keen.

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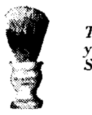

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Descriptive Folder Sent on Request

Big Money

Continued from page 42

ago, you got a couple of thousand pounds."

"I got fifteen hundred," corrected his sister. "In a moment of weakness—I can't imagine what I was thinking of—I lent you the rest."

"Er—well, yes," said Lord Hoddesdon, not unembarrassed. "That is, in a measure, true. It comes back to me now."

"It didn't come back to *me*—ever," said Lady Vera, in a voice that sounded, though not to her brother, like the tinkling of silver bells.

There was another pause.

"Oh, well, if you won't, you won't," said Lord Hoddesdon gloomily.

"No," agreed Lady Vera. "But I'll tell you what I will do. I was going to take Ann to lunch at the Berkeley, but Mr. Frisby has rung up to ask me to motor down to Brighton for the day, so I will give you the money and you can look after her."

Lord Hoddesdon felt a little like a tiger which has hoped for a cut off the joint and has been handed a cheese-straw, but he told himself with the splendid Hoddesdon philosophy that it was better than nothing.

"All right," he said. "I'm not doing anything. Hand over the tenner."

"The what?"

"Well, the fiver or whatever it may be."

"Lunch at the Berkeley," said Lady Vera, "costs eight shillings and sixpence. For two, seventeen shillings. Waiter, two shillings. Possibly Ann may like a lemonade or some water of some kind. Say two shillings again. Your hat-check sixpence. For coffee and unforeseen emergencies, half-a-crown. If I give you twenty-five shillings, that will be ample."

"Ample?" said Lord Hoddesdon.

"Ample," said Lady Vera.

Lord Hoddesdon fingered his mustache unhappily. He was feeling now as Elijah would have felt in the wilderness if the ravens had suddenly developed cutthroat business methods.

"But suppose the girl wants a cocktail?"

"She doesn't drink cocktails."

"Well, I do," said Lord Hoddesdon mutinously.

"No, you don't," said Lady Vera, the note of hardness in her aspect now grown quite striking.

LORD BISKERTON was not a reader of the Morning Post. The first intimation he received that the announcement of his betrothal had appeared in print was when Berry Conway rang him up from Mr. Frisby's office to congratulate him. He accepted his friend's good wishes in a becoming spirit and resumed his breakfast in a quiet and orderly manner.

He was busy on the marmalade when his father arrived.

It was not often that Lord Hoddesdon visited his son and heir, but in some mysterious way there had floated into his lordship's mind as he left Lady Vera's flat the extraordinary idea that Biskerton might possibly have a little cash in hand and be willing to part with some of it to the author of his being.

"Er—Godfrey, my boy."

"Hullo, guv'nor."

Lord Hoddesdon coughed.

"Er—Godfrey," he said, "I wonder . . . it so happens that I am a little short at the moment . . . I suppose you could not possibly . . ."

"Guv'nor," said the Biscuit, amusedly, "this is Today's Big Laugh. Don't tell me you've come to make a touch?"

"I thought . . ."

"What on earth led you to suppose I'd got a bean?"

"I fancied that possibly Mr. Frisby might have made you some small present."

"Why the dickens?"

"In celebration of the—er—happy event. After all, he is the uncle of your future bride. But, of course, if such is not the case . . ."

"Such," the Biscuit assured him, "is decidedly not. The old moth-eaten fossil to whom you allude, guv'nor, is the one man in this great city who never makes small presents in celebration of any happy event. His family motto is *Nil desperandum*—Never give up."

"Too bad," sighed Lord Hoddesdon. "I was hoping that you would be able to help me out. I am sorely in need of monetary assistance. Your aunt has asked me to take your fiancée to lunch at the Berkeley this afternoon, and her idea of expense-money is little short of Aberdonian. Twenty-five shillings!"

"LAVISH," said the Biscuit firmly. "I wish somebody would give me twenty-five bob. I've just a quid to see me through to the end of the month."

"As bad as that?"

"One pound two and twopence, to be exact."

"Still," Lord Hoddesdon pointed out, "you must remember that your prospects are now of the brightest. You have been wiser in your generation than I in mine, my boy." He stroked his mustache and heaved another regretful sigh. "As a young man," he said, "my great fault was impulsiveness. I should have married money, as you are so sensibly doing. How clearly I see that now. And I had my opportunity—opportunity pressed down and running over.

"For months after I succeeded to the title wall-eyed heiresses were paraded before me in droves. But I was too romantic, too idealistic. Your poor mother was at that time a humble unit of the Gaiety Theatre company, and after I had been to see the piece in which she was performing sixteen times I suddenly noticed her. She was standing on the extreme O. P. side. Our eyes met . . . Not that I regret it for a moment, of course," said Lord Hoddesdon. "As fine a pal as a man ever had. On the other hand . . . Yes, you have shown yourself a wiser man than your old father, my boy."

Several times during this address the Biscuit had given evidence of a desire to interrupt. He now spoke forcefully.

"I wish you wouldn't talk of Ann and wall-eyed heiresses without taking a long breath in between," he said, justly annoyed. "When you say I'm marrying money, it makes it sound as if the cash was all I cared about. Let me tell you, guv'nor, that this is love. The real thing. I'm crazy about Ann. In fact, when I think that a girl can be such a ripper and at the same time be so dashed rich, it restores my faith in the Providence which looks after good men. She's the sweetest thing on earth, and if I had more than one pound two and twopence I'd be taking her to lunch today myself."

"A charming girl," agreed Lord Hoddesdon. "How did you ever induce her to accept you?" he asked, a father's natural bewilderment returning.

"It was Edgeling that did it."

"Edgeling?"

"Edgeling. You may say what you like against our old ancestral seat, guv'nor—it costs a fortune to keep up and it's too big to let and a white elephant generally, but there's one thing about it—it's romantic. I proposed to Ann in the old bowling-green—we had driven down in Pobby Blaythwaite's two-seater—and it's my belief there isn't a girl in the world who could have held out in a setting like that. Doves were cooing, bees were buzzing, rooks were cawing, and the setting sun was gilding the ivied walls. No girl could have refused a fellow in such surroundings. Believe me, whatever its faults, Edgeling has done its bit and deserves credit."

"And, talking of credit," said Lord Hoddesdon, "it is pleasant to think that yours will now be excellent."

The Biscuit laughed bitterly.

"Don't you imagine it for an instant," he said vehemently. He indicated a pile of papers on the table. "Look at those."

"What are they?"

"Judgment summonses. If I hadn't a good, level head, I'd be in the County Court tomorrow."

Lord Hoddesdon uttered a startled cry.

"You don't mean that!"

"I do. Those fellows are out for blood. Shylock was a beginner compared with them."

"But, good God! Have you reflected? Do you realize? If you are taken into court, your engagement will be broken off. It is just the sort of thing that would appall a man like Frisby."

The Biscuit held up a soothing hand.

"Have no fear, guv'nor. I have the situation well taped out. Trust me to take precautions. Look here."

He went to a drawer, took something out, concealed himself for a swift instant behind the angle of the bookcase and emerged. And as he did so Lord Hoddesdon emitted a strangled cry.

HE MIGHT well do so. Except for the fact that he possessed his mother's hair, Lord Biskerton's appearance had never appealed strongly to the sixth Earl's esthetic sense. And now, with a dark wig covering that hair and a black beard hiding his chin, he presented a picture so revolting that a father might be excused for making strange noises.

"Bought 'em at Clarkson's yesterday," said the Biscuit, regarding himself with satisfaction. "On tick, of course. Some eyebrows go with them. How about it?"

"Godfrey . . . my boy . . ." Lord Hoddesdon's voice trembled, as a man's will in moments of intense emotion. "You look terrible. Shocking. Ghastly. Like an international spy or something. Take the beastly things off!"

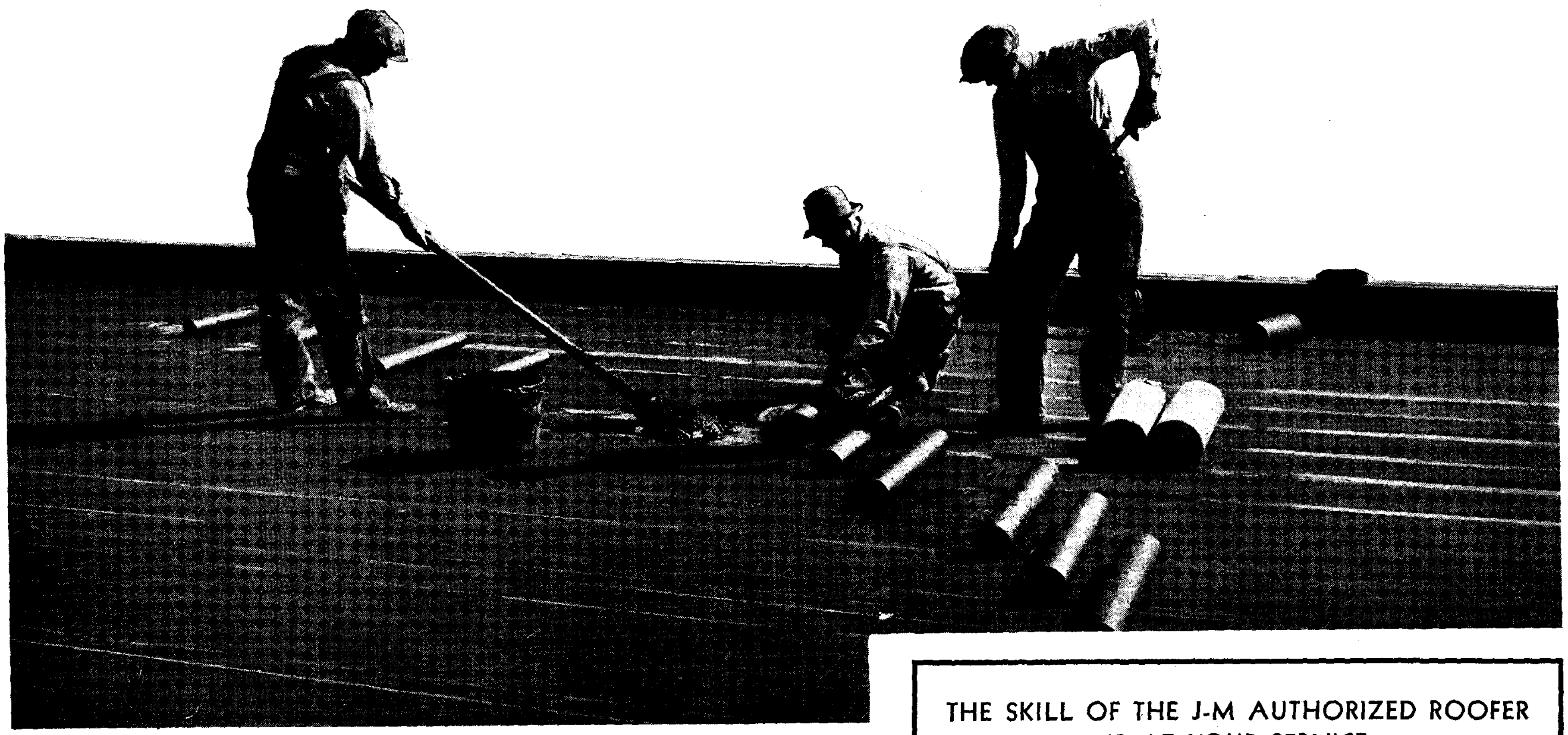
"But would you recognize me?" persisted his son. "That's the point. If, say, you were Hawes and Dawes, Shirts, Ties and Linens, twenty-three pounds four and six, would you imagine for an instant that beneath this shrubbery Godfrey, Lord Biskerton, lay hid?"

"Of course I should."

"I'll bet you wouldn't. No, not even if you were Dykes, Dykes and Pinweed, Bespoke Tailors and Breeches-Makers, eighty-eight pounds five and eleven. And I'll tell you how I'll prove it. You say you and Ann are lunching at the Berkeley. I'll be there, too, at a table as near yours as I can manage. And if Ann lets out so much as a single 'Heavens! It is my Godfrey!' I'll call a waiter, give him beard, wig and eyebrows, instruct him to have them fricasseed, and eat them."

Lord Hoddesdon uttered a faint moan and shut his eyes.

(To be continued next week)



IN 1950 THIS ROOF will still be doing its job

Your OWN BUILDINGS *can be given this same protection by your local* JOHNS-MANVILLE Roofer

IT is a waste of time and energy to worry about your roof. It is a waste of money to have a roof that requires maintenance. If you are responsible for the design or maintenance of any building you can free yourself of expense so far as roof maintenance is concerned. At a reasonable price you can have a roof that will protect your property—a roof that can be forgotten.

The Johns-Manville method of ending roofing expense is the solution. When you buy a J-M Built-up Roof you have the double assurance of knowing that not only are the materials perfectly suited to the service, but that these quality materials will be expertly installed on your roof by approved contractors trained in modern roofing methods. Johns-Manville, for years one of the world's leading producers of roofing, makes and guarantees the materials which will be used for your roof. These materials have been developed and tested during an experience extending for more than a generation. Their quality has been demonstrated by many years of service without maintenance expense, on buildings in all parts of the country.

Skilled Workmanship Essential

It is equally important to you that these materials be properly applied, that the work on your buildings be done in accordance with methods which experience has proved will insure maximum service. It is this all-important skill which your local J-M Roofer supplies. In each community he is selected by Johns-Manville, because of his experience and reputation. He sees that the work is done properly and efficiently. For your further protection each important step is checked by a Johns-Manville Roofing Inspector.

When your roof is completed you know that the materials are those developed and guaranteed by Johns-Manville, and that the work has been done by men trained in roofing application.

Materials made specially for the work, skilled application of these materials, the backing of our name—there in brief is the J-M Plan. Here surely is complete protection against possible loss.

We make more than twenty types of roofs. These provide for every roofing requirement. Many building owners and architects say that our suggestions have saved them large sums. Your local J-M Roofer, or our own representative, is always glad to discuss roofing with you.

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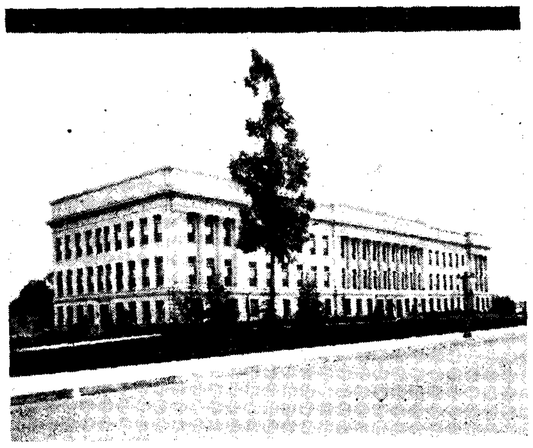
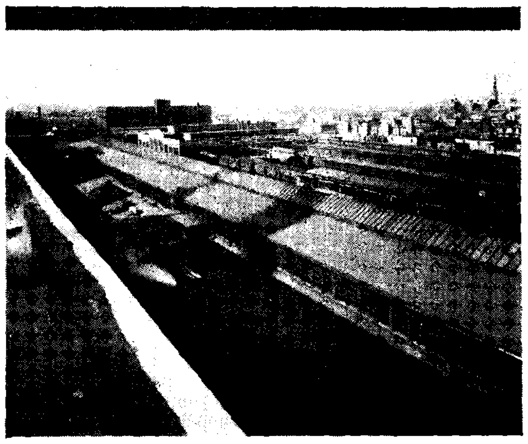
PICTURED ABOVE is the experienced crew of O. J. Brittingham Co., Johns-Manville Authorized Roofers at Newport News, Virginia, at work on an installation of a J-M Built-up Roof. These men have been carefully trained in the work of laying J-M Roofing Materials. In your own community there is a trained roofing specialist who, because of his skill, has been selected as a Johns-Manville Authorized Roofer. This man is a business neighbor of yours, who is known to you, or whose reputation you can easily learn. His experience is at your service. It is experience that can be of value to any person interested in roofing.



The J-M Built-up Roof on the San Bernardino (California) County Court House must resist surface temperatures well above 100° every month in the year.



J-M Built-up Roof on the South Philadelphia works of the Westinghouse Electric and Mfg. Co. There are nearly a million square feet of J-M Roofing on these large buildings.

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☐ *Send free copy of "Built-up Asbestos Roofs."* ☐ *Please arrange for a free inspection of my roof.*

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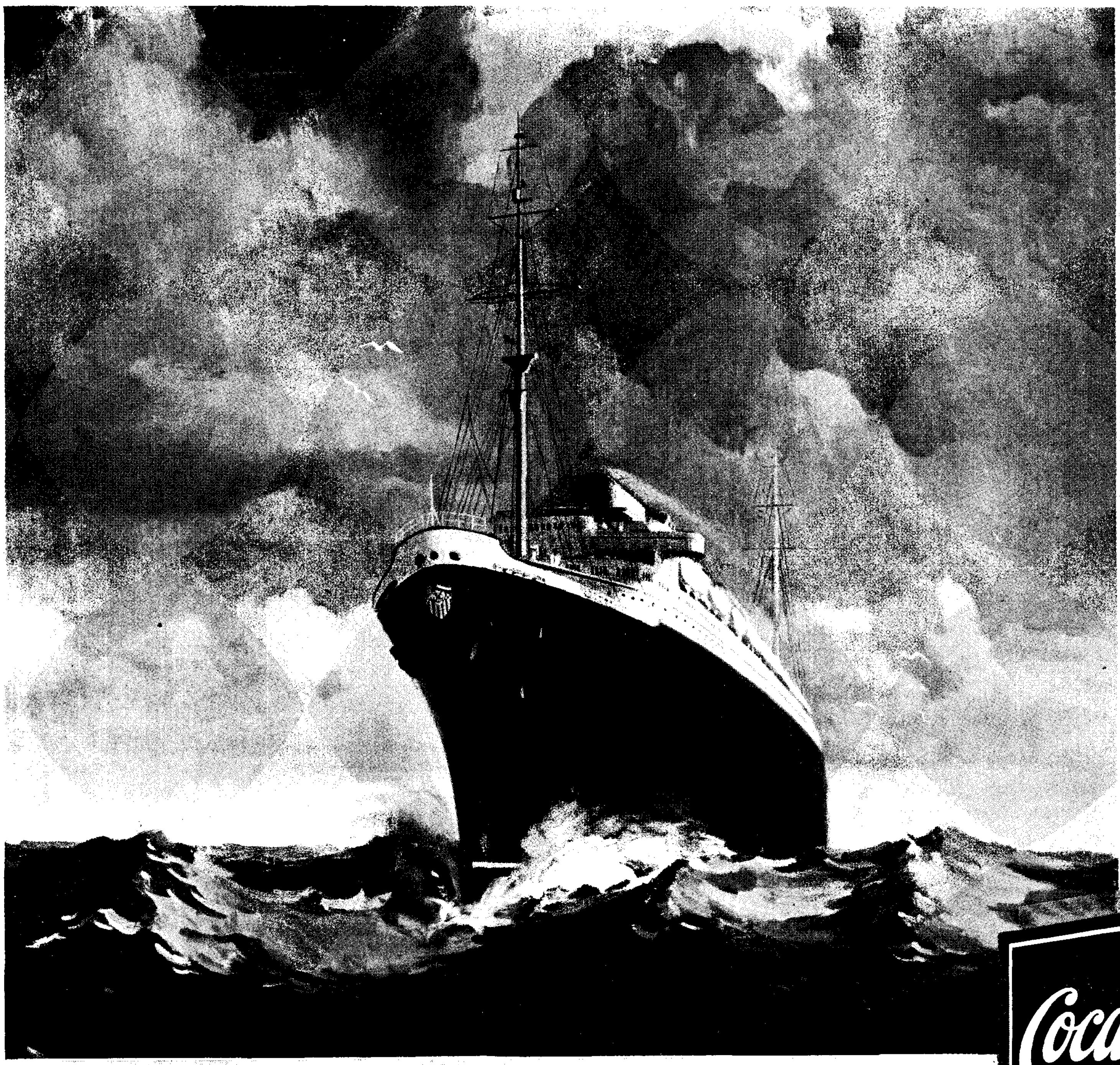

It had to be good to get where it is

Coca-Cola

The pause that refreshes on the fastest liner afloat

EUROPA, fastest liner afloat, excites the admiration of the world. It adds to speed luxurious comfort. Passengers take brisk walks around the long promenade, play games, dance. Inevitably, comes the need for *a refreshing pause.* And naturally, you find a cool and cheerful soda fountain serving ice-cold Coca-Cola. » » » Bremen, sister ship and rival for honors in speed, is similarly equipped. Today nearly all the popular ocean liners serve Coca-Cola. For years it has been a standby of the officers and men of the United States Navy. A pause for this drink, with that tingling, delicious taste and its cool after-sense of refreshment, sets you up for a fresh start, whether afloat or ashore.

THE BEST SERVED DRINK IN THE WORLD

A pure drink of natural flavors served ice-cold in its own glass and in its own bottle: The crystal-thin Coca-Cola glass that represents the best in soda fountain service. The distinctive Coca-Cola bottle you can always identify; it is sterilized, filled and sealed air-tight without the touch of human hands, insuring purity and wholesomeness. The Coca-Cola Company, Atlanta, Ga.

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NINE MILLION A DAY

Lovers' Lane

Continued from page 19

the effect was like being deep under dismal black waters. Dina could smell carbolic acid and old plumbing, and coffee made with the milk and sugar cooked in.

She went into a large, cement room, painted gray up to a line about four feet from the floor and white above. There were chairs and a long table and doors at each end. There were two persons in the room, a young boy sitting facing the door, who looked up sullenly as Dina came in, and a stout, elderly woman, who kept her back to the door. A prisoner and his mother.

Dina's guide went away, and after a few minutes she heard more door locks clanking, and saw Mont walking along one of the dimly lighted corridors beside an officer.

MONT was shabby, haggard, his face white, his eyes hollow; an utter weariness and heaviness were in every move of his long, thin body. Dina's heart seemed to turn to water when she saw him; she rushed forward, her own face white, her tears held back, and put her arms about him.

"Hello, Dina," Mont said lifelessly. His eyes were dull, vague; they moved with a sort of furtive fear about the room, walls, doors, barred window. Unshaven, unwashed, he looked stale and strange to her.

And yet he was Mont, and every fiber of her being yearned over him, ached for him in fierce loyalty and love.

She made him sit down sideways at the table, sat next him herself. A policeman stood within a few feet of them, quite openly listening, overseeing, but, although Mont kept glancing uneasily at him, Dina paid him no attention whatever.

"I asked them not to let you come here, Dina," Mont said, slowly. "I didn't—want you—mixed into all this."

Her anxious eyes were on his face. She saw strange discolorations there, blue rings, a bloodshot, lead-colored pocket under one eye. His left hand was bandaged and he moved as if his shoulder was sore. But saddest of all to her keen eyes was the brokenness, the hopeless, weary acceptance of all this degradation and humiliation.

He saw her look, and read it aright. The shadow of his old smile lighted his blue eyes as he said:

"I was just fool enough to think I could fight 'em!"

"Mont, this is all a horrible mistake," she faltered, at a loss for words.

"I wouldn't mind any of it if it wasn't for you, Dina," he said. "My God, what I've let you in for, since that night last June!"

"There've been good parts to it, too," she reminded him gallantly. And then, as the policeman glanced rather significantly at his watch, she went on hurriedly, "Mont, Elliot says you must have a lawyer. And he says he knows a good one who will take the case, and that unless someone else has already taken it he'll get in touch—"

"Someone else!" Mont echoed bitterly, interrupting her urgent, eager flow of words. "Who does he think wants it?"

"Well, one of the newspaper crowd might know of one," she answered dubiously. "One of our old friends—"

"Perry's crowd," Mont supplied simply.

"Well, but they all love you too, Mont! Mab and Lou and Bud and Cam Gruss and Tony—"

"I've been telephoning some of them," Mont said, with bitter significance. "I've tried it!"

Still staring vaguely, dully into space, through narrowed lids, he began to beat lightly with his free hand on the two square, hard young hands that were gripping his bandaged fingers.

"You're the only one I've got left!" he said thickly, in a low voice.

"I'm enough!" she answered stoutly, with a little tender, pitying laugh.

"Maybe they won't always let you see me, Dina," Mont said, "and I want you to know this: The only reason I wish I was out of this—the only thing I can't—"

He flung up his head, like a caged animal reaching for air.

"The only thing I can't stand," he said, "is thinking how I've thrown you down. And the only thing I want—want to get out of all this for is to show you—"

And now for the first time in all this nightmare interview he looked at her, bringing those desolated, sunken blue eyes piteously to her face.

"I'd like to show you that I'm a sport too, Dina, the way you are, that I can will-to-believe too, that I don't mind being poor and working hard for my girl—for my home—I was coming up to tell you so.

"I was going to say, 'Let's get out of all this—'

"Oh, Dina, it'd be so wonderful to be just alone with you again, and be cooking dinner, and laughing—

"They'll hang me," he ended in a whisper.

She felt her face blanch, felt her very soul blanch. But she heard herself say reassuringly, almost amusedly:

"Oh, Mont, *Mont*, don't lose your nerve! Why, this is only a sort of—a sort of form, Elliot says. He says that they have to have proof; *they* have to prove everything—not you."

"You see," Mont said slowly, painfully, in the pause, "I lied to them."

"Ah, why—*why* did you do that?"

"I don't know. Yellow, I guess. Funk. That's all it was."

"But," she said brightly, all maternal encouragement, "but you're telling the truth, *now?*"

"They don't believe it, though."

"They had 'Confesses' all over the papers."

"I didn't see the papers. But my saying that I was there, after I'd said that I hadn't been, and that Perry and I had quarreled; they think that's enough, Dina. They're going to call it murder."

"BUT you tell me something," she said, with a quick confidential movement of her head toward his, with her motherly little air of encouraging him. "You tell *me* something. You didn't—you didn't do it, Mont?"

"No, I didn't do it, Dina," he said simply.

"Who did, Mont?"

"Someone who came in there between the time I was talking to Perry and the time I went back and saw him lying on the floor."

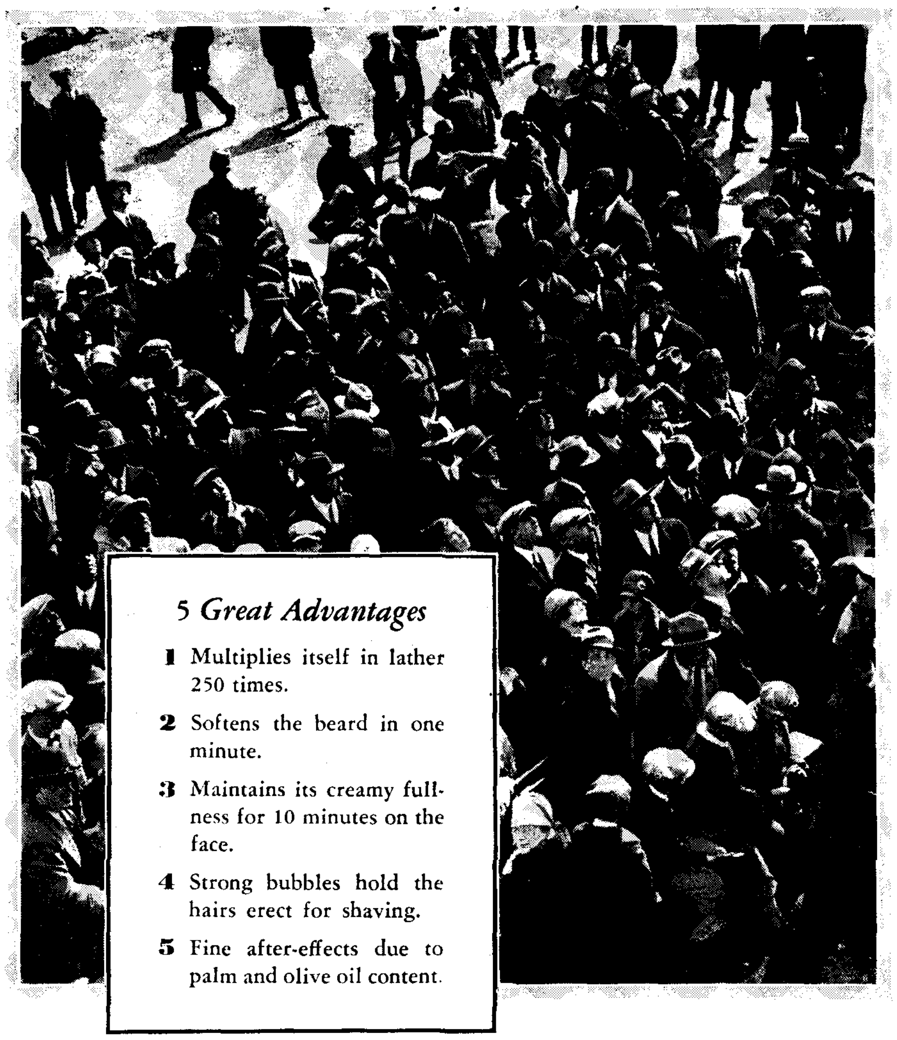
"You went back!"

"I went back. First when I left him I was going downstairs to see you; he'd scared me, talking about having me up on a charge of raising his check, and I was mad. When I got downstairs I heard someone talking to you; it was that fool Willy woman—"

"Madge? Oh, so she did! She came in."

"Well, so I hung around, waiting to see you alone. I was behind those fuchsias, back of the evergreens. And after a while I thought I'd go back and

(*Continued on page 48*)



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It won leadership through a policy of introducing it to men at our own risk. We told them "Don't buy yet—try it first and form your own opinion of its excellence." Eighty-six men in every hundred who tried were won to it.

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HaDees HOTWATER CAR HEATER

PATENT NOS. RE17131 AND 1746985

BLOWS HOT WHEN IT'S COLD
BLOWS COOL WHEN IT'S HOT

(*Continued from page 47*)

talk to Perry, tell him that I couldn't raise anyone's check, no matter how badly I needed money, tell him I didn't want to fight with him, see—and that I always remembered that he'd been my first friend here.

"So I went up the side steps and looked into the studio, and I saw smoke hanging in the air. I yelled for Chong, and I went a step in; the red lamp was lighted; he hadn't had any light when I was there—

"Then I saw him."

"I know," she said, swallowing, wetting her lips.

"It all came over me! I saw all this coming! I beat it. I came down to you—"

"Someone came in there while you were downstairs, Mont?"

"Someone must have."

"Could it have been Chong?"

"You know Chong. He's an old man. Why should he kill him?"

"How long was it, Mont?"

"Between the time I talked to Perry and the time I went back?"

"Was it ten minutes?"

"It was a lot more than that. It was half past four when I went into the studio, and I guess we didn't talk more than ten minutes. And it was just dark, remember, when I spoke to you?"

"It might have been half an hour?"

"It might have been three quarters."

The policeman touched her shoulder lightly, respectfully. Dina rose.

"Yes, yes, I'll go! Good-by, my dearest," she said, her arms tight about Mont again. He clung to her.

"Dina, get me out of this if you can!" he said hoarsely.

"I can," she said confidently. "I love you, Mont!"

"Oh, my God!" he said, with a desperate laugh.

With the quick acquiescence and dignity with which she had come in, Dina followed her guide out through the big doors, through the odorous dismal corridors, and so by a small rear door out into the cold evening street. She turned toward Bush Street, only a few blocks south. She was due at Solasso's now.

The cheap little restaurants and shops were very bright on Sunday evening. Chinatown swarmed and twinkled; laughing persons were going into the chop suey places. Drug stores along Kearny Street poured colored light into the street; windows were full of red plasters and red hot-water bottles; there was the usual crowd around the mechanical man, eternally winking and moving his head and shaving himself.

And at the corner stands where cigarettes and newspapers were sold there was the evening extra. "Brett—Brett—Brett—"

She saw a picture of Mont's dazed face, with the great discolorations on it and the tumbled waves of black hair above it.

And she saw the words "Held for Murder."

"It doesn't mean anything," Dina told herself, moving faster. "It has happened this way loads of times before. It's always happening! If he didn't do it, they'll *find* it out. I believe—I believe—I believe—"

MONT'S trial on a charge of murder lasted for eleven days. He had a good lawyer; when Mr. Polk was talking, Dina felt hopeful, and the hard, frightened beating of her heart eased a little. But whenever the district attorney or any one of his witnesses spoke, she was sick with fear again.

She sat close to Mont, sometimes leaning over to whisper to the lawyer. Mont rarely spoke to either, but on one morning when Dina was late it was noted that he shifted his position to watch the door.

It was January; the dreary Christmas vacation had intervened. Mont had been a month in jail. He did not look much like the man who had stood so happily, so confidently at the easel in Perry's studio a few weeks earlier, working with pastels, laughing, adored by everyone, and adoring everyone, and life.

The world knew it all now. There was no shelter left between his boyish boastful pretenses and the cruel wave of criticism and censure that broke and gathered and broke again over his head. He had borrowed money from Perry and idled, while his wife worked in a restaurant basement, washing dishes. He had followed Sonia to the south, had been, Sonia said, violent in his reproaches of her, violent in his threats.

SONIA was in court only one day. Trailed by photographers and reporters, veiled in black, striking, pale, nervous, she made but an incoherent witness. Mont did not look at her, but Dina, shabby in the old brown gown and the leaf-brown hat, watched her steadily. The district attorney was very gentle with Sonia.

Dina was not put on the stand at all, but Mont told his own story and endured a long and stinging cross-examination. He went through it all apathetically, apparently dazed. Sometimes the district attorney had to ask him the same question twice. Afterward Mont told Dina that his head ached.

"Ask him to give you some aspirin, Mont."

He looked at her for a long while, frowning slightly. Then tears came into his eyes.

"I'm so dead tired," he said to her, simply.

"I wish you could come home to Elliot's with me."

"You're staying there?"

"Yes. I had to stop working at Solasso's. But it'll all be over soon, now."

"Yep," he said more than once. "It won't go on forever."

"If it goes against us we're going to appeal, Mont."

His faint, weary frown again.

"I'd rather you wouldn't. It just drags it out."

Nothing that happened, nothing that she could say, roused him to animation or action. He accepted apathetically whatever suggestions his counsel made.

"But time does pass and we will get through this!" Dina said, over and over again.

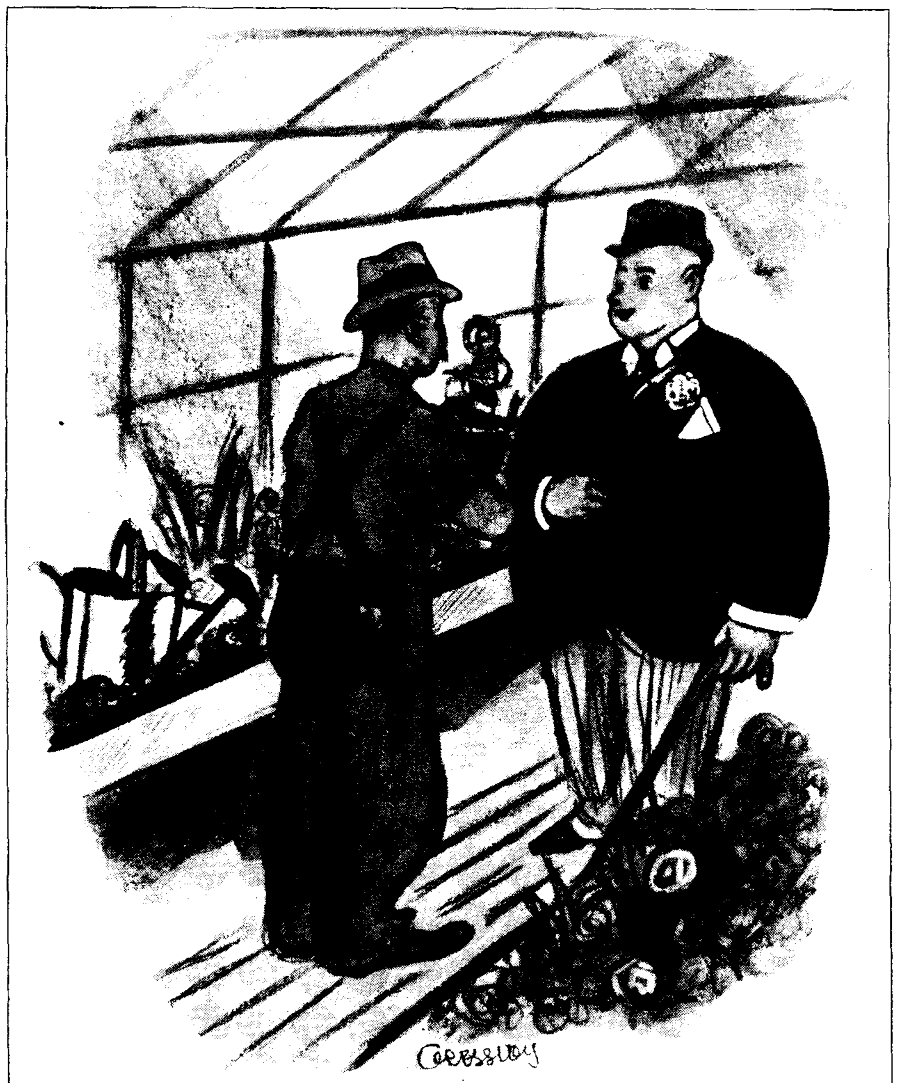
The second and third days were terrible, when the State's case was being presented, but on the following days there was a subtle change. Dina felt it; they all felt it, although perhaps no one of them could have expressed it. Certainly she could not.

From the judge himself down to the attendant policeman, there seemed to be a change in attitude toward Mont. He was put on the stand again for a few minutes, and the district attorney was not less scathing in his cross-fire of questions, nor Mont less fumbling, less awkward in his answers. But somehow Dina knew that the jury had somehow altered its position—only a little, perhaps quite unconsciously—yet the glint of hope was there.

THEY took Mont out of court, when the last frightful hours were over, the hour when Mont's attorney, William Polk, addressed the jury, the devastating hour of rebuttal from the flushed and vehement district attorney, the solemn moments when the old judge charged the twelve men and women in whose hands Mont's fate lay.

Then more hours went by, endless hours. The afternoon papers screamed that the Brett jury was out, and homegoing men and women lingered in the winter street to get the news. Dina

(*Continued on page 50*)



"Yes, that's very pretty, Mr. Brown, but I think I'll send a pot of mongolians."

The Music is *there*. . . .

But it takes FREEDOM FROM INTERFERENCE to bring it out

Millions of dollars are right now being invested in radio broadcasting.

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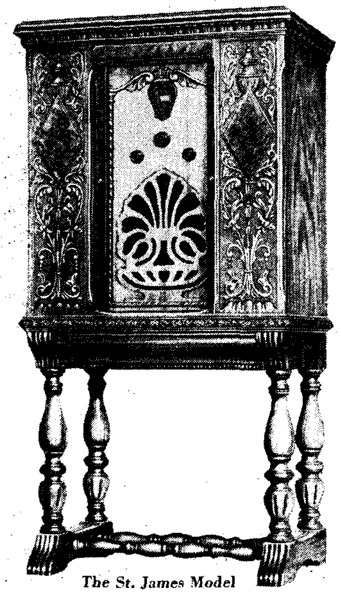
But no singer can sing when his mouth is ***gagged.*** Just as it takes freedom from interference to bring out the full rich tones of the voice, so does it take properly equipped radio to reproduce those tones when put on the air.



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STEWART-WARNER *Radio*

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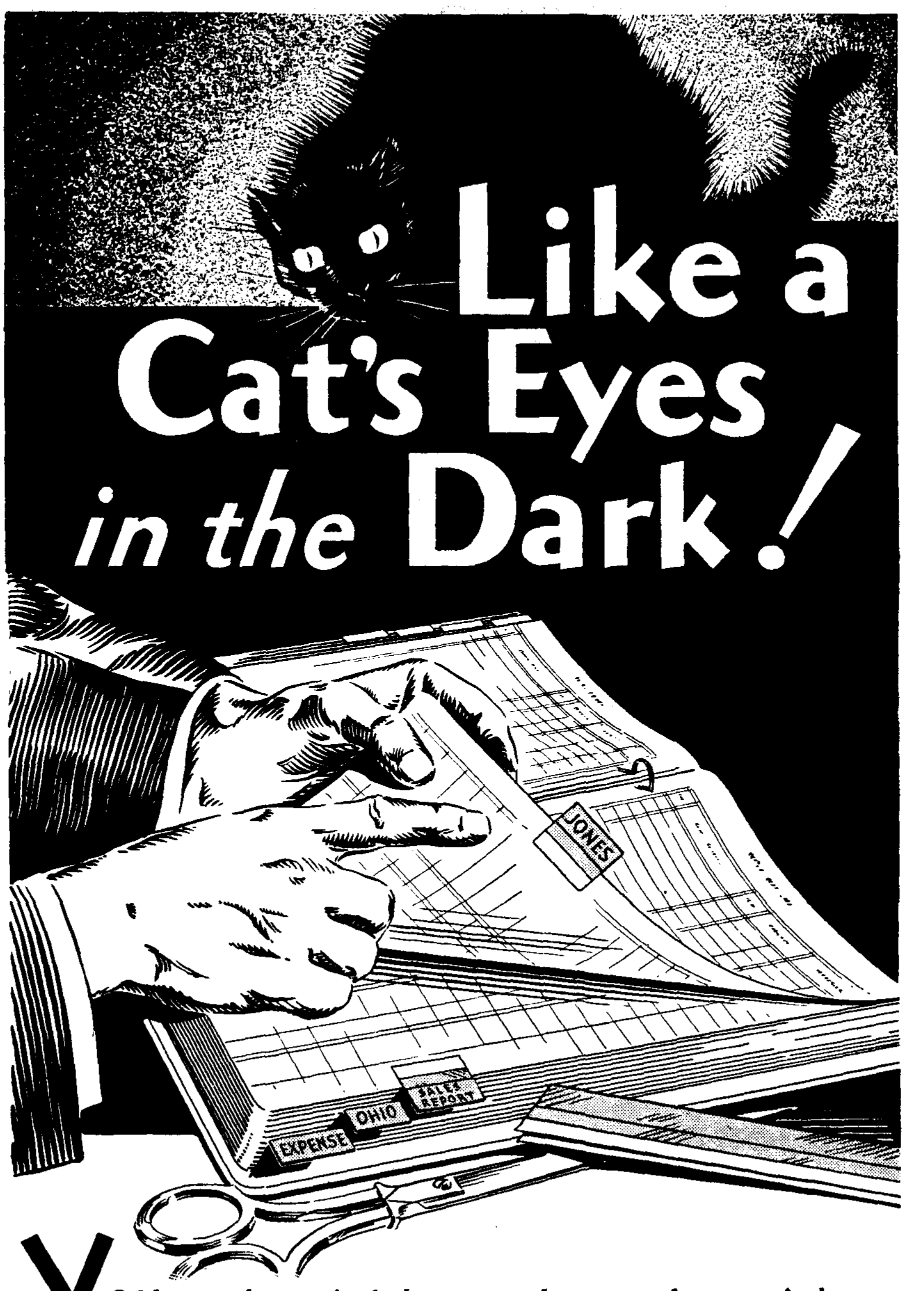

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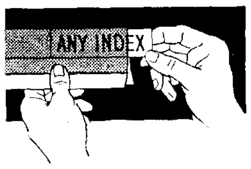
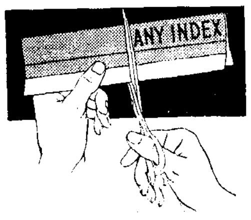


2. Insert the label in the strip of Mak-ur-own.



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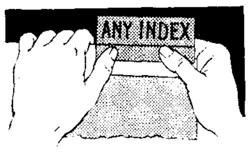

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Department C-3, Marietta, Ohio

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Lovers' Lane

Continued from page 48

feared nothing, hoped nothing, felt nothing. She was—somewhere—with the young attorney; some white-tiled place with a counter and coffee urns of bright nickel, but she knew not where it was nor what was the food she left untasted on the thick plate nor the hot drink she tried to finish. Her head hummed steadily, her legs felt weak, and her hands were cold. She answered William Polk in quick monosyllables: "Yes. I think so. Yes. No. All right."

They went back. There were more moments through which she must live somehow. The horrible ritual of the court, the jury filing back, the judge's door opening. More clerks, more rustling of papers.

Mont with his police guards. Mont looking more dead than alive, white and thin and shabby and dirty, and the guards grave and businesslike.

AND then the surprise. The nine men, the three women, could not come to an agreement. Circumstantial evidence was heavy against Montgomery Brett, but some of his peers did not feel that it was heavy enough.

The judge looked surprised, looked displeased. How did the jury stand? Eight for conviction, four for acquittal, Your Honor. Was there no hope of reaching an agreement? No hope, Your Honor.

But the judge decided to lock the jury up for the night in hope of a verdict. Mont went back to his cell, and William Polk took Dina up to the Hill. With Elliot they sat late into the night, talking, planning, surmising.

"They'll stick to it," Polk said, still dazed. "They'll bring the same verdict in tomorrow, you'll see. Probably one more will come over, the jury'll hang seven to five."

"Is it so queer?" Dina asked, eager to read the faintest glimmer of hope into it.

"It's extraordinary. What changed them? They were all set one way yesterday!"

"Maybe Dina did," Elliot suggested, with a glance at her. "Dina—with her will-to-believe."

"Likely!" Dina said apathetically, paying no attention. White and weary, her own part in the drama seemed utterly unimportant to her. "They might disagree again tomorrow?" she asked, looking at the lawyer.

"Then there'll be a new trial."

"And would that be—good?"

"Yes. A hung jury always influences the next jury. The new jury has been reading about all this, is interested in it."

"Billy," she began. In the country fashion of Squidgett, she had called him quite simply by his given name from the beginning. "Billy, has Mont a chance?"

"He has a better chance today than he had at this time yesterday," the attorney said. "He'd have a good chance," William Polk went on, "if we could dig up some new hypothesis."

Dina, as usual, listened intently, anxiously, her eyes moving from one man to the other.

"Hypothesis?" she echoed.

"Some theory, Dina, that would throw suspicion on someone else; even 'person or persons unknown,'" Elliot explained.

"We've followed up both the wives," the lawyer said musingly.

"You mean," Elliot said, almost involuntarily, "you actually don't think Mont had anything to do with it?"

William Polk looked up in surprise.

"Oh, no; he didn't do it, Elliot," he answered simply.

He liked to remember the look Mont's wife gave him. He told his own wife about it in the Dante Hospital the next morning. He told her that as long as Mrs. Mont Brett lived they, the Polks, would have one good friend.

"And Alexander too!" said Mrs. Polk, looking at Alexander, not yet three days old.

"And Alexander too," William Polk assured her.

The dull, soft winter day wore on. Alexander and his mother slumbered and woke in a world of pink blankets and pink roses, and William Polk walked to court, thinking. Little Mrs. Brett was there, of course, with her face white and keen, like the face of a trapped animal; the room was filling, the jury was filing back. Mont came in.

Dina reeled a little, and William put out a quick hand.

"How's the little boy?" her colorless lips asked.

He was looking at the foreman.

"They've no verdict!" he said, in a whisper.

A little later he could say to his client, "I think I may congratulate you, Mont. It isn't an acquittal, but it's better than a conviction."

Dina saw Mont pull himself together, saw him make an effort to be responsive, polite, that for Mont was extraordinary.

"I certainly owe it to you, Mr. Polk," he said, "and to my wife here."

The last words kept Dina's heart singing all day.

"My wife here—my wife here—" He needed her, he loved her, and he knew it, now.

And it was only that evening that the miracle occurred.

She had been sleeping all afternoon, worn out with anxiety and vigil, sleeping on her bed in Elliot's apartment on the Hill, while Elliot played endless games of solitaire at his adjustable low table, and listened, with an occasional comment, to William Polk's conscientious review of the whole story from the beginning.

"I don't know what makes you so wonderful about it, Elliot," Dina, stumbling off to rest, had said gratefully.

"Nothing as real as this has come into my life for ten years," Elliot had answered. The other man knew that this was true. He had never seen the invalid so animated, so absorbed, as in the Hickson murder mystery. If he suspected other motives in Elliot, other interests, he had no need to hint at them. The obvious situation was enough.

WHILE the two men were talking, and while Dina was asleep, a caller came in, this quiet, foggy afternoon. There was half an hour of low talk, before Elliot and William Polk were left alone again, and perhaps another fifteen minutes had passed, dusk had fallen, and the clocks were striking five, when Dina came flushed and sleepy and refreshed to her door.

"What time is it? It isn't five?" Dina said. Then her face changed, and coming suddenly three or four steps into the room and putting a hand out blindly toward a chair-back, to support herself, she asked in a frightened tone, "Elliot, who's been here?"

"How do you mean who's been here?" he evaded her, with a glance at the other man.

"I mean—Billy," she persisted sharply, turning to the attorney, "tell me.

Who was here while I was asleep? Who's been here!"

It was an exclamation, no longer a question. Elliot's eyes became uneasy.

"How do you know anyone's been here, my dear?" he countered, still temporizing.

"Oh, somebody's been here!" she all but wailed, wringing her hands, running to the door. "Oh, who was it? Who was it?

"It's the smell!" she said, coming back to them. "It's that same smell that was in Perry's room, that last afternoon! Like incense—sweet and smoky—like something burning, like weeds burning. I've never smelled it anywhere else before. I've never smelled it anywhere else since!"

She stood still in the center of the floor, her eyes turning from one man's face to the other.

"Whoever it was that was here with you now," she said, "he's the one who was with Perry Hickson that last afternoon—he's the one who knows who killed him!"

(To be continued next week)

A Little Appreciation

Continued from page 22

Bobo is on the pay roll for life.

Well, sir, along in August of that season I get back to New York from a trip out West where I been hunting ivory for the Club, and Bill buttonholes me and tells me he has had to discipline Bobo. "That bird," says Bill, "has gone haywire. He ain't reported for the last three Sat'days running. And he won't tell me why. He won't say a word only that he is tired. 'I'm tired,' he says. The sap! So I says: 'All right, if it's a vacation you want you can take a two-weeks suspension.' And I slap a two-hunnert-dollar fine on him to boot. But he just looks at me like I done him a favor, and walks away. What do you make of it?" says Bill to me.

"IT'S either booze or a woman," I says to Bill.

"I don't think it's booze," Bill says, "on account of his showing up O. K. on Sunday without no sign of a hang-over. So it must be a woman."

"It must be," I says. "But how come he only sees her on Sat'days?"

"Maybe that's her day off," says Bill. "But I tell you what I want you to do," he says to me. "I sort of like that cuckoo and I wisht you would gum-shoe around and see what you can find out. Then I will know more what to do in regards to the matter."

Well, I done what Bill says. I found out where Bobo lived, which is way up in the Bronx, and then I gum-shoe around and do some detective work and a coupla weeks later I blow into the ball-park and report to Bill I have solved the mystery. It is a Sat'day afternoon, and we are playing the Indians and the game is over early on account of its being a pitchers' battle all the way. We win in the ninth on a triple and a sacrifice fly, so Bill is feeling pretty good. It is then about a quarter to five P. M. in the afternoon.

"Come on," I says to Bill. "If we hurry I think I can show you what has been eating this guy Bobo Hickson."

Well, I and Bill duck out of the park and we grab a taxi and I tell the driver to beat it to an address in the Bronx which I know is the address of Bobo's hotel or rather boarding-house. We get out there and Bill pays the taxi and he says to me: "What is this dump?" And I says: "This is where Bobo lives." And he says: "Are we going in there?" And I says: "No, we ain't. You folla me."

So we walk past the hotel or rather boarding-house and right next to it they is a vacant lot with quite a crowd of people in it watching a ball-game.

"What and the hell is this?" says Bill, as we stop on the sidewalk and look down.

"It's a ball game," I says.

"I didn't think it was no bullfight," says Bill. "But what's it got to do with that cuckoo Bobo Hickson?"

"Plenty!" I says. And then I grabbed his arm and says: "Look there, Bill! Look at that guy coming up to bat. Don't you reco'nize him?"

Bill takes a look, and he says kinda soft to himself: "Well I'll be fried for an egg if it ain't—! Hey! Listen to 'em cheer that bird! They ain't razzing him, they're *cheering!*"

"Yeah," I says. "Bobo is quite a hero up in these parts. And this being the game that decides the Bronx sand-lot championship the fans are counting on him to come through."

"Oh, they are, huh?" says Bill, never taking his eyes off Bobo. "They are, huh? All right, then, we'll just camp here and—! Oh, the sap! The dumb-bell! He should of let that one go by. It was high and a mile outside. The poor sap! The poor—! Owww! He socked that one," yells Bill, almost falling off the sidewalk. "It's a hit! It's good for two bases! Yah-h! It's over the center fielder's head! Boy, it's a homer! Come on, Bobo! Come on, you—! Naw, naw, *no!* Don't stop at third! Will you look at that bonehead? Yea! Attaboy! Come on, slide for it! *Slide*, you sap! Owww! He's safe! Safe at the plate! A home run! A home run for Bobo!"

I wouldn't of knowed Bill. He was hollering and pounding me on the back like I never seen him do before, not even when we won the world series last fall. But the crowd was cheering Bobo so loud it didn't make no difference. "Come on," I says to Bill. "The game's over. We seen all there is to see."

"That's right," says Bill, looking at me kinda wall-eyed. "We don't want him to know we was here."

SO WE make our getaway, and we are in a cab riding back down-town when Bill says to me: "I guess that cuckoo was sick and tired of being a comedian. What he wanted was a little appreciation as a ball-player."

"That's how I figger it," I says, taking the cigar Bill hands me.

"Well," says Bill, "I suspended him for two weeks, and them two weeks is up tomorrow. And now he's won the sand-lot championship he won't need no more vacation. So that's O. K."

"Yeah," I says. "But what about that two hunnert bucks fine you slapped onto him?"

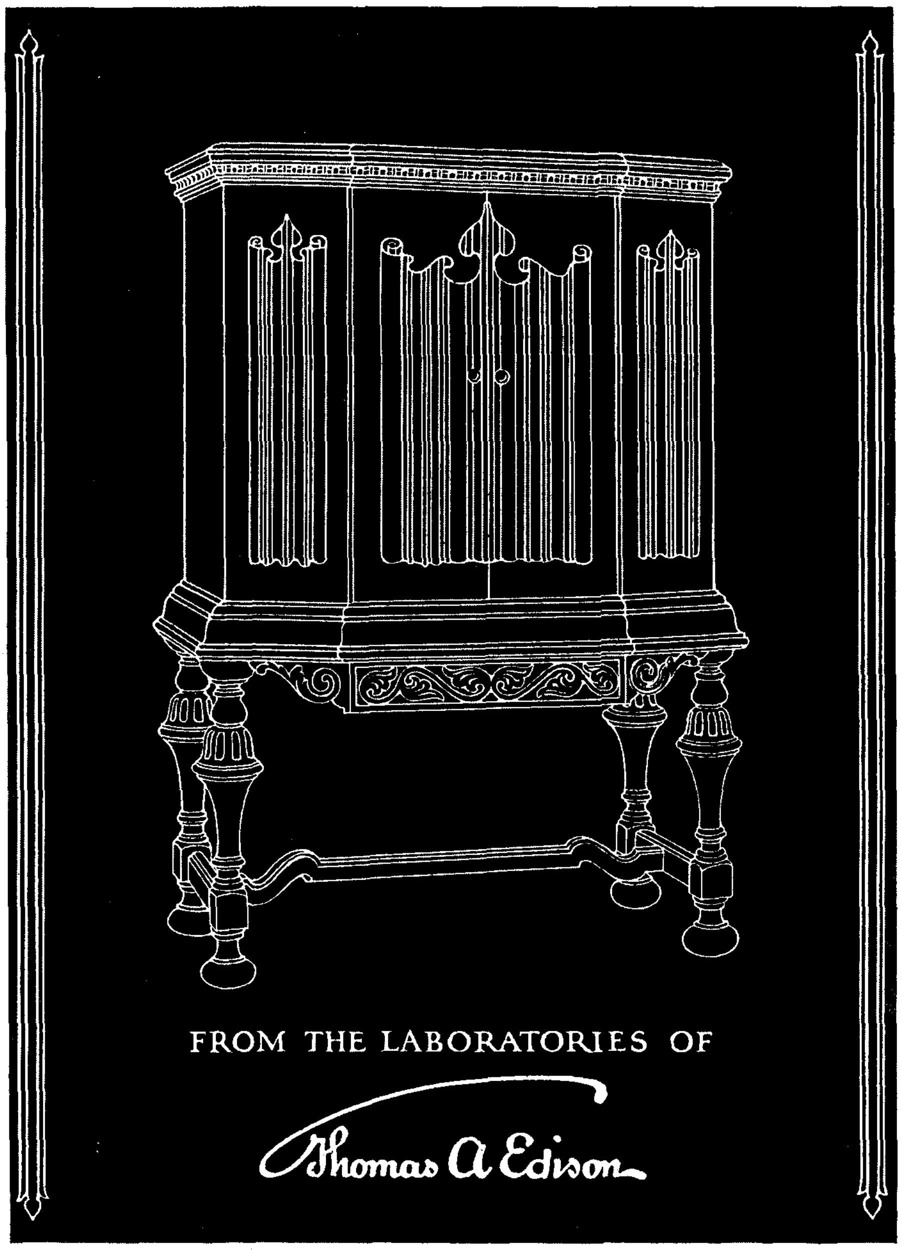
"The fine sticks," says Bill, chewing the end of his cigar. "I got to keep up the discipline of the Club. But they's a two-hunnert-dollar bonus coming to Bobo for that homer he hit this afternoon."

"Coming from who?" I says. "From you?"

Bill looks at me and grins.

"It was worth it," he says. And then he looks out of the cab window and I hear him sort of groan, and he says to himself: "Imagine that bird playing a game of ball *for fun!* The lucky stiff!"

Got another match, fella?



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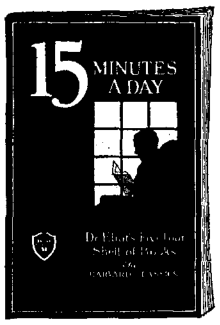

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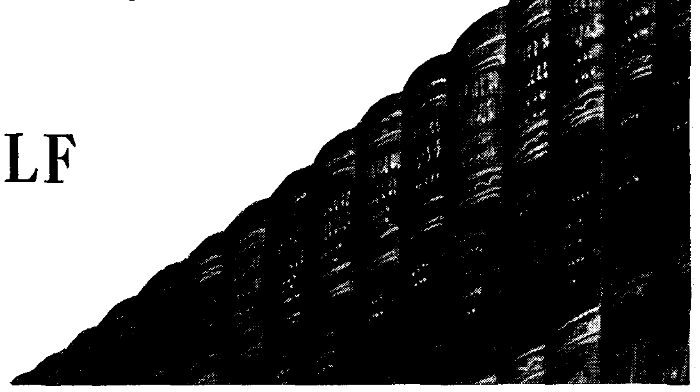

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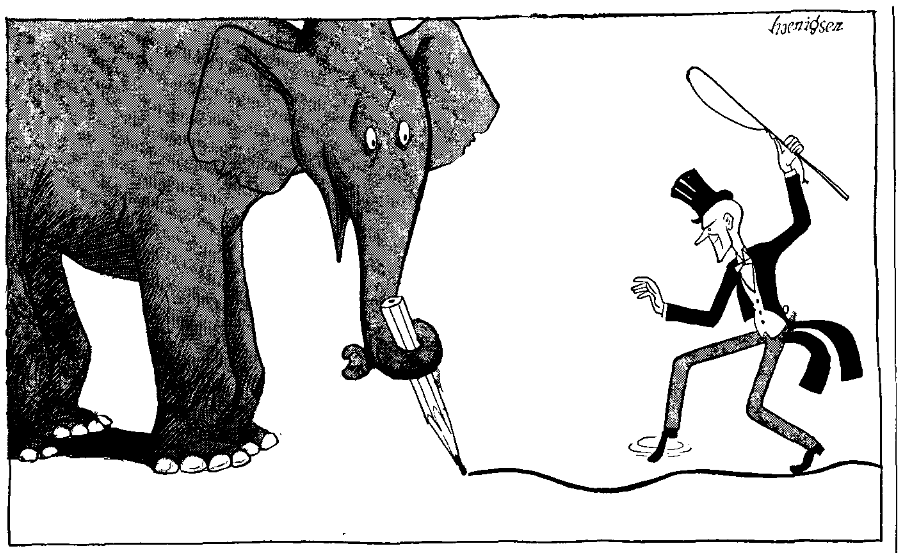


Simeon Pure

By THE GENTLEMAN AT THE KEYHOLE

IF THERE is one perfect Republican left in the world, a Republican in whom there is no guile, it is the Honorable Simeon D. Fess, senator from Ohio, the successor to Claudius H. Huston as chairman of the Republican National Committee.

If you don't believe it, read the harsh things he said about Herbert Hoover when in 1918 Mr. Hoover, not yet having discovered that he was a Republican, added his voice to that of Woodrow Wilson in beseeching this country for a Democratic Congress, so that the heart of the world might not be broken. And then, having done so, read also the honeyed things he said about Herbert Hoover since Mr. Hoover discovered that he was a Republican.

Mr. Fess hates a Democrat as George Follansbee Babbitt would have hated a Bolshevik, if there had been any such cattle in his day in Zenith, Ohio.

In spite of what the biographical dictionaries may say, I am persuaded that Mr. Fess must have been born also in Zenith, Ohio. In no other town could anyone have had his nativity with such a faith as Mr. Fess' that to be right is to be regular.

At the Kansas City convention he was the keynoter for Mr. Hoover, and the opponents of Mr. Hoover sought to make him uncomfortable by circulating handbills quoting him on what a monster Mr. Hoover was in advocating with Mr. Wilson the election of a Democratic Congress in 1918 and in praising him as one of the greatest and wisest of mankind ten years later.

The Apostle of Regularity

Doc Fess is for everything as it is. He is for prohibition because it is the established thing. His outspoken support of the late Wayne B. Wheeler must make his selection as chairman of the Republican party highly pleasing to the wet Republicans of states like New Jersey, New York and Massachusetts! He shares Senator Moses' opinion that the Republicans of the Western farm states are "sons of the wild jackass," though he has not the New Hampshire senator's gift of pungent phrase making. This must make his selection as highly pleasing to the Republicans of the agrarian states as the chairmanship of Mr. Moses in the Republican senatorial committee.

Still, however much he may differ from the wets of the East or with the agrarians of the West, he has never differed with a Republican President. He haunts the White House when there is a Republican President in it, as he must have when he was a college president, haunted the offices of the great, seeking endowments for his college.

He will never have a new idea, and that is a point in his favor. Perhaps it is because he is and always will be an educator. A wise critic of education said that professors generally closed their minds with a snap as they closed their books on obtaining their Ph. D.'s. It is so much simpler to have knowledge stop when you are thirty than to have it go right on developing, undermining all that you have accumulated in the way of information. What Mr. Fess knows, he knows with perfect certainty. It is all to be found in the Republican national platform.

The Reward of Virtue

When he speaks to the Senate he speaks with a profound contempt of those who do not draw their whole inspiration from this Bible of the party. His high nasal voice rings with contempt of political modernism. The Senate does not like him, for it does not like his schoolmasterly lecturing. But he is exemplary. He wins the prize of virtue, the chairmanship of the Republican National Committee. After Mr. Huston that reward should go to virtue, and it has.

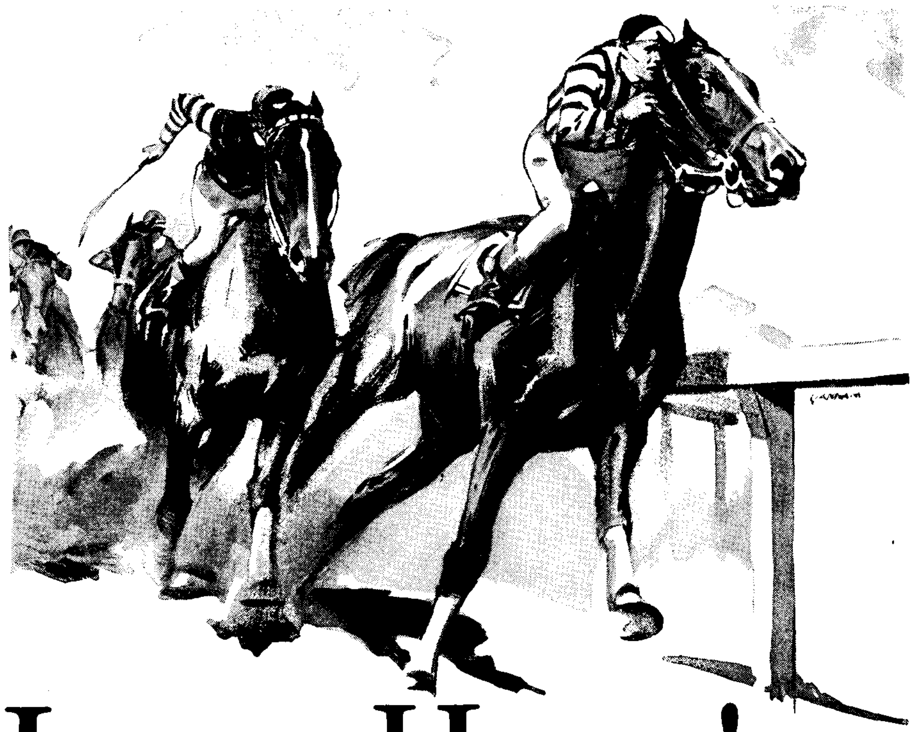
One wonders how the division of functions between Mr. Fess, as chairman of the Republican National Committee, and Mr. Lucas, as chairman of the Republican Executive Committee, will operate in practice. Will these twain work together without discord and without jealousy, as a perfect secretariat might?

We shall doubtless hear much of Mr. Fess. He will "tootley, tootley, tootle the flute so that all the world can hear him." Modest in his acquiescence in the divine inspiration of the Republican platforms, "he, the Trinity, will illustrate by supping his orange pulp in three sups," but he will sup it noisily so that only the deaf will fail to observe.

The reading of the ten commandments of Republicanism will be resumed in a loud voice—to a disorderly and insubordinate flock.

And who will delimit the functions of Mr. Fess, chairman of the Republican National Committee, and those of Mr. Lucas, chairman of the Republican Executive Committee? Mr. Lucas is comparatively unknown in Washington. He may be an angel of light—the perfect coöperator that the party of Borah, Norris, La Follette, Fess, Moses and Grundy is supposed to breed.

After the experience with Dr. Work and the egregious Claudius, everyone will hope that a solution has been found in the happy expedient of providing two chairmen instead of one.



LUCKY HORSE!
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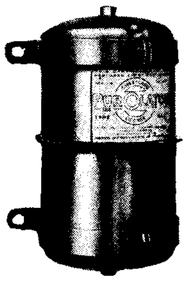

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The White House Goat

Continued from page 25

We must keep the Senate free, we must dish the White House dirt.

SENATOR BORAH

Gather round me, children, while I tell you as a pal:
I've bothered many Presidents from Woodrow down to Cal.
I pecked at Woodrow Wilson till I almost drove him wild,
And even placid Harding didn't look at me so mild.
And as for Calvin Coolidge, when I speared him in the flukes
He uttered seven syllables—his record for rebukes.

ALL

Wonderful man!
What is your plan?

SENATOR BORAH

Hist, hist!
Not a sound!
List, list!

(*They gather round.*)

Every President has his Goat
Somewhere in his keeping—
Seek that little animile,
Lure it forth by means of guile,
Catch it while it's sleeping.
This must be your secret biz—
Find where Hoover's keeping his.

FULL CHORUS

The Goat, the Goat!
Remark our warlike note.
Hide and hoof and hair and horn,
We'll catch that little capricorn,
The White House Goat!

(*The big Inauguration show now closes in a splendid glow. The people cheer, the bandsmen play, the well-drilled soldiers march away. So Hoover now is crowned as Rex and Calvin Coolidge is an Ex. They stand together, each by each, while Calvin makes this Parting Speech.*)

PARTING SPEECH

Bert, if I ever got in Dutch
The fault was mine—I talked too much.

SCENE TWO

(*A little later, out behind the White House stable. The night is dark, and through the gloom flit figures black as sable. Mean work's abroad! But now the moon, as through a cloud it pushes, reveals a dozen Senators disguised as lilac bushes. Now hark! Loud footsteps on the walk suggest or weal or harm. 'Tis Secretary Ackerson with Hoover on his arm.*)

MR. HOOVER

George, did you send off the horses and carriages
Just as I told you to do?

GEORGE

All the equipment, sir, went in the shipment, sir—
Even the buggy-whips too.

MR. HOOVER

Good! Here is something not taught in astronomy—
Cut out the junk when you practice economy.
I prefer motoring, such as I know of it—
Why retain thoroughbreds, just for the show of it?

(*Slowly the pair of them stroll through the gloam, light their cigars and return to their home. Swiftly the Senators drop their disguise, sneak to the stable, in quest of their prize, peer through the window with vigilant eyes.*)

WHISPERING CHORUS

We knew it, we knew it!
We thought that he would do it!
It's just as sure as banking on the farmer vote.
The reason isn't muggy
Why he sold his horse and buggy—
He's turned his stable over to the White House Goat!

(*Somewhere inside, behind a stall, they hear a little, plaintive bawl. They crowd themselves against the wall, but do not linger long. They merely want to try him out and put him in a state of doubt, so softly, tunefully they spout this dulcet Siren Song.*)

SIREN SONG

Goatie, sweet Goatie, come play with us
Over on Capitol Hill.
We'll fuss over you and allow you to chew
The President's favorite bill.
We'll tickle your chin
With a tariff mosquito
And let you butt in
To the President's veto;
We'll fill you with speeches and rub you with ointment
And let you bleat down a judicial appointment—
If only, if only you will
Come over to Capitol Hill.

(*They wait for an answer and hear a weak "Bah!" which is capricorn language, perhaps, for "Hurrah!" Then softly they snicker and steal from the place to sign a Report on a Fact-Finding case.*)

SCENE THREE

(*Scene Three is a Lobby a year or so later. Senator Ashurst, Judge Parker's main hater, pokes in a corner in hopes he may kill Lobbyists looking for Senator Dill. The weather is hot; it is wearing through June, and statesmanship's singing a bit out of tune. Senators Caraway, Borah and Smoot sweatily argue a point that is moot. They want to go home to get out of the sun and tell their constituents what they have done, but Hoover is keeping them all after school—when they finish their work they may go and get cool.*)

SENATOR ASHURST

Well, we've swatted Judge Parker, the President's pet—
I guess that should keep him a while.

SENATOR BORAH

He doesn't dare mention the Spanish War Pension—
We buried that veto in style.

SENATORS COUZENS, LAFOLLETTE, SHORTRIDGE

And as to that half-billion Veterans' Bill,
If any war hero comes down with a chill,

Smiling Ted Thomas earns Money and Prizes

"It's the greatest fun in the world," says Ted Thomas, "earning my own spending money and many worth while prizes such as a bicycle, radio, baseball equipment, watch, camping supplies and almost anything a fellow could want."

You Can Do the Same

Ted earns his own spending money and prizes by being a Crowell Junior Salesman. They are a group of wide-awake fellows who deliver Collier's, The National Weekly, The American Magazine and Woman's Home Companion to regular customers. This easy work takes only a small part of their spare time and does not interfere with their fun.

Now Is the Time

Ted is not the only boy who earns money and prizes. Hundreds of boys are representing these well-known magazines in their neighborhood. The same opportunity is open to you if you act at once.

Send the Coupon Now

Sit down at once and fill out the coupon. Mail it today and get started along the happy road that many boys are successfully traveling, that leads to money and prizes.

Mr. Jim Thayer, Dept. C-60
The Crowell Publishing Co.
Springfield, Ohio

Dear Jim: I want to earn money and prizes. Please start me off as a salesman.

My Name____________________

Address____________________

Town______________State________

A toothache or cold in the throat
We'll dish him out dollars till Industry hollers—
Come on, let us put it to vote.
'Twill cinch our selection for Autumn's election—
Yo-ho for the President's Goat!

All

A half-billion dollars a year;
We're sure there is nothing to fear.
The Treasury's heavy
With gold, and a levy
Of millions is never severe.
If Mellon don't like it
The tax he can hike it
On incomes.

(*A glorious cheer.*)

Senators Watson and Smoot

The need of economy's over,
The country is saved by our duty.
Wall Street may grumble, the Stock Market tumble,
But ah! ain't our Tariff a beauty!
We sigh with the passion of poets
When we contemplate buttons and tin,
Birdseed and coppers and medicine-droppers
All in our folds gathered in.
Come, brothers, let's haste to the Senate
And vote on the Thing we believe,
The only perfection to greet man's inspection
Since Adam first looked upon Eve.

(*Senator Johnson arrives in a rage, followed at heel by a tired Senate Page who's burdened with documents—sad to relate they're not what he asked the Department of State. Swiftly High Hiram approaches the spot where Borah is standing—remember, it's hot.*)

Senator Johnson

Senator Borah, how you act
About that blasted Naval Pact.
It fills my soul with lofty gloom
When in the Inquisition Room
You sit all day with dove-like eye
And never even question why.
You seem to be well satisfied
With Briton's sly, perfidious pride—
Oh, William, where's your ballyhoo?
I cannot think that you are you.
Hey, weren't you born to roar and rave
And chew the soap by which you shave,
To dare all sneaking foreign foes
To swing upon our Grecian nose?
O say it not! It can't be true
You're playing with the White House too!

Senator Borah (*tenor solo*)

The Political Jade is a pretty, pretty maid,
And nobody can resist her,
She may say Don't, and you think you won't—
Then suddenly find you've kissed her.
You all know me, how I hate to agree,
And Harmony I abhor it.
But Politics smiled and I just went wild.
Now isn't it queer?—I'm for it!

All

He's meek as Little Dorrit,
The Naval Pact he's for it.

Senator Borah

I'm not alarmed at the way we're armed
On the sea where the billow rages.
All day I sign on the dotted line
And summon the Senate pages
In Naval Affairs I boss the chairs
And give 'em the paint-remover—
And to my surprise I realize
That I'm playing the game of Hoover.

All

Yet still you have the strength of will
To castigate the Tariff Bill.

Senator Johnson

Oh, Tariff Bills are this and that—
What I require's a naval spat.

Senator Smoot (*bass solo*)

Take care, grim warrior, how you speak
Of sacred things, or heaven will wreak
Its vengeance on your head.
The Faithful must be led
Up to the Tariff's frowning peak,
And this, Oh, Joy! Is Tariff Week.

(*The Faithful follow in a mass their heaven-defended Bill to pass. And through the Senate arches dim echoes this most devoted hymn.*)

Hymn

Flax, hemp and jute, glassware and glue,
Onward and upward climbing,
Sugar can fly to the top of the sky,
Sweeten the angels' chiming.
As to our imports of metals and silk,
Chemicals, novels, rhinoceros milk,
Oh, what a blessing will fall to their ilk. . . .

(*The song's interrupted by shrieks high and thin. The Sergeant at Arms comes galloping in, white as a lily from forehead to chin.*)

Sergeant at Arms

Pause, pause, ye men of laws!
Grief should swell from every throat—
We have lost the White House Goat!

All

Lost, lost, double-crossed!

Sergeant at Arms

In the cellar where we led him,
Chained him, locked him, overfed him
On Congressional Records inky
He has gone and left us blinky.
He's escaped, the little meanie,
Squeezing through a knothole teeny
With the genius of Houdini.

Senator Smoot

Hasten, brothers, let us vote.
Hoover shall not have our goat.

Senator Johnson

Ha! I'll hang that Naval Pact
Higher than the Tariff Wall.
Gents, just watch my Big Third Act
Which I'm staging for the Fall.

(*The Senators march, a determined procession, to finish it up in one furious session. And now the machinery works with a will, quickly assembling the Smoot-Hawley Bill. Out of the hopper that document flies, perfect right down to the last dotted i's. Which all goes to prove that the Senate can move, when forced by necessity urgent and keen; and a turtle can speed on a desperate need or an ice-wagon turn to a flying machine.*

(*Senator Johnson has voted, so now he hastes to the Naval Committee—and how—to feed some more Admirals very raw meat and tell 'em some Facts about running a Fleet; to scorn Mr. Stimson's mean diplomat capers and dare him to show the Mysterious Papers; to split some more hairs and deliver a tract. All's fair in the game of Delaying the Pact.*

(*A chorus of Senators pass on a toot, giddy with Hawley and groggy with*

(*Continued on page 58*)

When Dull Film Covers Teeth

Smiles lose fascination

Film
is found by dental research to play an important part in tooth decay . . . and to cause unsightly stains.

CONSTANTLY new theories are advanced as to the cause of tooth decay. Some authorities say it's germs. Others believe it's faulty diet. And the rest hold it a combination of the two.

But one thing is positively known: wherever trouble and decay appear, *germs are always present.* Thus ridding teeth and gums of germs is the first thing one must do to keep teeth strong and healthy.

Germs live in film

Your teeth are covered by a stubborn, clinging film. In it—tightly glued in contact with the teeth—are the germs that cause decay and other troubles. Your protection lies in never failing to remove that film from teeth each day.

Film ruins the appearance of the teeth by absorbing stains from food and smoking . . . how many times have you noted these dark discolorations on enamel?

The sure way to remove this dangerous film is with Pepsodent, as that is the sole purpose for which Pepsodent was developed.

Pepsodent contains no pumice, no harmful grit or crude abrasives. It has a gentle action that protects the delicate enamel. It is completely SAFE . . . yet it removes dingy film where ordinary methods fail.

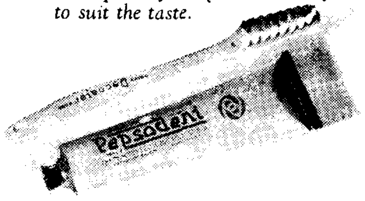
Have lovely, sparkling teeth! Be safe! Use Pepsodent, for no other way can equal its effectiveness.

* * *

Amos 'n' Andy America's most popular radio feature. On the air every night except Sunday over N. B. C. network. 7:00 p. m., Eastern Daylight time. 10:30 p. m., Central Daylight time. 8:30 p. m., Mountain time. 7:30 p. m., Pacific time.

Do These 3 Things
to have strong, healthy teeth

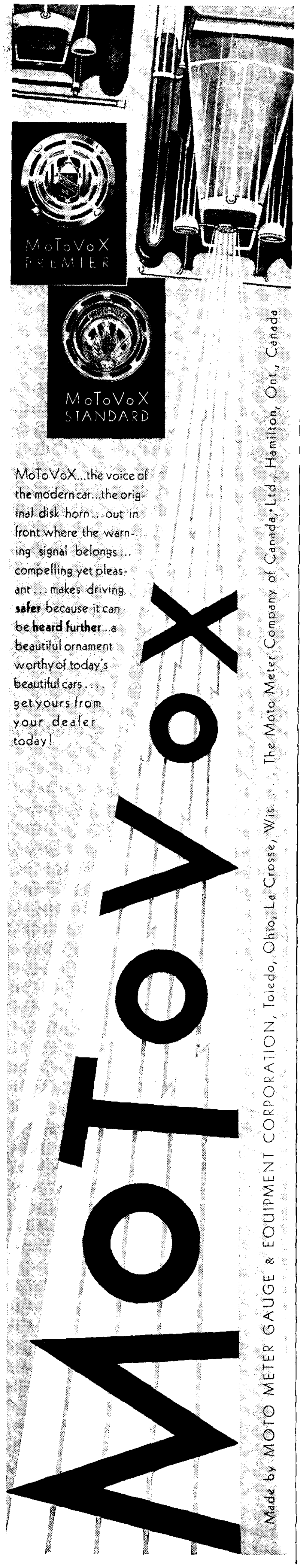
1. Follow this diet daily:
one or two eggs, raw fruit, fresh vegetables, head lettuce, cabbage or celery. ½ lemon with orange juice. One quart of milk—and other food to suit the taste.



2. Use Pepsodent twice every day.

3. See your dentist at least twice a year.

Pepsodent —the tooth paste which presents you with the Amos 'n' Andy Radio Program.



MoToVoX...the voice of the modern car...the original disk horn...out in front where the warning signal belongs...compelling yet pleasant...makes driving **safer** because it can be **heard further**...a beautiful ornament worthy of today's beautiful cars.... get yours from your dealer today!

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Smoot. With many a war-cry and many a hoot this harmonized Song of Defiance they shoot.)

SONG OF DEFIANCE

He didn't like the Tariff Bill,
But yet he did okay it.
Our rule he must obey it.
Come now, let's give him such a chill
It seems a shame to say it.
We want another Veto now,
We know the way, and this is how:
We'll pass the Rank—
We'll pass the Rank—
The Rankin Veteran Pension.
'Twill quickly bust the Treasury bank,
This bill of Representative Rank,
Though scarcely fit to mention;
We'll bless it on the Senate floor
And send it to the White House door,
Thus stirring up dissension.
And when the Hoover pencil blue
Just cuts it up and stabs it through
We'll kill his veto dead—hurroo!
For this is our intention.

(*Back to the Senate they quickly repair and draw up a Bill that would curdle your hair. Millions and billions and even squintillions go in that Bill with a sweet we-should-care. Four million veterans here find their heyday, due bye and bye for a wonderful pay-day. Bully! As swift as a beam from a lighthouse the Bill is dispatched to its target, the White House.*)

SCENE FOUR

(*Ten minutes later the Senate's loud-speaker roars with an accent that used to be meeker. 'Tis the Voice of the President, heavy with doom, on a sound-wave that runs from his own office room.*)

VOICE OF THE PRESIDENT

A con-glom-eration of bad legislation,
Which equally blights
The veterans' rights
And the tax-burdened purse of this tax-ridden nation,
Wasteful, short-sighted, discriminatory.
Basis untruthful as Sindbad's pet story,
Standards of subterfuge grossly created,
Nation's integrity now violated—
That's what I think of your wonderful Bill,
Take it or leave it or do as you will.
The National Legion came out for a measure
Hardly designed for the looting of treasure.
The sensible thing, and to my satisfaction,
Would simply be this: Just get down to sound action.
But the Bill, as it stands, is so darned acrobatic. . . .

(*The rest of his statement is swallowed in static.*)

CHORUS OF SENATORS

We didn't know he'd take it thus.
He's told us what he thinks of us
With strenuous inflections.
Although it goes against our will
We guess we'd better change that Bill
Before the Fall elections.

(*They settle down the Bill to change. The Senatorial life is strange.*)

SCENE FIVE

(*Somewhat later. The President sits at ease in his office, and under his mitts lie several Documents—once they made storm, but now they are Signed, and the ink is still warm. There's the Tariff, the Veterans' Bill and the Pact. There's a Certified Check—quite a large one, in fact—the latter to pay with a gesture sublime for the President's plan to Investigate Crime. The haggling and higgling are over, 'tis said, the Die-hard Insurgents are very near dead, and the Senate's gone home with a pain in the head. Close to the President's side stands the Goat, blissfully chewing the tail of his coat. The cute little animal, some people say, has now settled down for a permanent stay.*)

PRESIDENTIAL SOLILOQUY

Well, this Tariff isn't perfect, but 'twill prove a lucky venture;
I'll make it help the country, since I swatted that Debenture.
Some of the items may be bunk and others arrant folly,
But I've retained the strings on it—it's flexible, by golly!
If many rates are stretched too far it's me to make correction
And bend 'em to the Nation's good, the opposite direction.

(*The Goat looks up and licks his hand; and Hoover seems to understand.*)

My Crime Investigation raised the usual empty volley;
They suddenly discovered that Expenditure was folly.
Yet they were wildly liberal before I stopped that frolic
Wherein they claimed a billion cash for veterans with colic.

(*The Goat assumes a look of scorn and hooks a chair-leg with his horn.*)

And here's the Naval Treaty, just about the way I willed it.
The Senate tried to blow it down, and yet they never killed it.
I wonder if the Senators by now have not reflected
That Hoover isn't quite the Nut they thought they had elected?

THE GOAT

Hoover had a little goat
He cherished as a pet,
And everywhere that Hoover went
That goat was hard to get.
It seemed a little, timid lamb
Until they did him dirt—
Then very suddenly they found
The goat belonged to Bert.

(*Now on the evening shadows gaunt T. Roosevelt's Ghost flits in to haunt the House where once he braved the taunt, exchanging fisticuff for blow until he staged a one-man show and told the Senate where to go.*)

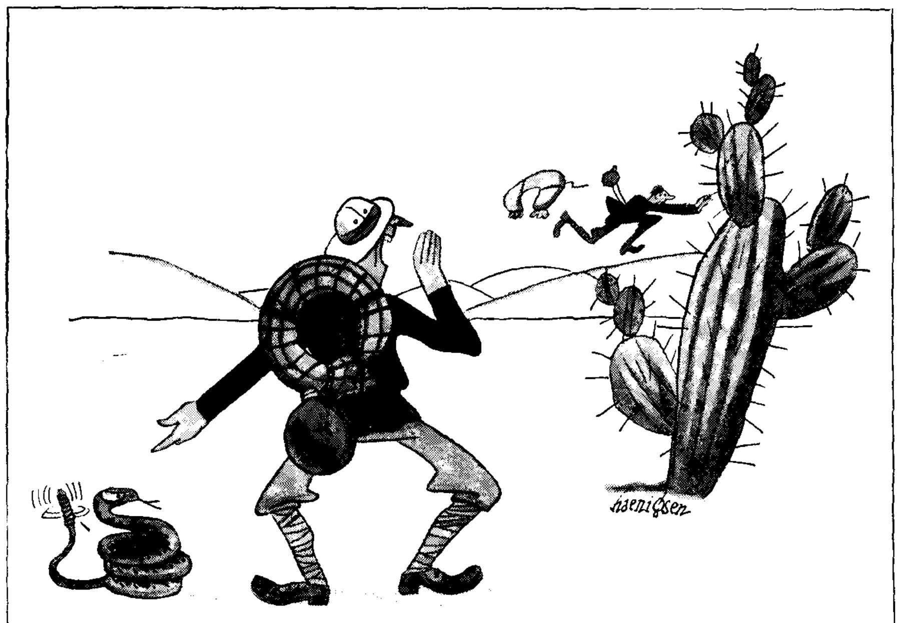
ROOSEVELT'S GHOST

You've called them down and they have called you up
To beg for peace and pass the loving cup.
Take this from me, my Chief Executive,
Since I within your footwear used to live.
I, in my first administrative days,
Endured, like you, the Senate's hostile gaze.
I was a target for their bricks and mud,
Fired out of ambush with a cheerless thud.
Senators Foraker and Tillman too
Came snarling at me like a hungry zoo;
Senator Aldrich with his easy grace
Conspired in tricks to put me in my place.
But ere my first Administration passed
My Big Stick swung—I'd found my arm at last.
I marked the Shorts and Uglies for my blows,
The Malefactors got it in the nose
Till most who had been keen to put me down
Came fawning in with tributes to my crown.

'Twas ever thus. From Washington to you,
From Lincoln—aye, and Wilson—all the crew
Of watchful, jealous Senators have tried
To break the new-made Presidential pride,
Plague him with phantoms, bogies and the devil—
And if he'll weaken, how the boys will revel!
But I broke out, as history records,
My spear that knew no brother, feared no swords.
My Policies came leaping from the sheath,
The Ananias Club quailed at my teeth.
Thus, ere my first Administration closed
A lamb-like Senate at my feet reposed.
So it shall be with you, my rightful heir.
Take then this Trophy. Handle it with care.

(*Thunder and lightning, and the Ghost departs, leaving a Bludgeon rough with spikes and darts. The President picks up the Weapon grim and reads across its face this legend dim:* "SWING WITH BOTH HANDS WHEN NEXT YOU GO TO BAT." *The Club he shoulders, then puts on his Hat.*)

CURTAIN


"Come on, Ed, it's O. K., he's waggin' his tail!"

MALLORY HATS THE HATS OF YOUTHFUL SMARTNESS

Life Extension To Your Hat ... When ordinary hats look old, a Mallory still looks new. The genuine "Cravenette" *Moisture-Proof* Process adds long wear to the fine looks of your Mallory Hat.

Only A Mallory Is "Cravenette"

PRICED AT $6.50 AND UPWARD

THE MALLORY HAT COMPANY
392 Fifth Avenue, New York

When Sullivan Fought Kilrain

Continued from page 26

"'There's a place about a mile up the road,' he said, 'where a man's got a jug of Holland gin. You go up there with me and after I have had a couple of drinks I'll call it a day. There's the hand of John L. Sullivan, lad!'

"After I had rescued my fingers and straightened them out to some extent, we trudged off through a mean, drizzling rain and came at last to a little tavern back from the road. The house was dark but Sullivan beat a tattoo on the door, and finally a nightshirted landlord let us in. On learning our errand he tried to explain that he had no license to sell liquor, but Sullivan playfully tousled his hair, almost breaking the poor devil's neck, and told him that he'd buy the jug outright.

"'Gin!' he declared, filling a tumbler to the brim, 'is med'cine. Where'd my kidneys be today if it wasn't for gin?'

The Strong Boy at Play

"Neither the landlord nor I hazarded a guess, and after two more tumblers Sullivan felt impelled to go for a walk around the yard. I took quick advantage of his absence and told the landlord to hide the gin and lock up, all of which he did with speed and precision. John L. met me on the porch steps as I was going out, and loud was his indignation to learn that the party had ended. Where was his jug, the jug that he had bought and paid for?

"Failing to break down the front door, he padded around the house until he came to an open window, and in he climbed like some huge grizzly. From the wild scream that followed I guessed that the Boston Big Boy had blundered into the bedroom and figured that it was best for me to follow after. Sullivan, squarely in the center of the bed, seemed to be sitting on the landlord, judging from the agonized squeaks, while facing him cowered the lady of the house, searching her soul for new noises.

"'Quit yellin',' rumbled the champion. 'Quit yellin'. John L. Sullivan never laid his hands upon a lady except in kindness. All I want is my jug of gin.'

"It soon developed, however, that the landlord's son had taken the jug up to his room, locking and barricading the door. Nor were all of Sullivan's efforts able to effect an entry. By that time he was getting sleepy and offered little objection when I led him out to the road. The cool air revived him, and by some twist of his drunken mind he conceived the idea that I was the one in need of care and attention. Twice he tried to make me get up on his back, loudly declaring that he never deserted a friend, and at regular intervals he solemnly regretted that I did not have his ability to take a drink or leave it alone.

"We reached New Orleans to find the governor of Louisiana on his very highest horse, calling upon the heavens to witness that he would never allow the fair name of his state to be blackened by a savage struggle between two brutes, and backing up the outcry with militia. The governor of Mississippi also called out troops, and announced that he, too, would guard his beloved commonwealth against pollution.

"Bud Renaud, the sporting gentleman in charge of the fight, continued to wear a confident smile in spite of all these pronunciamentos, and on Sunday, July 7, 1899, the word went round that the battle would be pulled off at Richburg, Mississippi, a small town near Hattiesburg, and about 104 miles from New Orleans.

"Entrained for the scene of the fight, we passed a bunch of Louisiana militia at the state line and gave the boys a mocking cheer. Along about breakfast time we reached Richburg, or at least it would have been breakfast time if there had been anything to eat. We found the ring pitched on top of a sand hill about a half mile from the station, right where it could get the full blaze of the sun, and one of the first men I saw was Mike Cleary, who had come up with the fighters on a special train the night before.

"'Hello,' I said, going up to him, 'How do things look? Any militia?'

"'No,' he answered, 'but the sheriff of the county is here with a posse and swears he's going to stop the fight if he has to wade in blood up to his knees. I guess that will hold us.'

"The sheriff was a little man, only five feet tall, but he had on the biggest hat that I ever saw in my life, two huge revolvers were stuck into his belt and down over his back hung a deer gun at least a foot longer than himself.

"'Going to stop the fight?' I asked.

"'Yep,' said the sheriff, 'My sworn duty, ain't it?'

"'How about the next county?' I proceeded. 'That ring is only about fifty feet from the line. What's to keep us from moving across? That would be out of your jurisdiction, wouldn't it?'

"'Guess that's so,' he admitted. 'Say,' he piped up, after a moment of brooding silence. 'Right smart lot of people here, ain't they?'

"'About three thousand.'

"'Hear they all paid as high as $15 a ticket.'

"'That's so.'"

"Walking back up the hill, I met Parson Davies, one of the most famous sporting men of his day and at a later time the manager of Peter Jackson, the great Negro fighter that Sullivan refused to meet.

"'Seems as if everything is off,' he mourned. 'A lot of trouble for nothing.'

"'Well, I don't know,' I grinned. 'I've just been talking to the sheriff, and he certainly seems to show a keen interest in the gate receipts.'

Cash Does It

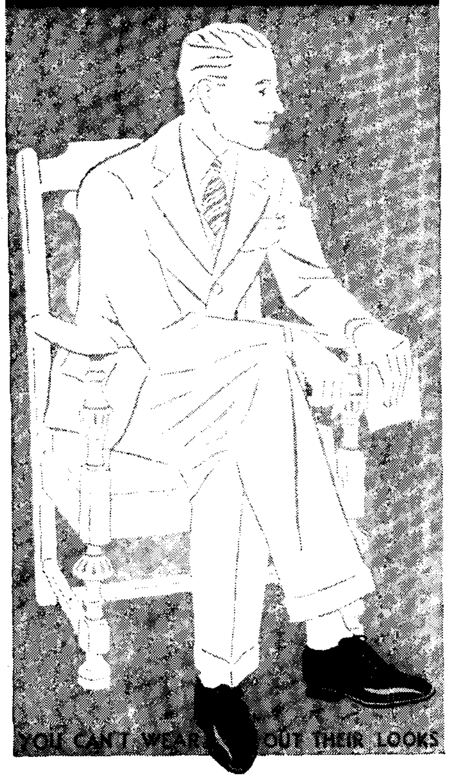
"'That's interesting,' exclaimed the Parson, brightening perceptibly. 'I wouldn't be at all surprised if I could help him with his figuring.'

"Away he darted, and along about ten o'clock the fighters came up the hill, closely followed by the sheriff and his posse. Naturally enough everybody expected the highly-armed little man to arrest Sullivan and Kilrain, but, after solemnly calling upon all present to desist and disperse in the name of the sovereign state of Mississippi, he and his minions calmly took press seats and sat back with every evidence of pleased anticipation.

"Kilrain was first in the ring, squired by Mike Donovan and Charlie Mitchell. John L. soon followed with his seconds, Muldoon and Cleary. The backers of the two men put up a purse of $10,000 for the fight, but Sullivan and Kilrain had also made personal bets of $1,000, and this money was now solemnly handed over to a stakeholder. A dispute about the referee was ended by the choice of John Fitzpatrick, a high-class gentleman, afterwards mayor of New Orleans, and while he knew less than nothing of the rules both camps had confidence in his integrity. Bat Masterson, the

(*Continued on page 60*)

Smith Smart Shoes $10


YOU CAN'T WEAR OUT THEIR LOOKS

Stout Fellows

IT'S GREAT to have companionable shoes like these to take a walk with. Stout fellows!—ready for tough going if you are. And just as ready for critical company . . . Easy fitting, no end! Inside, sleek as a seal, with never a gouging seam or wrinkle. Outside glistening trim as a polo pony—and as aristocratic . . . Smith Smart Shoes are favorites of men who pay a little more to get a great deal more . . . This Fall you'll like the new style drawn below. RITZ, its name. Notably exclusive in last and pattern—notable richness in its velvety calfskin, black or deep brown. Stout fellows! Likable companions!

Write for new Dress Guide C and your Dealer's Name, to J. P. Smith Shoe Company, Sangamon & Huron Streets, Chicago . . . Smith Smart Shoes for men and women; Dr. A. Reed Cushion Shoes for men.

NOTHING TELLS THE WHOLE TRUTH ABOUT TOBACCO LIKE A GOOD PIPE

To enjoy good tobacco smoke it in a pipe

WE make no pipes, so we have no axe to grind in advising the beginner in pipe smoking to get a *good* pipe. It's worth spending a little more—for the friendship of a good pipe and a good man often lasts many years.

There are years of pleasure in a good pipe. And there are many hours of solid smoking comfort in a can of good old Edgeworth tobacco. Smoke the Edgeworth right. Let a good pipe tell you the full and savory truth about this fragrant old burley blend. See what genuine satisfaction there *can* be in smoking a pipe.

If you already have a pipe you like, see if you don't like it still better with Edgeworth glowing in the bowl. See if you don't agree with what so many smokers say—that Edgeworth makes any pipe a better pipe.

You'll find your can of Edgeworth waiting for you almost anywhere—wherever good tobacco is sold. Or if you'd rather try it before you buy, just send the coupon. The postman will bring you a generous, let's-get-acquainted packet of genuine Edgeworth, free.

EDGEWORTH
SMOKING TOBACCO

Edgeworth is a combination of *good* tobaccos—selected carefully and blended especially for pipe-smoking. Its quality and flavor *never change*. Buy Edgeworth anywhere in two forms —"Ready-Rubbed" and "Plug Slice." All sizes—15¢ pocket package to pound humidor tin.—*Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Va.*

LARUS & BRO. CO., 100 S. 22d St.
Richmond, Va.

I'll try your Edgeworth. And I'll try it in a *good* pipe.

My name____________________
My street address____________________
And the town and state____________________

Now let the Edgeworth come! H-40

(*Continued from page 59*)

Western gunman, was chosen as timekeeper, and at his back sat Luke Short, another famous and equally deadly figure from the Wild and Woolly.

"It was to be a bare-knuckle fight under London Prize Ring rules, nothing barred but kicking and biting. You could hit your man or wrestle with him, just as the spirit moved, and a fall ended a round.

"Kilrain won the toss and took the corner with the sun at his back. As the men squared off they seemed well enough matched physically, for both stood the same height, five feet ten and a half inches, and each weighed a little under two hundred pounds.

"The champion, however, was a bit fat about the middle, while the challenger seemed thin and drawn. At that, however, his old-fashioned habit of pickling the face and hands may have accounted for his color. John L., as always, oozed savage confidence from every pore and his lordly swagger emphasized Jake's air of nervousness and apology.

Kilrain Takes the First

"The men fiddled for a few seconds, and like a fool I let out a wild yell. Sullivan's scowl gave way to a grin, and as he looked around Kilrain rushed and threw him heavily with a cross-buttock. The fall ended the round.

"Sullivan, coming up for the second round, sprang from his corner in a rage, and landed a heavy right on Kilrain's mouth for a knockdown. In the third round the champion crashed in a terrible body blow. From Jake's expression of agony I had the feeling that his ribs were broken. He went down hard.

"This round must have convinced Charlie Mitchell that Kilrain was no match for Sullivan, and the challenger was evidently instructed to make a runaway fight of it. Straightway the battle turned into a marathon, and even when John L. did manage to catch up with his man he had no chance for more than one blow, as Jake fell the moment he was hit. As the fight went on he developed a habit of going down without even waiting to be struck, one of the reasons why old-time fights always went so many rounds.

"'Quit being a dog! Stand up and fight like a man!' Time after time Sullivan roared this plea, but it fell on deaf ears, for Jake had no intention of standing foot to foot.

"Neither man employed footwork, nor was there any feinting or rapier play with the left hand. Sullivan, advancing flat-footed, had no other idea than landing a haymaker with his right and no sooner did he let it loose than he cocked it again. About all he did with his left was to slap it against his leg, a peculiarly useless gesture.

"The fierce July sun blazed down from a clear sky, not even a cloud tempering the heat. After an hour of it both men showed the effects. Sullivan, too tired to pursue, cursed and sweated, and Jake sagged wearily as he ran here and there like some cornered rat. The crowd itself was in no better shape, for not only had there been no chance for sleep during the night, but all of us yearned for food.

"John L.'s temper, never good at the best, grew uglier as the fight went on. Most of his rest periods were spent in quarreling with Muldoon. Once he refused to sit down after returning to his corner, bellowing, 'Aw, what's the use? I got to get up again, ain't I?'

"In the forty-fourth round Cleary handed him a cup of cold tea laced with whisky, but John's stomach refused to retain it.

"'Slug him in the belly, Jake!' screamed Mitchell, taking heart at sight of Sullivan's nausea. 'Slug him in the belly.'

"Sullivan hated Mitchell, and for a moment I thought he meant to leap out of the ring and mix it with the cocky Briton. A warning yell from Muldoon held him back.

"On went the fight, monotonously enough, the champion pursuing, the challenger fleeing, John L. unpunished but leg-weary, and Jake badly beaten but unwinded. I had a weary idea that the thing might go on forever, but in the seventy-fifth round, after the men had fought for two hours, sixteen minutes and twenty-five seconds, Kilrain's second threw the towel into the ring, and the referee awarded the decision to Sullivan. Personally, I thought it lucky for the champion. He was tiring badly.

"I was slow in leaving the ringside, and looked up to see Kilrain left all alone, tears running down his battered face. Even his seconds had no time for a loser. The poor devil stood there, clinging to the ropes, a beaten, pitiable figure.

"'Don't take it so hard, Jake,' I said, climbing up beside him. 'You did your best.'

"'No, I didn't,' he moaned. 'Honest, I don't know what was the matter with me. I couldn't seem to get going.'

"A Negro boy, driving a buckboard, happened to be passing. A quarter secured his services. I drove Kilrain down to the train. Sullivan and his party had gone ahead, and we followed on the second section, poor Jake having a terrible time of it trying to find his clothes.

"Riding back to New Orleans, I found myself seated near Short and Masterson. No one would ever have suspected their deadliness from looking at them, for both were quiet and mannerly enough. But I soon noticed that both of them had round, unwinking eyes curiously suggestive of birds of prey. From the conversation I learned that they had been Kilrain's backers and were bitter at Jake for his failure to stand up and make a fight of it.

"Sullivan, in the section ahead of us, also had his troubles. At Slidell's, a station just across the Louisiana line, his train passed a militia camp, and the young soldiers, in a spirit of deviltry, shot off their guns by way of salute.

An Inglorious Ending

"The champion, thinking it an attack in force, went right through the window and off into the woods at full speed. The train had to be stopped and backed, and it was only after earnest searching that they found the champion deep in the heart of a thorn thicket.

"Back in New Orleans, however, he recovered sufficiently to attend a champagne supper at the Spanish fort, riding out in an open carriage, his escort an army of ragamuffins to whom he tossed coins. The fight had been a tremendous financial success, for after paying all expenses Bud Renaud found $8,000 left over.

"Inglorious indeed was the aftermath of the great battle. The governor of Mississippi had the fighters indicted and finally succeeded in gaining their extradition. Sullivan, being a man of means, was fined a good, round sum. But the authorities, shrewdly aware that those who stole Kilrain's purse stole trash, gave poor Jake thirty days at hard labor.

"It was a good old Mississippi rule at the time, however, that a prisoner's time could be bought for forty cents a day by those in search of cheap workers, and young Rich, owner of the plantation where the battle was fought, came to the front like a good fellow. He purchased Jake's thirty days and made his stay more of a visit than anything else."

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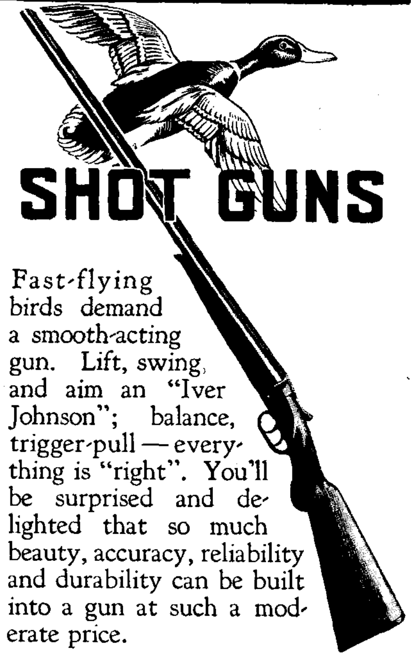

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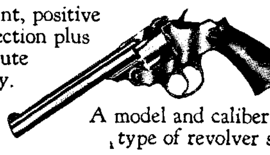

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How would you play it?

By Milton C. Work

Author of Contract Bridge for All

North
S. K-Q-J-10-3
H. K-10
D. 10-3
C. A-K-J-6

West
S. 8-6-4
H. A-Q-9-4
D. J-8-7-4
C. 10-4

East
S. 9-2
H. 7-5-2
D. 6-5-2
C. Q-9-8-3-2

South
S. A-7-5
H. J-8-6-3
D. A-K-Q-9
C. 7-5

THE above hand, which was given in last week's Collier's, was played at Auction Bridge. South bid one Diamond, West passed, North bid one Spade and obtained the contract with that declaration.

In Contract South would bid the same one Diamond, but North would respond with a forcing jump-shift two-Spade bid in order to feel out South's strength. This jump-shift to a suit from partner's No Trump or trump bid would be a command to the partner to continue the bidding; and being a jump of one (one Diamond to two Spades) it would indicate general strength and a desire for further information. If it had been a jump of more than one (for example, one Diamond to three Spades), it would have shown the full strength of the hand and announced that North's strength was all in Spades.

After the jump-shift to two Spades South would bid three Spades to show assistance in the Spade suit, and North then could bid Clubs to show his other strength, but with South bidding one Diamond and then showing support for Spades, it is not probable that Clubs would be a better declaration for the combined hands. If the Spade strength shown by South includes the Spade Ace, there probably is a slam in the hand and a Club bid by North might warn East not to lead that suit. So North must either content himself with bidding four Spades and capturing a sure game, or suggest a slam by bidding five Spades, which would tell South to bid six Spades if he has Spade strength (not merely support) in addition to his Diamond bid. Over a five-bid South would go to six Spades without any hesitation as he has a hand admirably suited to slamming in Spades.

The Play

When the hand was played at Auction Bridge, East led his fourth best Club—the Trey. (In Contract Bridge, if North had mentioned the Clubs, East would not have made that lead.) West played the Ten, and North won with the Jack.

The lead of the Trey showed five Clubs in the East hand if East held the Deuce, four if the Deuce were in the West hand, and marked West with at least two Clubs; so North won trick 2 with the Ace of Clubs and led the Six of Clubs to trick 3, ruffing the latter with dummy's Ace of trumps to forestall an over-ruff by West. After that, a trump was led from dummy and the trumps were continued until East and West were exhausted; then North led his King of Clubs. South had discarded a Heart on the third round of trumps and parted with another on the fourth round of Clubs; West also discarded Hearts on the third and fourth rounds of Clubs. West's second Heart discard—the Nine—suggested to Declarer to play for more than the small slam originally contemplated.

If West were keeping a stop for South's fourth Diamond and also had the Ace of Hearts, a grand slam was sure, provided West was properly squeezed; and to that end two more trumps were led by North. South discarded his two remaining Hearts and West let the Queen go; but when he came to his final discard he was in serious difficulty. If he parted with his Ace of Hearts he would make the King good for North; but if he parted with a Diamond he could be practically sure that he would make a Diamond good for South. East had not discarded a Diamond, but he might be holding them as a bluff and he had not signaled to show the King of Hearts. West chose to let the Diamond go on the chance that East had the Ten and three others; thus he shut out the King of Hearts, but Declarer made a grand slam by leading a Diamond. It did not matter in the least which discard West chose; if the Diamond had been retained and the Ace of Hearts discarded, the grand slam would have been made with the King of Hearts and the three high Diamonds.

Next week's hand is given below; decide how you would bid and play it before reading next week's description.

North
S. 10
H. K-10-6-3
D. K-Q-10-8-3
C. 10-9-8

East
S. K-9-8-6
H. 8-5-2
D. 7-4
C. K-7-5-3

West
S. Q-J-7-4-2
H. 9-7-4
D. 9-6-5-2
C. 6

South
S. A-5-3
H. A-Q-J
D. A-J
C. A-Q-J-4-2

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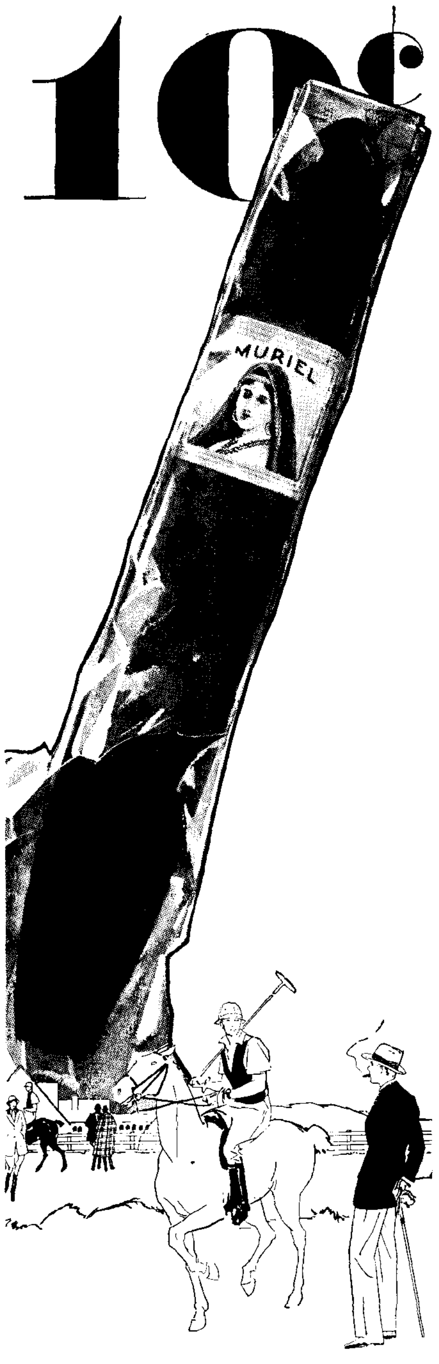

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To Save a Girl

Continued from page 11

finally O'Riley came running toward Hunter, both hands filled with fragments of rock. He pressed ragged chunks into Steve's hands. "Look at that! Look at that!"

Steve looked, turning the fragments over, holding them close to his eyes in the failing light. He saw a dark volcanic-looking rock, which he could not immediately name, marked with innumerable small irregular inclusions of a steely gray, something like the wings of a Plymouth Rock hen; and his spirit dropped heavily.

Now, Steve was no geologist. He didn't know a lot of things that there were to be known about the vast sheers of rock among which he lived. Yet he had spent his life in these hills and he knew gold when he saw it: and this was not it.

"O'Riley," he said, "this isn't the rock you got your sample from."

For just a moment Lost Dutchman O'Riley let his embarrassment check his enthusiasm. He coughed twice and shifted his feet. "Now that we've actually found it and you can see that it's rich," he said, "I suppose I may as well admit that the sample I showed you didn't come from here. I know as well as anybody," he said, "that there's nothing quite so exciting as plain, free gold, so I just run in that other sample to make my story more interesting."

O'Riley's enthusiasm surged up again magnificently. "You know what that is?" he shouted. "You know what that is?" He extended the gray and black rock fragments to Steve once more in hands that shook with excitement. "That's *graphite delirium*. Graphite delirium, man!"

"Graphite what?" said Steve. A curious anger was upon him, an anger that somehow made him want to laugh, yet left him without energy for laughter or anything else.

"Graphite delirium," cheered O'Riley again. "Rich in gold, rich in silver, and there's a million tons of it under the hill. We're rich, man, rich!"

"I see," said Steve. He didn't know all the geology there was to know; but he was not impressed by graphite and he knew that delirium was a state of mind. The painful thing was that June's hopes would now be riding high upon the old man's mad imagining. He turned his back upon O'Riley and the worthless stope.

NEXT morning, putting on as cheerful a face as he was able, Steve Hunter set to work. That day he spent in digging and chipping little pot holes in the rock, systematically, in lines radiating from the abandoned stope. He sketched a rough map of the location with his pot holes marked upon it, and from each digging he took a sample which he carefully put away in a little bag marked with its map location. Yet all day long he saw not one trace of the yellow color for which he hoped against hope. He was only going through the motions that he would make if the discovery were real; and he knew that he was stalling, unable to make up his mind what he was going to say to June.

"People think what they want to think," he told himself. "She'll never believe me against the old man. We'll take back the rock samples and get them assayed. She'll have to believe the assay. There's nothing I can do here."

The next day they started back.

Steve Hunter kept to himself quite a bit during those two weeks of the return. When spoken to directly concerning the Lost Dutchman's mine, he always grinned, but answered briefly, without committing himself. Sometimes June reproached him for his apparent indifference. Once, when they sat in front of a camp fire, while O'Riley slept, she turned to him.

"Don't you realize what's happened, Steve?" she said. "Why, we're rich, Steve! All three of us. Don't you realize this is the mine that Granddad has been hunting almost all his life?"

"I don't exactly rate a share," he said soberly. "All I've done is lend you some mules, June, and come along for the fishing. I was glad to do that, June. That you should know."

"Of course, you own a share!" she insisted. "A half share, just as Granddad said to begin with. Nothing else will do!"

He whispered to himself, "'Graphite delirium.' Oh, good Lord!" He wanted to caution her not to believe too strongly; to prepare her for what he knew must come. But when his eyes met the dancing firelight reflected in hers, he could not.

"I'VE made a thousand plans," she persisted. "I suppose there'll be some delay while the mine is organized and all that; but after that—first of all, I'm going to have tons of pretty things to wear, like Mother and I used to have before Dad's business went smash. Oh, wait until Wally Parker hears about this! You know he never believed in Granddad at all."

"Well," Steve commented, "that was mutual."

"Granddad doesn't understand Wally; and that's a shame, too. Wally Parker is a peach in every way."

"Are you going to marry Parker?"

He had surprised himself by asking that. But somehow in the high, thin air of the pine forest, with its close stars, they seemed very near together.

"Marry him? I don't know," she answered. "If Dad's business hadn't crashed, I suppose I would be married to him now."

Steve Hunter said nothing.

"I suppose I'm foolish," she went on presently, "but you see Wally's family have so much money I couldn't possibly think of marrying anybody like that when we had nothing at all."

"Must a million marry a million?" Steve asked.

"I don't mean that. But, Steve, you don't realize how completely, utterly broke I was before we found the Lost Dutchman mine. When Dad died, he left nothing at all. Even the insurance had lapsed. I put every last dollar—literally—into coming out here with Granddad to take just one more look for his lost mine. It was a wild, crazy thing to do, I know. Do you know how broke we were when I first saw you in Two Pine? We had just enough to pay our board bill for two more days. As close to the edge as that!

"So—you see—it wasn't a question of millions at all. If I had married Wally any time after Dad's crash, some day he would have got to thinking I had married him only as a rescue, not because I loved him at all. If I had had anything at all—enough to carry on with and hold my head up for a little way—it would have been different; but I didn't, and I couldn't marry him even when I wanted to. Do you see?"

"And now?"

"It's all different now," she said and her voice seemed to sing in his ears. "I feel as if I had escaped from some terrible trap!

"Steve," she said, her voice very low,

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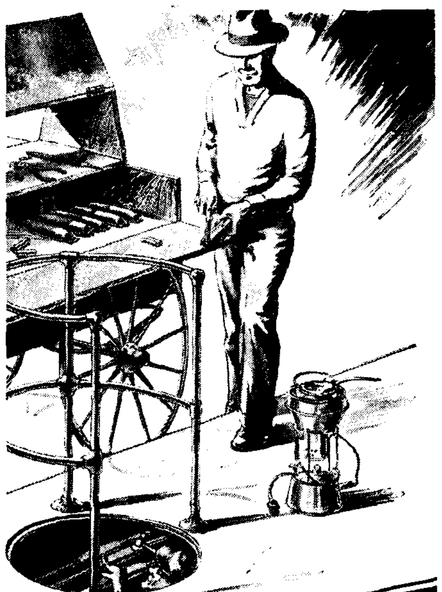

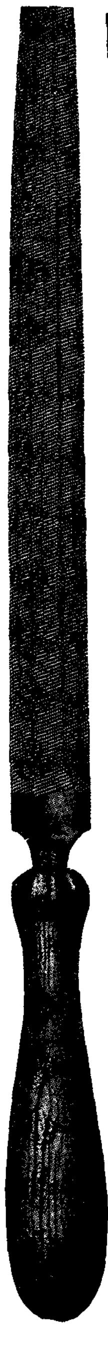

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"do you realize that we owe everything in the world to you? If I hadn't come out here, if we hadn't found you—"

"Shush, child," said Steve. He didn't dare look at her; he kept his eyes deep in the dying embers.

"You're nice," she said unexpectedly, and for a moment laid her hand upon his. And still he sat motionless with his eyes in the coals.

"Good night, Steve. Excuse my talking so much."

"Good night."

BY THE time he had delivered the O'Rileys at the Two Pine boarding house he had made up his mind what he was going to do.

He went first to Harry Weir, the local assayer, and dumped his bags of rock rubbish on Weir's floor.

"You've got to do something for me, Harry," he said.

"When the best trout guide in the country says that, there's only one answer, Steve."

Steve thanked his stars he had friends. "All right. Assay this worthless rip-rap first. Then you're going to buy the O'Rileys' right in the mountain this junk came from."

"With whose money?" said Harry Weir skeptically.

"Mine," said Hunter. "Only, my name is going to be kept out of the deal."

"Sounds like a shenanigan," said Weir.

"Call it what you like. You ought to know me well enough by this time to take a chance." There was a short wordy struggle, and an explanation or two. But in the end Weir, indebted to Steve for more than one free pack to his favorite streams, agreed to all Steve asked.

Next he went to Abe Cramp—a slouching, unshaved figure always to be found at Cramp's Two Pine corral. Just as Steve Hunter made a business of supplying transportation upon the mountain trails, Abe Cramp made a nice thing of horse trading with the trail men, who owe their whole existence to horses and mules.

"Abe," said Steve, "if you still know where you can sell the Three Bar, you can have her now—lock, stock and barrel, name and brand; and I guarantee not to set up another pack outfit within a hundred miles in the next five years."

"How much?" said Cramp.

"Six thousand cash, today."

Abe Cramp studied him. "I won't horse-trade you, Steve," he said at last. He masticated his straw, devouring it slowly. "I could easy beat you down, but I won't. I'll offer six if you want."

There was a silence. Then, "Sold," said Hunter. The word came hard, but he had decided what he was going to do.

The straw dropped from Abe Cramp's mouth. "You mean I've bought the Three Bar for six thousand?"

"You heard me, Abe."

Cramp took off his two-gallon hat and slammed it on the ground. "Then you're a fool!" he shouted. "You're a fool, you hear?"

"Maybe I am," said Steve.

"You've built you up the best pack outfit in the best stand this side of the backbone of the Rockies. You've got the best stock and the best equipment of any packer I ever saw, and I've seen them all. You get the cream of the fishermen, the cream of the deer hunters—they know your name and they come to you, more of them every year. A few years more and you'll own this country, Steve! Don't you do it, don't you sell!"

"I'm set on it, Abe."

Abe stared. "You'll cuss hell out of yourself for this, Steve, some day." He led the way to the house.

It took all day to get that deal straightened out; but there was a certified check for six thousand dollars in Steve Hunter's pocket when he pulled up in front of the Two Pine boarding house again.

It was dusk, and in the unpainted board houses that line Two Pine's hundred-foot-wide street warm yellow lights were beginning to show. But no light showed in Steve Hunter's future as he sought out June O'Riley. When at last she sat beside him in his parked car, he knew that he had reached the moment he had dreaded: that he could no longer put off telling her the truth, as he knew it, about Lost Dutchman's gold.

"Look here," he said, "look here—I've got to tell you something. I've got bad news."

"Steve, what's the matter?"

"The mine," he said, "the mine—it isn't as good as you've been thinking, June, you and your grandfather."

"Are the assays finished?" she asked, almost inaudibly.

He rushed over that, anxious to be finished with what he was trying to do. "You remember," he said, "we staked three claims on the Lost Dutchman ledge, one in your name, one in mine, and one in the name of Dennis O'Riley?"

"But the understanding was," she said, "that we were to pool all three claims."

"I know," he said, "but I'm pulling out of that agreement."

"You mean you're selling out separately?"

"Yes." He made his face expressionless and hard lest it give him away; for at this point he had to leave the narrow path of facts as he saw them, and launch into the fiction for which he had sold his packs. "Now, as to the claim that is in your name: Harry Weir represents Catlin Mines, Incorporated. He's going to offer you six thousand for your rights."

"Six—but I thought—" June pressed the back of her hand against her mouth and stared at him wide-eyed.

Never in his life had six thousand seemed so small, so foolishly inadequate. "I'm sorry, June," he said. "God knows I'm sorry, but listen, June. Do you believe that I shoot square, and that I know these hills?"

"Of course, Steve," she said in a small voice.

"Then sell," he told her. "The six thousand seems like nothing, I know, but it's every cent your claim is worth, and more. And if you can bring yourself to think that it's anything at all—" unconsciously he slipped into her own remembered words—"anything at all, enough so that you can carry on for a little way—then maybe after all, it wasn't a wasted trip."

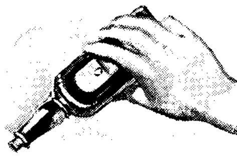
THEY sat in silence while a great sense of vacant weariness overwhelmed Hunter.

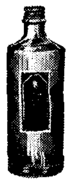
"One thing more," said Steve. "Forget this million-marry-a-million stuff. It's all wrong. I'm sorry we didn't find a mine that would put us all on the same money level as Wally Parker. I don't know how many millions he has, and I don't care, but get this: if he owns all there is, he still isn't good enough to saddle your horse. If you want him, take him, and never let the thought come into your head again that where you're concerned money counts."

Once more they sat silent; Steve, his hands on the wheel, was looking straight ahead. "I've got to take some fishermen into the upper basin after steelhead," he said. "I've got to go now, I guess; and if I don't see you any more, God knows I'm sorry this thing came out like this. That's all I can say."

Somehow he could not bring himself

(*Continued on page 64*)





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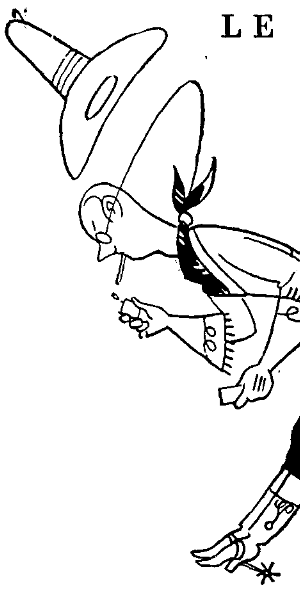
[THE SCARED MOMENT]



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be nonchalant . . .

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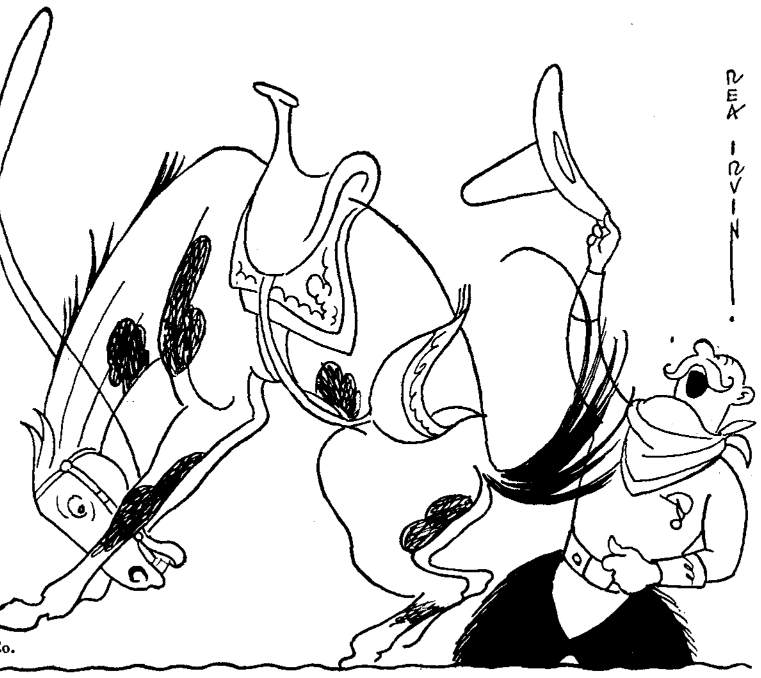

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ALL STAR – ALL ACTION – ALL AMERICA

(*Continued from page 63*)

to look at her. After a moment she left him, without a word; and still he did not look after her, but only sat there, staring at the dusk.

Presently he smashed into gear and drove down to the assayer's office, where Harry Weir was working in a crowded little room full of bits of rock, retorts and acidulated smells.

"I've been looking for you all day," said Harry Weir.

"Listen," said Hunter. "This morning you promised to help me. Now I'm ready to tell you what you have to do."

"But first—" began Weir.

"Listen to me," Steve snarled at him. "I have here a certified check for six thousand dollars. You're to take that check. You're going to buy the girl's claim from her in the name of an imaginary company—Catlin Mines, Incorporated. Get that? I've already talked to her; you—"

"If you'll let me get a word in edgeways—" begged Harry Weir.

"Listen! Above all, she's not to know I'm back of this. I'm out. I've—"

"I'm trying to tell you—" said Weir, raising his voice.

"Will you listen?" shouted Steve.

"No," yelled Harry Weir, "you big jug-head! These samples of yours are rotten with sylvanium!"

"And what the devil is sylvanium?" said Steve.

"Gold, silver, telluride, you big ignoramus. Those little gray marks are twenty-four per cent gold and thirteen per cent silver!"

THE breath went out of Steve Hunter as if by the kick of a mule. Harry Weir, enjoying himself hugely, rolled a cigarette in acid-stained fingers and sat back to watch his news soak in. If this was true, Steve Hunter was thinking, then June O'Riley and her old wowser of an ancestor had found Lost Dutchman's gold in truth.

"Some call that type of deposit 'graphic tellurium,' " Weir was saying. "Ever hear of it?"

Hunter had no trust in his luck. It was incredible that the senile old wowser had, by a weird freak of chance—*or was it?* What if it was no freak of chance at all? Certain of Weir's words had a strangely familiar ring. Could it be that old O'Riley—

"You mean—you mean to say—"

"I mean to say you've stumbled into something. Of course, if it's only a small intrusion—"

"There's a big long ledge of it," said Hunter faintly. "If there isn't ten thousand tons—"

"You're overestimating," said Weir.

"I was there, wasn't I? I know what—" he broke off abruptly. "Good Lord," he whispered under his breath.

For the first time he saw exactly what he had done. June O'Riley was in possession of invaluable holdings, and he, through the name of an imaginary company, had tried to buy her rights for six thousand dollars. He stood silent while the blood drained from his head and a slow, cold sweat appeared upon his forehead.

"Don't take it so hard," said Weir. "You should have seen how coolly O'Riley took it, just as if he'd been sure all along."

"He was here?"

"He left just before you came in."

So, then, they knew all about it already: his trivial offer, and the true value of the Lost Dutchman's deceptive gold. He knew what June must be thinking of him now; and he wondered if Wally Parker was at her side.

"If it's an extensive ledge," he heard Weir saying, "I guess you've hooked into your millions all right."

"Oh, he has, has he?" said a voice from the door. In the whirl of the moment they had not noticed Wally Parker's long blue car slide to a stop in front of the assayer's office. "So you've made your millions," Parker repeated. "Now, isn't that odd! That explains the rumor that you sold your outfit for six thousand dollars, Hunter; and it explains," he added deliberately, "why you offered Miss O'Riley six thousand dollars for her rights."

O'Riley pushed in past Parker's elbow. His voice was shrill and enraged. "Trying to trim me!" he shouted. "Trying to trim me! Why, you damned—" Words failed him and he shook furious fists under Hunter's nose. "Graphite delirium!" he got out at last. "Graphite delirium! And you made out you didn't know what it was!"

"So," said Steve, "that was what you meant. Graphic tellurium! Well, I'll be—"

It was worse than he had thought. The discovery was not even the accidental coincidence he had supposed. Old Dennis O'Riley, however he had garbled his scientific terms, had yet known what he was about; and Steve Hunter had been the only one of them all who had been dead wrong, a fool who had made himself look like a crook.

"I suppose," raged Dennis O'Riley, "that there's the check for six thousand that you was going to buy me and June out with?" Hunter had forgotten that the check was in his hand. He stared at it stupidly. "Oh, you big horse thief!" yelped O'Riley. "Oh, you big—"

Steve Hunter rolled the check into a little ball and shoved it down into his pants pocket. "Out of the picture," he mumbled to himself. "Out of the picture, once and for all." Dazedly, without a word to the others, he turned to the door. Wally Parker still stood in the doorway, however, and made no move to get out of his way.

"Stand aside," said Steve, his voice very thick and low.

Parker did not obey. "I've had my eye on you," said Parker slowly. "The first time I saw you I recognized you for what you are—an ignorant, shifty, hill-billy crook."

Hunter stared at him. Perhaps he was still dazed by the overpowering significance of the assayer's report; perhaps he had not comprehended that Wally Parker was there at all.

"And yellow, too," said Parker. "I'd knock a man down who said that to me."

Steve Hunter said, "For once you're right." Parker suddenly started back, throwing his arms in front of his face; but all Steve's unexpressed bitterness against the turn of the luck was in the right hand that he brought crashing through. Parker's feet flew from under him, so that he seemed to pivot in midair with the shock of the blow; and he lay where he fell, in the doorway, a stertorously breathing heap. Hunter hardly glanced at the fallen man as he stepped over him and out into the night.

ORDINARILY it was not in this man to evade his fate; but it may be that he would have avoided June O'Riley then if he had seen her in time. He did not. A breathless figure came racing along the board walk to collide with Hunter with such force that she would have fallen if he had not caught her in his arms. For a moment or two June O'Riley clung to him, out of wind.

"Steve, what's happened?" June gasped.

Hunter cast a despairing glance at the door of the assayer's office. Too many explanations of what had happened were already waiting for her there—versions he was not going to be able to dispose of, he was sure. But Weir and old Dennis O'Riley had carried Wally Parker inside, and for the brief present June and Steve were alone on the Two Pine board walk.

"It isn't so," he said inanely. "June, it isn't so."

June O'Riley disengaged herself. "Steve, Granddad said he talked to the assayer, and that you were wrong; that Lost Dutchman's gold is real!"

"June, that's true."

"Then—you were wrong all the time!"

"Yes, I was wrong."

"WHAT makes me mad," said June, "is that Harry Weir tried to buy us out for next to nothing, when he must have known—"

"No," said Steve; "that wasn't Harry Weir. I just used his name."

"Steve! Are you trying to tell me that you were buying my share yourself? It's true you sold the Three Bar so that you could offer me six thousand for my claim?"

"Yes," he said.

"And what," she asked queerly, "have you got to say for yourself?"

He hesitated; then looked her in the eyes.

"Nothing," he said. "Not one word!"

There was a silence in the Two Pine street.

"I think," she said slowly, "that you are the most generous man in the world."

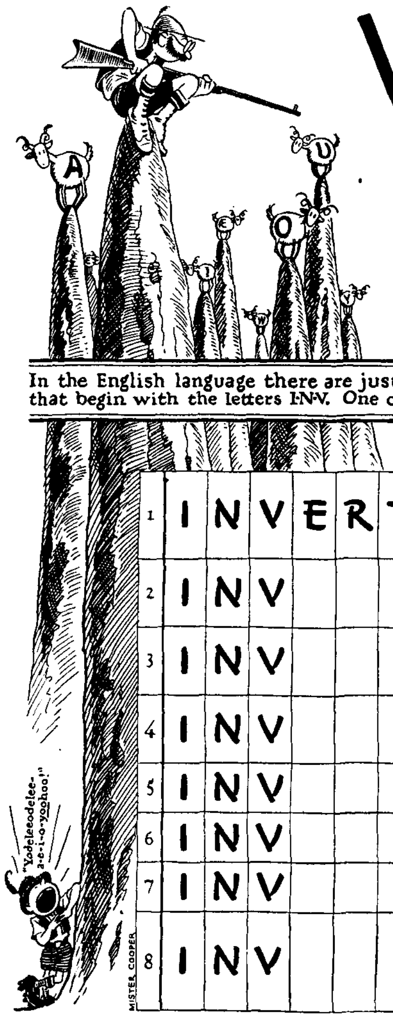
Steve Hunter was struck dumb. For a long moment they stood looking at each other through the starlit dark. "You didn't think, then—" he got out at last, "you didn't believe—"

Suddenly he saw that she was laughing at him, and he paused. And now it occurred to him for the first time that he might have misread the light he had been seeing in her eyes; that his greatest error might have been in supposing that she would ever disbelieve in him at all. Inspiration swept him, overriding his insistent distrust of his luck.

"You come here a minute!" he said; and caught her in his arms.

Dennis O'Riley came stamping out of the assayer's office. "Graphite delirium!" he was yelling. "Tried to trim me! Tried to trim me!" He checked abruptly; and as he spoke again his voice was as if the unbelievable had seized him by the beard. "Well, I'll be— Well, of all the—"

"Oh, shut up," said June O'Riley.



WORD HUNT

TRADE MARK

In the English language there are just eight words (each having just six letters) that begin with the letters I-N-V. One of them is INVERT. You supply the others.

1	I	N	V	E	R	T	To turn upside down, or in an opposite direction. To reverse the order of; to transpose. Also, inverted arch.
2	I	N	V				To ask to come; to summon; to request. Also, to attract; tempt. Also (colloquial) invitation.
3	I	N	V				To enter with hostile intentions. To infringe, or encroach on. To grow or spread over.
4	I	N	V				To call on for aid or protection. To appeal to, or cite, as authority. Also, to conjure.
5	I	N	V				To frame by thought or imagination. To contrive; devise; design.
6	I	N	V				To form or mark with veins; to fill or cover with veins.
7	I	N	V				To cover with or as with a veil.
8	I	N	V				To lay out (money or capital) in business or stocks, etc. Also, to clothe, as with the insignia of an office. To envelop or cover, as with a garment.

An unabridged dictionary has been used in compiling Word Hunts. All proper nouns, obsolete words, words that would offend good taste, plurals formed by the addition of s or es, and verbs in the present tense, singular number, third person, have been excluded

Here are the answers to the Word Hunt published in Collier's for September 13th

1. Insect	8. Insert	15. Instal
2. Instep	9. Insure	16. Inshoe
3. Insole	10. Insane	17. Insoul
4. Insist	11. Insack	18. Insitu
5. Insult	12. Insunk	19. Inspan
6. Inside	13. Insorb	20. Insula
7. Instil	14. Insear	21. Instar

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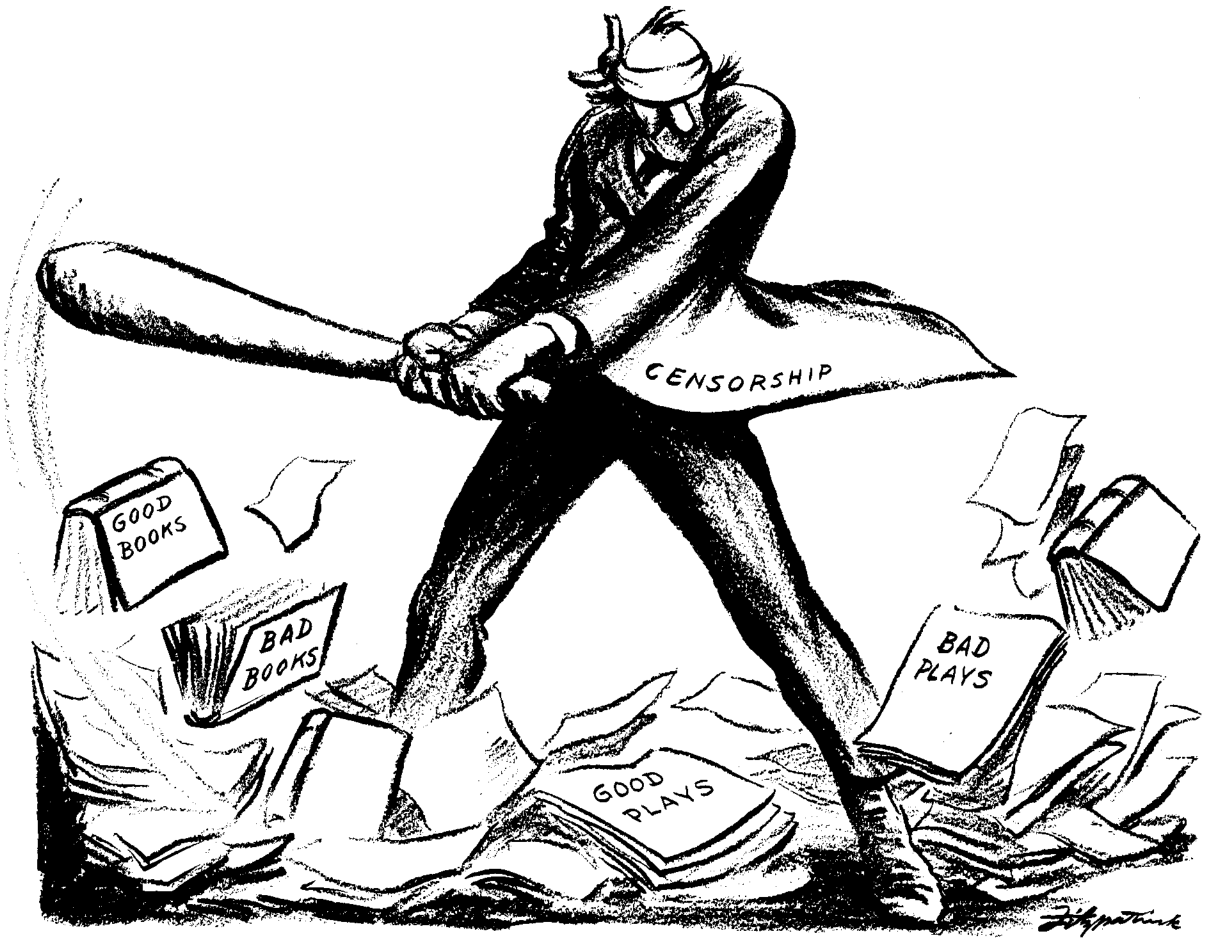


THE theater is undergoing one of its periodic purifications at the hands of the police, stimulated by church leaders.

The theatrical rumpus centers in New York but a similar conflict, over indecency in books, is being waged in Boston. The struggle over the proprieties of motion and talkie pictures is nation-wide. The same questions appear in all these issues.

The theater business is simplest. Two productions, Earl Carroll's Vanities, a revue of the lightest sort, and the other Lysistrata, an adaptation of the classical comedy of Aristophanes, the great Athenian dramatist of 2,200 years ago, have been particularly attacked.

Mr. Carroll is in the business of displaying beautiful young women who sing and dance and who sometimes adopt merely statuesque poses on his stages. The charms of these young females are varied with the salt of the comedians Mr. Carroll employs.

Like others in the same trade, Mr. Carroll seeks only to amuse and his standards of entertainment are not intellectual. Chorus girls in his shows are not weighed down with clothing. The costumes he provides might be considered dresses by primitive tropical races but in the north temperate zone they afford little protection against inclement weather. Quite obviously the purpose of his Vanities is to attract such customers as will pay generously to see the sights he provides. Although his wares are shown in the theater, the question of art is not involved.

Aristophanes' broad comedy is quite different. The ancient Greek was an advocate of peace, and Lysistrata was written to serve that cause. It is robust humor, and standards of taste are now quite different from those upheld by the Athenians in 300 B. C. Still nobody who knows anything about literature or the theater would deny that Aristophanes is one of the greatest of all writers or that Lysistrata is a work of art seriously designed to further the honorable cause of peace.

The effort to suppress these and other plays and numerous books and movies involves a public policy badly confused. Most tolerant people will admit that the Boston censors have forbidden the sale of admirable books in the city which once considered itself the intellectual center of America. Yet nearly everybody is willing to suppress some books or plays. What principle can be set up to separate the sheep from the goats?

Obviously the only rule is what the dominant sentiment of a particular community regards as good taste. Taste, moreover, changes from time to time. But at a particular time and place what is allowed and what is forbidden depend on community sentiment.

Don't Blame the Plays

A highly enlightened community will be broadly tolerant of books and plays of many sorts. The more cultured the community the wider the variety of its tastes.

There is little danger in the widest tolerance. It would be hard to prove that anyone had ever been led to commit a crime or a moral offense through witnessing a stage play or reading a book. Those found guilty of crimes do little reading. Immorality is not the consequence of witnessing even a dirty show. If a census of sinners could be taken, the impulse to sin would not be found in books or stage plays.

Actual changes in habits and customs and standards of propriety arise from far deeper causes. The great changes we are witnessing in the family and in sex morals can be traced to such mechanical inventions as steam power and gasoline engines. Out of science and invention a new environment is being created and life is being adapted to meet the new conditions. First our habits change and then our ideas and even our ideals.

So far as morality is concerned what is said in plays and books of entertainment is just irrelevant. The Green Pastures, a play describing the religious life of certain American Negroes, was not produced in London because an English law forbids the portrayal of the Deity on the stage. Yet, The Green Pastures is a reverent play.

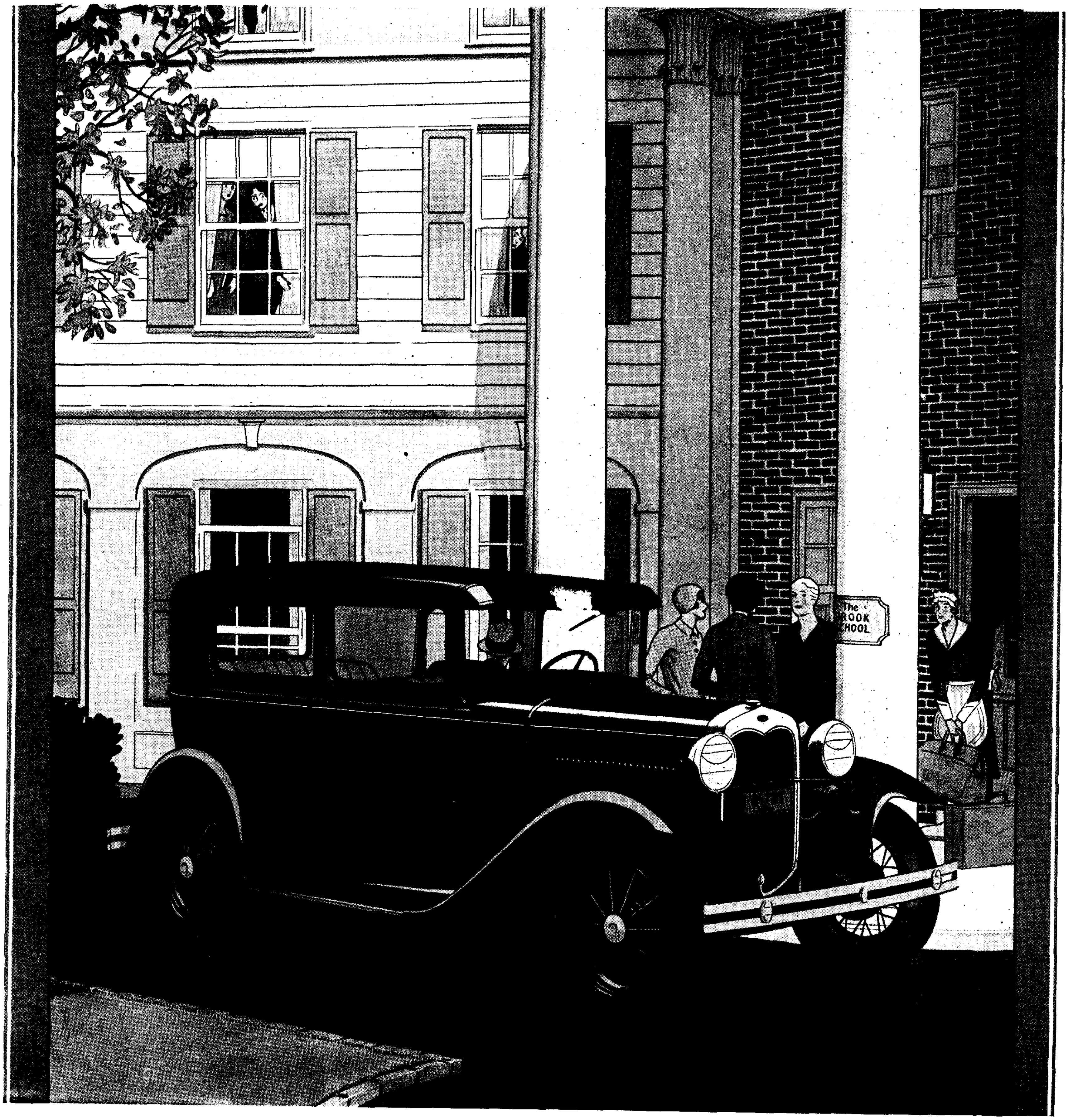
Censorship in this case strikes at what it was designed to protect. Such is its general effect. Governmental officials are not chosen because of their fitness to deal with ideas or art or morality. They administer inflexible laws.

Generally speaking, if a play or a book has nothing but indecency to recommend it, it will die of itself.

Public taste will take care of that. People in general are much more decent than censorship advocates are willing to admit.

If a producer or a publisher seriously offends the good taste of the community he will be punished. Earl Carroll spent a season in the Atlanta penitentiary because of a vulgar party. A way was found to reach even that bit of bad taste.

It is always possible to inflict penalties on those who seriously offend. Tolerance even of folly, however, is the safe policy in dealing with art. Nobody is injured even by poor books and plays and no censor has ever been found wise enough to distinguish the good from the bad.



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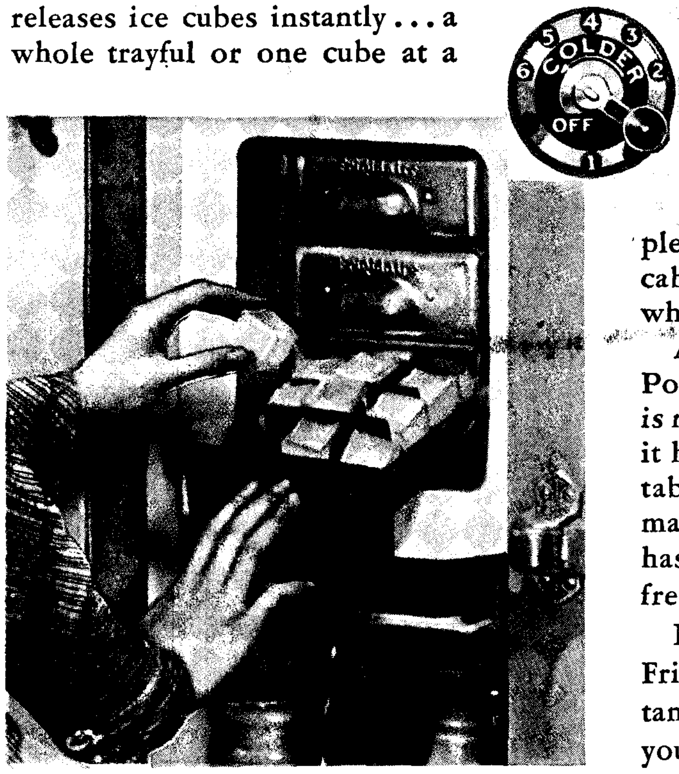

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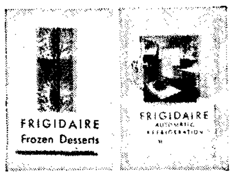
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